

# McCall's



FEBRUARY 1958

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SEE PAGE 50

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### How the Literary Guild Operates

Each month publishers submit their best books to our editors. From among them *one* is selected and fully described in "Wings", the beautifully-illustrated book-review magazine members receive monthly. As a member, whether or not you take a selection is up to you. If you decide you don't want a selection, you may choose one of the *alternate* books offered, or simply tell us not to send *any* book. It is not necessary to accept a book every month; you can take as few as four a year from the 50 or more offered, and you may cancel membership at any time after you have accepted four books. And with each fourth book you accept, you get your valuable **FREE Bonus Book**... a new popular work of fiction or non-fiction, or a handsomely printed and bound "Collector's Library" volume.

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Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers

Dept. 2McM, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me at once the **THREE** books I have checked below as my Membership Gift Books and first selection, and bill me only \$2.00, plus few cents shipping, for all three:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Man Called Peter          | <input type="checkbox"/> Hammond's World Atlas  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Complete Book of Etiquette  | <input type="checkbox"/> Just So Stories        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Creative Home Decorating    | <input type="checkbox"/> LIFE's Picture History |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Encyclopedia of Cooking     | <input type="checkbox"/> The Living Bible       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary | <input type="checkbox"/> The Silver Chalice     |

Enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year at only \$2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher publishers' prices. For each four books I accept, I will receive a free Bonus Book—and I may resign at any time after purchasing four books.

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 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 Age, if \_\_\_\_\_ Selection price in Canada, \$2.20 plus shipping. Address 105 Bond under 21. St., Toronto 2, Ontario. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, New York



# PICTURE of the month

The story of "Jeopardy" is one of suspense. And as it comes to its climax, a scream will tremble on your lips. For it could happen to any of us, to people like you and me. It is a drama that flicks the emotions we all feel... love, fear, hate... and the will to live.

Here is a woman in jeopardy... Barbara Stanwyck in the excitingly emotional role of Helen. Her story begins simply. She and her family drive their car toward a deserted beach where they have planned a wonderful holiday.



SHE DID IT... because  
her fear was greater than her shame

Suddenly, the dreamed-of pleasures become a nightmare. Her husband, Doug, is pinned beneath the treacherous timbers of a rotting jetty. The tide is rising. Helen is confronted with a battle against time. A few hours mean life or death to her man. In desperation, she leaves her young son to comfort Doug while she speeds the car back over the road in her frantic search for help.

But fate has not finished with its malicious whims. The man Helen finds has no interest in her plight. He is concerned only with fleeing the police. Tortured by the vision of her husband's peril, Helen begs the criminal to help her, promises that she will aid his escape if he will come back with her and save her husband. It is his life against her husband's. And every minute brings Doug closer to death.

Finally, she thrusts all scruples aside. She offers him everything... tells him she will go with him... protect him with her husband's identity. She will give herself in payment for her husband's life. This is the climax... and there's a scream on your lips. What happens? You've got to see... "Jeopardy"!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents Barbara Stanwyck as Helen, Barry Sullivan as the husband, Ralph Meeker as the criminal in "Jeopardy". Screen play by Mel Dinelli, based on a story by Maurice Zimm, directed by John Sturges and produced by Sol Baer Fielding.

# McCall's

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## NEXT MONTH... IN YOUR MARCH McCALL'S

Special 16-Page Bonus! McCall's Picture Book of Decorating Ideas

Concluding: Stalin and His 3 Wives... The Mystery Woman in Stalin's Life

Easter Fashions... Choose your new Easter hat, your new Easter dress



# If you're neglecting dry skin... watch out!

by Rosemary Hall  
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

I am always amazed at some women. They spend *hours* nursing plants, exclaim with horror if a pet begonia wilts. But these same women do nothing to keep their own dry skin from getting thirstier, flakier, more withered . . . and just plain wrinkled.



If you're neglecting dry skin, let me caution you...you're adding years to your face! Perhaps you think skin care is expensive, time-consuming? Then let me tell you about a dry skin care that costs pennies, takes less than five minutes a day, and will make you look like a new woman!

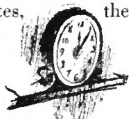
I'm talking about Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with its amazing new penetrating ingredient, *Penaten*! Penaten carries the lanolin and other rich softening oils in the cream deep into the important corneum layer of your skin. While many creams just stay on the surface of your skin, Woodbury penetrates—so quickly—five minutes' care is all you need!



here's a simple routine I recommend:



With your fingertips, cream this rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream in tiny circles about your eyes, nose and mouth, over your cheeks and forehead. With firm upward strokes, work the cream over your throat and neck. Leave it on for five minutes, then tissue off!



Dry lines and rough flakes will be gone. You'll notice a fresh new bloom in your face, and others will notice it too! Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. It costs only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax, and the results are priceless.

## Jane Russell's advice to a fan

*JR*

Dear Rosalind,  
Just finished filming my new  
RKO Radio Picture "Montana Belle"  
And now the answer to your question:  
I use Woodbury Cold Cream! It has a  
marvelous new ingredient. They call it  
Penaten. I call it a miracle! They say  
it penetrates deep into pore openings—  
loosens every trace of make-up and  
grime. And I believe it does! I've  
used the most expensive face creams  
and nothing has ever made my  
skin so fresh and smooth as  
Woodbury Cold Cream!  
Try it. I'm sure you'll like  
it, too! Kindest regards,  
Jane Russell

penetrates deeper  
because it contains  
**PENATEN**

Woodbury  
DE LUXE  
Cold Cream  
CLEANSES • SMOOTHS  
CONTAINS PENATEN AND 100% lanolin

25¢ to 97¢ plus tax





## What about your heart?

**P**ERHAPS no other part of the body has been studied as intensively as the heart. Today new techniques are being developed to reveal more and more facts about how the human heart works.

A great deal has been learned about the sources of energy which enable the heart to perform its Herculean task. The heart must drive five to ten tons of blood through the arteries and veins every day—365 days a year—for the 68 years of the average individual's lifetime. In this period, the amount of blood pumped may reach the impressive total of 250,000 tons. Moreover, the heart must function continuously—resting only a fraction of a second between beats.

Studies in the diagnosis and treatment of heart disease have also led to improvements in the interpretation of heart murmurs, electrocardiograms, and X-ray photographs of the heart and blood vessels. In addition, these studies have brought about a better understanding of the action of heart drugs so that they may now be used with greater benefit to patients. Many other advances have also helped make it possible for doctors to diagnose and treat heart trouble more effectively now than ever before.

Encouraging as this progress has been, the fact remains that heart disease is still the leading cause of death. It is wise for everyone to take certain simple precautions to protect the heart so that it may continue to do its job as one grows older. Here are some of them:

**1. Do not wait for the appearance of symptoms** that may indicate heart trou-

ble—shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart beat, pain in the chest—before seeing a doctor. It is wiser to arrange now—while you are feeling well—to have a thorough health check-up. Such check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control—and possibly cure—are best. It is wise to have a complete health examination *every* year—or as often as the doctor recommends.

**2. Keep your weight down.** Excess pounds tax both the heart and the blood vessels. Doctors are now stressing the importance of diet in the treatment of various heart and blood vessel disorders. For example, restricted diets have benefited many patients.

**3. Learn to take things in your stride.** Avoid hurry, pressure and emotional upsets that may be brought about by overwork, too much and too sudden physical exertion, and other excesses. These can cause your heart to beat faster and put an extra burden on your circulation.

Even if heart disease should occur, remember that most people who have it can live just about as other people do—but *at a slower pace*. In fact, when patients follow the doctor's advice about adequate rest, weight control, and the avoidance of nervous tension and strenuous physical exertion, the outlook is reassuring.

Doctors can now say to many heart patients: "If you live within your heart's limitations, your chances for a happy and comfortable life are good."



Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 253-M "Your Heart."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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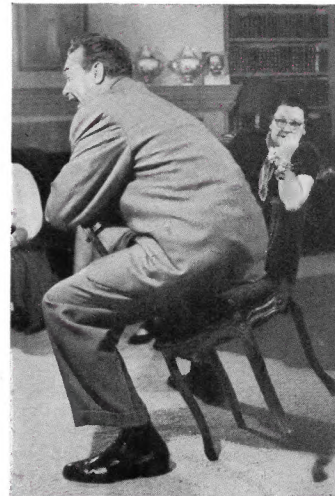
**Metropolitan Life**  
**Insurance Company**  
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

## RED SKELTON'S impressions of a **TV PEST**

*The incorrigible redhead teaches his friends, the Gene Fowlers, that friendship often stands in the way of a quiet evening of TV*

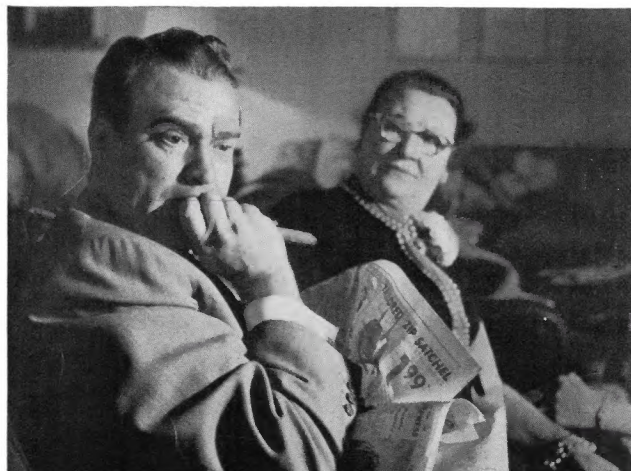
The view-blocker doesn't mind if the rest can't see the show too. "Watch those moon men eat the kids!" Red exclaims. But Mrs. Fowler can't take her eyes off the rare antique chair



GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



"Down, Prince, down!" shouts Red, who thinks he's in the animal act too. His patient hostess, still worried about the chair, wonders how to get rid of Red. It can't be done



"Ain't it awful," says Red, "the way that man treats that pretty girl." As he mumbles on, Mrs. Fowler suggests turning up the sound so the other guests can hear too. But Red resents that kind of competition

Continued on page 6



WIN your "dream kitchen"! **20 CONTESTS IN 20 DAYS!** Enter every contest!

**20**  
BEAUTIFUL  
**CROSLEY**  
KITCHENS!

**OVER \$100,000** TOTAL VALUE  
IN PRIZES!

ENTER THIS BIG CAMAY and IVORY SNOW CONTEST NOW!



**CROSLEY ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHENS** are a sensation among homemakers! Finest design—sturdiest construction—beauty and convenience in every detail. Your Crosley Kitchen makes meal-planning, cooking, and "kitchen-living" more fun . . . saves you time, work, money! First-Prize Kitchens include all these units, plus installation allowance of \$500 in cash!

Crosley Shelvador® Freezer with shelves on the lid for extra "top-level" space.  
Crosley Electric Range with double-oven, divided top, and deep-well unit.  
Crosley Automatic Dishwasher-Sink Combination with Revolving SwirlClean Tray.  
Crosley Shelvador® Twin-Automatic Refrigerator that doubles front-row space.  
Crosley Kitchen Cabinets—up to value of \$400—to fit individual kitchen needs.  
Crosley Coloradio designed especially for the kitchen.

**SEE these magnificent awards at your Crosley Dealer's!**

**Look!** You can win  
these prizes every day!

**1 FIRST PRIZE  
EVERY DAY!**

Luxurious Crosley All-Electric Kitchen (described at left), plus \$500 cash installation allowance!

**3 SECOND PRIZES  
EVERY DAY!**

8-cubic-ft.-capacity Crosley Shelvador Freezer!

**25 THIRD PRIZES  
EVERY DAY!**

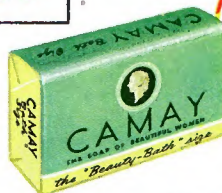
Smart, console-tuned Crosley Coloradios!

**PLUS  
GRAND PRIZE  
OF \$5000**

for best 1st-prize-winning entry in entire contest.

**WIN  
EXTRA AWARDS!**

1st-prize winners who send baxtop from Giant-Size Ivory Snow, or 3 Bath-Size Camay wrappers, with entries, win an extra \$100 down payment on a new Crosley Television set, or a Crosley Room Air Conditioner!



Just complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less!

"I keep ( NAME OF PRODUCT ) on hand because..."  
(FILL IN IVORY SNOW OR CAMAY)

Make the thrilling Crosley "Kitchen of Your Dreams" a reality! Now you have twenty opportunities to win it! What's more, Ivory Snow and Camay are offering you 20 chances to win 560 other magnificent prizes in these 20 daily contests! Start entering now; enter every day for the 20-day contest period!

It's so easy! In your own words, finish this sentence, using 25 additional words or less: "I keep (fill in Ivory Snow or Camay) on hand because . . ."

Send in as many completed sentences as you like. Be sure each entry is accompanied

by an Ivory Snow boxtop, or 3 Camay wrappers. Your dealer will give you a handy entry blank. Read the contest rules for mailing address and closing dates.

To help you get started, think of the advantages these two famous products offer. Ivory Snow is the safest possible soap you can buy for everything you wash with special care . . . by hand or machine. Ideal for diapers, too, leaves them soft and safe. And there's no finer beauty soap than Camay, so mild, gentle, creamy-rich. Changing to regular care and Camay can help you win that lovely Camay Complexion . . . softer, smoother, clearer!

Here are  
sample  
sentences  
to help you  
WIN!



"I keep Ivory Snow on hand because it's so soft for the lingerie I wash by hand and baby things I do by machine, and being granulated it's 'double perfect' in my machine."



"I keep Camay on hand because Camay is so mild and refreshing—just right for my face—and it's so fragrant, lothers so quickly that it makes my both truly luxurious!"

#### FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!

1. Complete this sentence—"I keep (choose one—Camay, Ivory Snow) on hand because . . . ." in 25 additional words or less.
2. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.
3. Mail to: Contest, Box 3-8, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Send as many entries as you want, but enclose 1 Ivory Snow boxtop or 3 Camay wrappers (any size) with each entry. If you enclose 1 Giant-Size Ivory Snow boxtop, or 3 Bath-Size Camay wrappers with your entry and you win one of the Crosley Kitchens, you will also receive an extra \$100 down payment on a new Crosley Television set, or a Crosley Room Air Conditioner.
4. There are 20 separate contests, each with an identical list of prizes. A new contest each day (except Saturdays, Sundays and February 12th) from January 19th to February 16th inclusive. The winner of the grand prize of \$5,000 will be selected from the winners of the first prizes in the 20 daily contests. Entries received before midnight, January 19th, will be entered in the first day's contest. Thereafter, entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will be entered in the contest for the following Monday. Entries received on February 12th will be entered in contest for February 13th. Entries for the final (20th) contest must be postmarked before midnight, February 16th, and received by midnight, March 2nd.
5. Prizes awarded each day will be—  
**First Prize** . . . Crosley Kitchen consisting of Shelvador Freezer (CDF-8), Electric Range (RD-CO), Dishwasher-

Sink Combination (DE-48), Shelvador Refrigerator (T-CAD-12), Crosley Cabinets (up to value of \$400), Crosley Coloradio, plus installation allowance of \$500 in cash.

**3 Second Prizes** . . . Crosley Shelvador Freezers (CDF-8).

**25 Third Prizes** . . . Crosley Coloradios.  
**Grand Prize** . . . \$5,000 in cash to be awarded to the best entry of the 20 first-prize winners.

**6.** Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted except for incidental help from family and friends. Only one prize will be awarded to any person. In case of ties, the full prize list will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes.

**7.** Any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, AVCO, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and state regulations.

**8.** Except for the 20th contest, the first-prize winners' names will be announced daily, beginning approximately Monday, February 2nd, over one of these radio programs: "Rosemary" or "Pepper Young's Family." The first-prize winner of the 20th contest and the grand-prize winner will be announced over both of these programs on or about Monday, March 16th. All prize winners will be notified by mail. Prize-winner lists will be available on request approximately two months after the close of the last contest.

**ENTER TODAY! CONTEST CLOSES FEBRUARY 16th!**



# The New "Outer-Look" BEGINS WITH THE New FORMFIT "Under-Look"

Today's "Outer-Look" is lean and lithe... with bust softly rounded, midline controlled, hips smoothly slimmer and longer. Pure joy, the gentle way Formfit's Life Bra and Life Girdle coax your figure into this new line... give you the most fitting "Under-Look"... yet never curb your freedom or comfort! So many flattering bra and girdle styles—in nylon, cotton, satin—all tailored with Formfit's can't-be-copied flair for perfect fit. At your favorite store!

Life Bras from \$1.25,  
Life Girdles from \$7.50

THE FORMFIT COMPANY  
CHICAGO, NEW YORK



*For a Sweetheart of a Figure*

MORE WOMEN WEAR FORMFIT THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

## RED SKELTON'S

*impressions of a* **TV PEST** *Continued from page 4*



"I sold my car to buy a TV set, and the first thing I see is my old car," Red says. Mrs. Fowler tries to pacify him. "It's not your car or your set," she says.



To author Gene Fowler, Skelton the dial-twister says, "So they are reviewing your book. Who cares? I want the ball game." Everybody hears the ball game



"Always patronize the sponsors," is Red's advice. And then he adds, "Boy, that chlorophyll dog food sure tastes good." By this time all present are agreed they'd rather watch Red than television anyhow



# Absolutely Free FOR YOUR CHILD!

(Age 2 to 8)

YOUR CHOICE OF EITHER OF THESE MAGNIFICENT NEW C.R.G. RECORD ALBUMS

## ALL ABOARD FOR TRAIN TO THE ZOO AND TRAIN TO THE FARM

2 UNBREAKABLE 10" RECORDS FOR CHILDREN 2-4



### THE TWO MOST THRILLING TRAIN RIDES FOR CHILDREN 2-4



Here is an irresistible invitation for your child to climb aboard for two thrilling train rides. The first takes him to see his zoo friends — the elephants, monkeys, bears, seals—to watch the things they do and hear the sounds they make. The second trip carries him to the farm where all the barnyard animals wait to welcome and befriend him. Your child will

roll, sway, push and bend with the rhythmic movements of the animals—the richest kind of musical experience. Even the youngest can learn these Train and Animal songs. Colorful jacket with illustrations and words to the songs. Although this new album of two 10" unbreakable records sells for \$2.30—your child may have it *absolutely free*.

## Tchaikovsky's "SLEEPING BEAUTY"

2 UNBREAKABLE 10" RECORDS FOR CHILDREN 5-8



### TCHAIKOVSKY'S MOST BELOVED MUSIC—IN A TALE EVERY CHILD ADORES!



Now at last—Tchaikovsky's magic melodies set to the ageless wonder of *The Sleeping Beauty*—especially for children! A thrilling opportunity for your child to join in one of the most delightful experiences of childhood. An invitation for children of all ages to dance or sway to the rich melodies and rhythms of the most popular of all great composers, to join in the singing, or play act along with the timeless story. Although this album of two 10" unbreakable records sells for \$2.30, your child may have *The Sleeping Beauty* **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

"This is an outstanding recording and should be in every child's library."

Emma Dickson Sheehy,  
Parents' Magazine

"...top quality entertainment for the young." N. Y. Times

"...designed to encourage an appetite for good music."  
Buffalo Evening News

## GIVE YOUR CHILD HOURS OF HAPPY INDEPENDENT PLAY!

TO EVERY MOTHER AND FATHER whose heart fills with joy at the sight and sound of a happy, singing, dancing, laughing and playing youngster we offer to send one of these wonderful 2-record albums—regularly sold at \$2.30 each in record and toy shops throughout the U.S.A. and Canada—yours **ABSOLUTELY FREE!** We make this offer so that you may observe, in your own home, the wholesome songs, stories, music and play ideas that only Children's Guild Records can offer your child. See how delightfully Guild records carry your child to far-off places, introduce him to the wonders of nature, to the animals, birds, people, and events that are sure to stir his imagination, delight him to the very core of his being! And—very important—you will see how your child makes these records a *daily play activity*—giving you more time for *yourself*—without neglecting your child's right to worthwhile entertainment.

Prepared By Those Who Love and Understand Children

Children's Guild Records are planned and prepared by outstanding musicians, educators, singers and actors for two age groups, 2-4 and 5-8. Each record is pre-tested in nursery and primary schools to make sure the children love and understand it. Every record invites your child to *respond* in

a creative way—holds his attention, fascinates and entertains him! Children's Guild Records are approved by Boards of Education and are in daily use in schools in all 48 states.

### Give Your Child This Free Album Now

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. We will immediately send your child the Gift Album you select, **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, and we will reserve a membership in the Children's Guild Records Guild. If, within 10 days you decide to cancel the reservation, you may do so simply by sending us a letter or postcard to that effect. Otherwise, as a member, your child will receive a 10" unbreakable Children's Guild Record every month, and you will be billed for only \$1.00 plus a few cents tax and shipping for each record. Whether or not you decide to join, the Gift Album is your child's to keep, **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. If you join you may cancel your membership at any time. Mail the coupon NOW!



THE CHILDREN'S RECORD GUILD, Dept. 303  
27 Thompson Street, New York 13, N. Y.

## ABSOLUTELY FREE

☐ All Aboard (2-4) ☐ Sleeping Beauty (5-8)

Check one unless you wish two enrollments

Please send me at once the two-record album checked above and a copy of the booklet, "Your Child Is Musical," both **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. At the same time, reserve a membership for my child. If I do not cancel this reservation within ten days after receiving the free record, send me a record each month and bill me for only \$1.00 each, plus a few cents for U.S. tax and shipping. I may cancel this membership at any time I please, but it is understood that the gift record and booklet are **ABSOLUTELY FREE** in any case.

Name of Child.....Age of Child.....

Address.....City.....State.....

Child's Birthday Month.....Day.....Year.....

My Name.....

Address.....

MC-2 Canadian Address: OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO

## The Children's Record Guild

27 THOMPSON ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

In Canada: OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO

Backed by  
Both These  
Seals





Want to please even the fussiest member of your family?



Recipe

#### CABBAGE GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

- 1 package Lime Jell-O
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar
- 1 large orange
- 1 medium-sized grapefruit
- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1 tablespoon thinly sliced scallions

Dissolve Jell-O and salt in *hot* water. Add lemon juice. Section orange and grapefruit, reserving juice. Add water to this juice to make 1 cup; then add to Jell-O mixture. Chill until slightly thickened. Dice orange and grapefruit sections; fold into Jell-O with cabbage and scallions. Turn into  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens. Serve with mayonnaise. Makes 6 servings.

Cour. 1952, G. F. C.

Then simply serve this magnificent Jell-O salad.

It's so good-looking (in a shimmering way!) and so good-tasting (in a cool, bright way!)—that no one can possibly resist it. No one!

What's more, Jell-O salads are economical, good for the whole family, and they keep their glamour even if you make them hours ahead of time.



How about serving a beautiful, easy-to-make Jell-O salad *this very evening*.

Now's the time  
for **JELL-O SALADS!**

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

McCall's goes to the movies



Tibbets, who knows all about plans for the A-bomb and cannot tell even his wife (Eleanor Parker), must endure the threat of a broken marriage to preserve his secret. His men too resent Tibbets, accuse him of overweening ambition

#### ABOVE AND BEYOND

*Above and Beyond* (M-G-M) tells the gripping events that led to the dropping of the A-bomb on Hiroshima. Col. Paul W. Tibbets (Robert Taylor) was made responsible for readying the crew and piloting the bomber. Much of the film is devoted to the strain this assignment imposed on his wife and the men under his command.

Piloting the A-bomber over Japan, Tibbets for the first time reveals to his crew the nature of his bomb load. But only after bomb has fallen do the men grasp full meaning of what's happened



In Washington with Marge Bratton (Marilyn Erskine), Mrs. Tibbets hears about her husband's successful mission. Understanding now what has come between them, she happily comes back





To prove to her husband that she's still sprightly, Miss Booth dances Charleston. Their life is dull till they rent out a room to vivacious Terry Moore, begin to relive youth with her

## COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA

*Come Back Little Sheba* (PARAMOUNT) is Hal Wallis' version of the prize-winning play about a slatternly housewife (Shirley Booth) who fights to save her husband (Burt Lancaster) from alcoholism. Lancaster defeats his longing for liquor, then relapses in a crisis. His wife helps him back to health and sanity.



Lancaster begins to worry when his young boarder brings another student (Richard Jaeckel) home to pose for a college poster. Repeated visits from him make Lancaster increasingly suspicious, and he goes on prolonged drunk



He winds up in the psychiatric ward, and it takes his wife's tender care and his friends in Alcoholics Anonymous to help him get better. Recovery is also speeded by knowledge that fears for his young guest were groundless

Continued on page 10

Only one soap  
gives your skin this

# Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves  
your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible  
“fragrance men love”—is proved by test to be extra mild  
too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather  
is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And  
daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring  
out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness,  
the exciting loveliness you long for! Use  
Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the  
finest complexion care... for a fragrant  
invitation to romance!

**Now at lowest price!**  
**Cashmere  
Bouquet  
Soap**  
—Adorns your skin with the  
fragrance men love!

Complexion and  
big Bath Sizes



Easy way to a naturally radiant skin

## QUICK HOME FACIAL WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



Now...follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!

### ONE-MINUTE FACIAL



1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads...relieves dryness. Remove gently.



2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're really pretty always.

Imagine! With one face cream alone you can give your skin all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *all by itself* is a complete beauty treatment. In one minute it *cleans, softens, tones* and *satinizes* your skin!

So easy now to give yourself a facial! Follow these simple directions morning or night. In the bathroom or in the kitchen. Or in the washroom, if you work. Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

*Lady Esther*  
4-Purpose  
FACE CREAM



AFTER YOUR FACIAL

Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

Generous  
Compact  
50¢  
Plus Tax  
(Slightly Higher  
in Canada)



Absolutely shineproof, this new make-up keeps you perfectly groomed all day. No retouching for eight hours. Depend on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream plus Complete Creme Make-up for all day loveliness.

McCall's goes to the movies

Continued from page 9



Society matron Russell, divorced from her husband (Paul Douglas, left), falls for Col. Fairchild (William Ching), then learns he's going to Paris. She decides to enter the WAC, thinking she can join him abroad



At Fort Lee, Rosalind's best friend is "Danger O'Dowd" Schneiderman (Marie Wilson), a chorus girl trying to escape stage-door wolves. Her trouble now is Army wolf Leif Erickson

### NEVER WAVE AT A WAC

*Never Wave at a WAC* (RKO) gives Rosalind Russell a wonderful opportunity to show off her sophisticated humor in a comedy jammed with laughs. She plays a rich Washington hostess who joins the WAC. Her disappointments and reactions to all the rigors form film's funniest sequences.



Textile manufacturer Douglas selects Rosalind as guinea pig for tests of Arctic clothing, then, when boy friend turns up, decides to use her for rain tests too. She resigns from WAC, changes mind and re-enlists



EXCEPT FOR  
STUBBORN STAINS...

**TIDE** alone gets clothes

**WHITER THAN BLEACH!**



Yes, **TIDE** alone gets clothes  
**WHITER** than if you  
add bleach every time  
to the wash water!

**There's nothing like Tide!** Tide has such a truly amazing whitening action, that when you put bleach in the wash water every time you wash, it actually *gets in the way* of Tide's magic action! Yes, Tide works best *alone* . . . with no bleach added. All by itself, Tide gets clothes so *dazzling* white you'll be amazed! So, except for an occasional soak in bleach for stubborn stains—use Tide *alone*.

**So SAFE to use!** Yes, safe. With all its wonderful whitening action, Tide is really safe for everything that's washable. Colors love Tide's gentle suds! Why, after just one wash, Tide actually brightens soap-dulled colors!

**And TIDE gets clothes cleaner than any soap!** When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got cleaner clothes than you'll get with any soap of *any kind*! Everything comes cleaner with Tide—even the grimmest work shirts. No soap known will get out so much grimy dirt, yet leave clothes so free of dulling film. Get Tide today . . . see if you'll ever again want to use anything else!

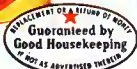
NO OTHER WASHING PRODUCT  
— SOAP OR "DETERGENT"—  
CAN GUARANTEE ALL THIS!

**TIDE is Milder** for hands than any other leading "detergent"!

Tide has a wonderful new mildness—so kind, so gentle! Why, not even the mildest leading "detergents" made especially for *dishwashing* are so easy on your hands as Tide.

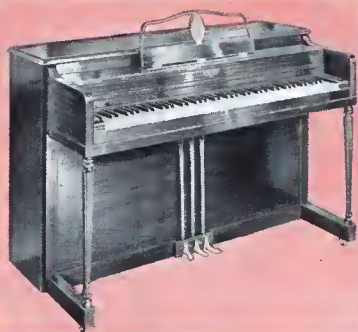
**Tide is so THRIFTY, too!** Such a *little* Tide makes such oceans of rich, long-lasting suds . . . such a *little* Tide goes so far in hardest water, it's a miracle of economy.

**GUARANTEE:** If Tide does not do everything claimed for it in this advertisement, return the unused portion to your dealer, and the purchase price will be refunded.





Poise...



**LESTER  
BETSY  
ROSS  
SPINET**

**POISE** is one of the most valuable assets you can give your child for future happiness. The ability to play the piano builds real poise... gives your son or daughter the feeling of belonging in any group... prevents the shyness that makes wallflowers.

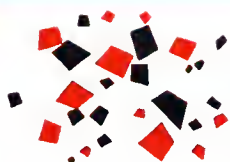
The Betsy Ross Spinet is your perfect choice because of its musical excellence, durable construction and lovely styling.

Dompp-Chaser® equipped... on exclusive feature for moisture control.

Priced from \$695.00; model pictured \$790.00 Mahogany f.o.b. Lester, Pa. Your dealer will arrange terms. Guaranteed for ten years.



The **LESTER GRAND PIANO** is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra



Lester Piano Manufacturing Co., Inc., Lester 13, Pa. Please send me **FREE** literature and style brochure.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

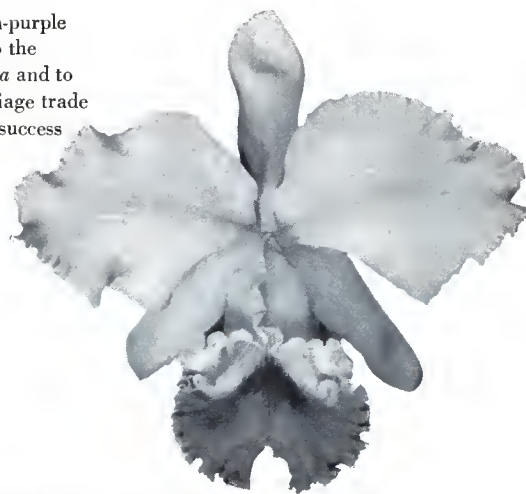
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ M. 8C

Foreign Sales Representatives: H. A. ASTLETT & CO., 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

The large, pinkish-purple orchid is known to the florist as a *Cattleya* and to the mink-and-carriage trade as the symbol of success

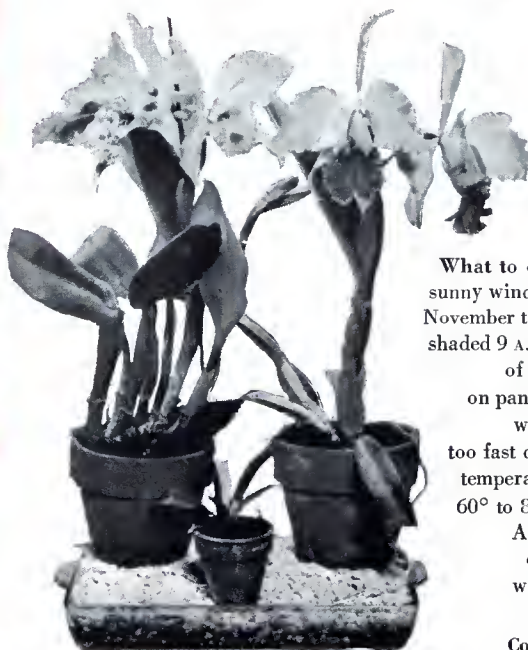
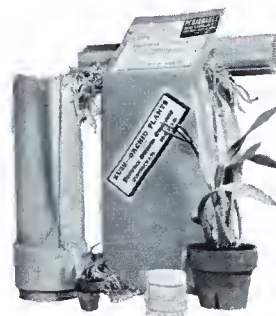


by Thomas A. Fennell

## GROW YOUR OWN ORCHIDS

*For less than it would cost to walk out of a flower shop with a single exotic purple orchid, you can raise glamorous corsages for years*

**Three plants start an orchid garden:** One plant will be ready to bloom in weeks, one will bloom in months, and add a seedling that you can raise by hand. Such a collection, known as the "cake-pan special," ordered from a reputable grower, arrives potted, wrapped in fiber, costs about \$17



**What to do:** Select a bright, sunny window, unshaded from November to March, but lightly shaded 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. the rest of the year. Place pots on pan of gravel half-filled with water to prevent too fast drying. Orchids like temperatures ranging from 60° to 80°, central heating. A bathroom, kitchen, or any heated room with a sunny window is an ideal location

Continued on page 14





YOU'RE TOTALLY ALLURING in this lovely Warner's LeGant that *gives* its all for a smooth, sleek line! In pucker-proof power net and shapely rayon satin elastics. Two-and-a-half inch high waist to lure you IN. White. #813, \$12.50.  
Warner's bra with French-stitched cups for firm, lovely uplift. #2076, \$2.25.



SLIM—BY SLEIGHT OF HAND! Or so you'd think from the glove-like fit of this Warner's LeGant! With a three-inch Sta-Up-Top, rayon satin elastic front and back. Leno sides for gentle firming. Pink or white. #640, \$18.50.  
Warner's A'Lure elastic bra to add to your comfort *and* charms. #1045, \$3.95.

**You needn't subtract your comfort... to add allure!**  
*Pretty figuring comes so easily in a Warner's Le Gant!*

**WARNER'S**  
*Bras · Girdles · Corselettes*

WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT® • A'LURE® • WARNERETTE®  
FREE-LIFT® • STA-UP-TOP® • \*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

You've such a wonderful head for *figures*! Changing *yours* fast as the fashion, curving in from the billowy to the willowy . . . without curbing your comfort one bit! Your inmost beauty secret . . . why naturally it's a Warner's LeGant.

Even under the slimmest new skirts, your LeGant *looks and feels* smooth as an easy-on glove! Small wonder—for years Warner's has plotted your prettiest

curves, worked witchery with lively elastics, cloud-soft fabrics, the exclusive Sta-Up-Top that inches, *never* pinches you in!

Luxury-loving? You can give in to yourself completely with a Warner's LeGant! From its lingerie touches to the last feathery stitch, it's so fabulously feminine . . . pure *allure*.

At the nicest stores both here and in Canada.



# They taste so good...

**you just can't imagine  
a party without 'em!**



Put 'em on your  
shopping list now  
for Valentine and  
Pre-Lenten parties



They taste so good...  
when reading  
or watching TV



They taste so good...  
in lunches and between meals

A crisp goodness—a flavor out of this world—  
make PLANTERS PEANUTS a party "must"  
clear across America. Toasted and salted  
just right—oven fresh—PLANTERS  
are America's nibbling favorite.

Get several cans today—vacuum  
packed to insure freshness. And  
remember your boy in service!

These PLANTERS products are also made in  
Toronto and sold everywhere in Canada.



## PLANTERS is the word for <sup>good</sup> PEANUTS

## GROW YOUR OWN ORCHIDS

*Continued from page 12*



Tiny bright-orange orchids, *Epidendrum*,  
make excellent boutonnieres for men. Plants cost  
about \$3.50, can be kept in almost constant bloom

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FENNEL ORCHID COMPANY



Orchid plants are tough, hardy despite frail-looking blooms, need only  
simple care. Water plants heavily in the sink each Saturday. Pour  $\frac{1}{2}$   
gallon tepid water containing plant food slowly through pots. Water lightly  
each Wednesday with tepid tap water. Dry out thoroughly between waterings



To make a corsage, cut flower that has been open at least three days.  
Cut 6 inches of fine wire, pierce solid part of 2- to 2½-inch stem just  
below flower. Leave one end the length of stem, wind long end spirally.  
Wrap stem in green Pliofilm, fold end neatly. Make bow before attaching

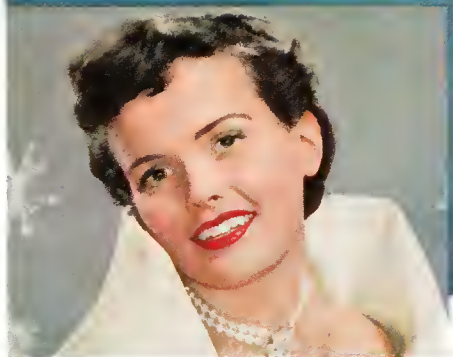


# That Ivory Look

*Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!*

*Baby beauties have it...  
so can you!*

Wish you could buy a complexion as fresh and clear as baby Melissa's? Then why not spend a few minutes a day with her pure, mild Ivory Soap! That's the best beauty investment *any* girl can make! For more doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together.



*Model beauties have it... so can you!*

"I've found," says lovely magazine cover girl, Ann Moore, "that the models with the baby-fine complexions go in for baby-gentle care—pure, mild Ivory care! I know I wouldn't trust *my* complexion to any other soap." Should *you*?



**99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% pure...it floats**



*You can have That Ivory look  
in just one week!*

Do you really know how lovely you can look? It's easy to find out! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. In just 7 days your complexion will be softer, smoother, younger-looking! You'll have *That Ivory Look!*

*More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!*



# How You Can Lose Weight -and Eat All You Want!



**"It happened to me," says  
Zsa Zsa Gabor**

**No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed!** Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

**Proved by Clinical Tests.** With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

**Controls Hunger and Over-eating.** When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

**New Loveliness in a Few Weeks.** Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.

*Slim the Way the Stars Slim*

★ "If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure."

Zsa Zsa Gabor



Ayds helps Zsa Zsa to keep that lovely figure. "Many of my friends here swear by Ayds," says Zsa Zsa.



Zsa Zsa studies the fashions. "I recommend Ayds to any woman who wants to keep looking youthful," she says.



Zsa Zsa with daughter Francesca. "Ayds helps you to reduce," says Zsa Zsa. "I know, because it happened to me!"



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you!





HARRY ROSENBAUM

## THE DOCTOR SPEAKS OUT

*The women of St. Petersburg, Florida, love their doctors. And they have reason to, for the doctors there have built up the faith of an entire city in its medical profession*

by Arthur Gordon

THE young father who came into the throat specialist's office had a chip on his shoulder a foot wide. He was fed up with hospital expenses, with the gold-infused elixirs doctors prescribed, with their technical jargon. But his little boy might have to have his tonsils out, so Stan Witwer, city editor of the St. Petersburg Times, was in a doctor's office—again.

The physician he chose was one of Florida's leading practitioners, Dr. N. Worth Gable. If the doctor sensed hostility in his visitor's attitude he didn't show it. He listened to the problem, agreed to examine the child and, if necessary, perform the operation.

But Witwer's comments worried him. If an editor felt this way about organized medicine, the doctor thought, something ought to be done. A \$1,400-a-year series of medical broadcasts designed to gain the public's confidence in doctors had been a washout. In two years the broadcasts had drawn exactly two inquiries. Another approach was needed.

Why not, he wondered, ask a panel of physicians to hold a weekly forum on medical problems of greatest interest to the people? And why not let the audience ask questions?

Would the public be interested? Would the local doctors cooperate?

No one knew. What about a hall? How many people should they expect? Maybe a hundred? How many sessions? They decided on four.

A committee of doctors appointed by the Medical Society agreed that frankness and simplicity would have to be the cardinal rules. No technical language. No evasiveness. Just straightforward information on subjects likely to appeal to laymen.

They drew up a list of fifteen potential topics: allergy, arthritis, cancer, heart disease and so on. The St. Petersburg Times agreed to ask its readers for their preferences, and the planners decided to hold the first forum on the common cold. They figured that was a universal problem.

Actually, when the replies came in it was found that colds ranked only third in interest, behind high blood pressure and allergy. By that time five "cold" experts were lined up: a moderator, a speaker to give a brief introductory talk and three other doctors to answer questions. The president of the Medical Society agreed to act as moderator for the first session.

The congregation of St. Peter's Episcopal Church loaned its 500-seat auditorium. To the amazement of everybody the hall was jammed thirty minutes (Continued on page 18)

# "Soaping" dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair  
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos  
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinsing needed. Halo *does*  
*not dry . . . does not irritate!*



*Halo glorifies your hair  
with your very first shampoo!*



*I dreamed I was  
Queen of Hearts in my  
maidenform bra*



I'm always a winner in this dreamy game of hearts!  
Deuces are wild, simply wild over my shapely curves...  
knaves bow at my bidding...kings sigh over such figure-  
finesse! And the winning trick is Maidenform's Maidenette\* bra  
...it lifts my figure ace-high, rounds it divinely!

Maidenette in broadcloth and lace;  
also acetate satin, nylon taffeta...from 1.50  
Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, N. Y. 16  
There is a maidenform for every type of figure.\*

\*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1953 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.  
JEWELS AND ACCESSORIES BY LA TAUSCA

## THE DOCTOR SPEAKS OUT *Continued from page 17*

before forum time, with people actually perched in trees outside, and so many standees that the Fire Department was alarmed.

The second session, on high blood pressure, drew an even bigger crowd, and when a harassed fireman tried to evict some of the standees he almost had his shirt torn off. Listeners refused to budge until the doctors promised to give *two* performances. Double features then became standard procedure, with the hall completely filled at seven and again at eight o'clock.

AT THE end of Sessions Three and Four it was plain the forum could not stop. On it went, through one disease after another, with different doctors participating each time. Audiences sat in rapt attention. They were hungry for information, and their questions showed it. Here are some samples:

Q: Is cancer contagious?

A: No. You can't "catch" cancer or give it to other people, and there is no evidence that it is inheritable.

Q: Is insanity hereditary?

A: Doctors disagree on this. The current view is that environment is much more of a factor than heredity.

Q: Where can I get a physical checkup without exorbitant cost?

A: It's all right to ask what it will cost in advance. The amount varies, depending on laboratory tests, cardiograms and so forth.

The doctors tried not to duck any questions. Asked to define a "normal" person, one psychiatrist said, "A person with little or no mental conflict, a capacity for work and the ability to love someone other than himself."

Simplicity of language was constantly maintained. Hypertension was simply "high blood pressure." A gastroscope was described as "a sort of telescope that we can see into your stomach with."

The mechanics of the forum have been kept simple. Topics are announced a week ahead. The program always begins with a twenty-minute talk by a specialist. The remaining forty minutes are devoted to questions and answers.

Always the speakers try to grip the audience's attention immediately. Said the expert on the menopause: "Discussion of this subject would have embarrassed your grandmothers, but I believe you'll agree that it's fairly common conversation at today's bridge or canasta tables—and a good thing too."

Said the mental-health speaker: "A carrot growing in a vegetable

patch has no emotional problems—but it doesn't have much fun either . . ."

From the start the planners agreed on certain things. No interruptions from the floor. No outside experts on the panel. (The doctors felt that nobody from outside could understand local problems as well as they could.) No long-drawn-out discussions. Each session timed to one hour exactly. No ax-grinding or name-calling, though no one hesitates to debunk superstitions or brand as worthless certain quack remedies and practices.

Humor is *not* excluded.

"Why do I break out in a rash when I eat omelets?" asked one plaintive sufferer.

"Maybe you have egg-zema," replied the doctor, and then went on to give a more scientific reason.

There is never much professional polish about the forum. One pathologist puzzled everybody by ignoring a question and staring fixedly at the microphone.

"What's the matter?" demanded the moderator. "You in a trance or something?"

"There's a fly on this gadget," said the doctor in hollow tones, "and he's going round and round and round . . ."

The doctors admit frequently that they don't know the final answer, that they don't know the cure. Often they differ sharply among themselves, to the delight of the spectators.

One thing no one worries about is expense. Each forum costs exactly \$15—\$5 for janitor service and \$10 for the public-address system.

While no official blessing has been bestowed, the American Medical Association has taken favorable notice of the forum. Scripts of programs have been printed and placed in local doctors' waiting rooms or made available to physicians or laymen elsewhere who wish to start forums of their own.

EVERYBODY is pleased with the St. Petersburg experiment. The doctors feel their time and trouble is more than balanced by the public's enlightenment and good will. And they find that their joint effort has brought them closer to one another.

As for the laymen, here's a typical reaction: "Where else could I spend a whole hour listening to five specialists talk about my medical problems, get specific answers to the questions that have been bothering me and not have to pay a red cent?"

Where else? Why, almost anywhere the people and the doctors are willing to get together and give it a try!

THE END



Hal Wallis'  
PRODUCTION

# Come Back, Little Sheba

"Are you sorry  
you had to  
marry me, Doc?"

THE SENSATIONAL

THEATRE GUILD PLAY

BECOMES PROVOCATIVE

MOTION PICTURE

ENTERTAINMENT!



STARRING

## BURT LANCASTER

... as a man driven to violence by the two women  
in his house. An utterly different, utterly realistic role!

## SHIRLEY BOOTH

"... Likely to win an Oscar as the year's  
best movie actress."—LIFE Magazine

Co-starring

### TERRY MOORE

with RICHARD JAECKEL

Directed by DANIEL MANN • Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS

Based on the original play by William Inge

Produced on the stage by the Theatre Guild • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

COMING  
SOON  
TO YOUR  
FAVORITE  
MOVIE  
THEATRE



"If Doc gets fun out of running his hand  
through my hair... what's the harm?"



# Step up beauty Cut down work



**CORDOROY**—Flor-Ever's exciting new *texture-pattern* brings wonder-wearing, easy-to-clean beauty to your floors. For counters and sink tops, marbled Flor-Ever is a perfect choice. Flor-Ever by Delaware Floor Products, division of Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Wilmington, Del.

## ...with Floor coverings of **VINYLLITE** Brand Plastics

Here's the modern marvel among floor coverings! It's Flor-Ever, made of VINYLLITE Brand Plastics. Once it's down, your floor worries are over. Years of service in the busiest areas of your home won't scuff or dim it. And you can throw your scrub brush away . . . Flor-Ever's non-porous surface seals out dirt . . . just as it withstands water, grease, soaps and strong alkali cleansers. No

waxing is needed to protect it. Choose tile or yard goods in bright, fade-resistant colors that go right through to the backing.

Flooring is just one of the many work-saving wonders — from weather-proof clotheslines to non-sticky dish drainers — that VINYLLITE Plastics contribute to your life. Look for the VINYLLITE trademark when you buy.

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by Evelyn R. Zeek

## Mother takes the best pictures



**I**F YOUR child is in a performing mood, drop your household chores and take a picture. The child won't wait; the housework can. You will have a record that will be fun to make and fun to look at long afterward. No one can do the job as well as Mother, because she's around when things happen that are worth photographing. She, better than any professional, can anticipate a smile, a scream or an appealing expression.

The children on these pages live in Grand Rapids, Michigan. They were photographed by their mothers, all of whom picked up photography as a casual hobby. They snapped situations they wanted to remember.



*It's the angle that makes this one interesting . . .*



*. . . Here it's fun caught in mid-motion*

*Continued on page 22*



*"Captivating"* is the word for Mona Freeman's beauty. Eyes that almost speak—soft skin that's enchantingly feminine, lusciously young. Easy to see why directors cast Mona for "young love" roles—she's romance itself!

# "Here's my care for smoother skin ... Lux!"

says *Mona Freeman*

Do you want this lovelier skin-beauty for yourself? Then try this young star's daily Lux Soap care—it has beautifying Skin-Tonic Action!

Let Mona herself tell you that lovelier skin *can* be yours, and *very* simply. "I find that Lux care really makes a difference—just a few seconds for my daily Lux Soap facials keep my skin sparkling, looking so soft."

And the secret of this sparkling look that comes to your skin with Lux?

It's the gentle Skin-Tonic Action of Lux care . . . a *toning* action that helps your skin retain natural moisture. And *this*, of course, makes skin look more luminous . . . gives it a velvet-bloom. Even dry skin can look alive and radiant.

Discover the quick new beauty this Lux Soap care can give your skin. Try it . . . *see for yourself*. Skin-Tonic Action is so beneficial that just *one* cake of Lux is guaranteed to make your skin definitely smoother, definitely fresher. *You'll* see this new beauty—or Lever Brothers Company will gladly refund your money.



Mona Freeman co-starring in RKO Radio's "ANGEL FACE"

Mona's glamour sparkles—even off-screen. Her tip: "Fresh skin adds to *any* girl's charm—daily Lux facials are a *must* for me!"

Mona selects fluffy blue hat. "Feminine colors are so flattering . . . especially if you keep your skin fresh!" Here's *her* way to fresh, glowing skin . . .

"My Lux facials work wonders! I cleanse thoroughly with rich Lux lather . . . rinse warm, splash cold . . . and my skin simply glows!"

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—for complexion, for daily beauty baths, too. Try this fragrant white soap that is Hollywood's favorite. You'll discover . . . life's lovely when you're Lux-lovely!





# Cut meat bills with Quaker Oats'

## delicious meat-stretching recipes



✓ Nourishing Quaker Oats stretches 1 lb. of meat from 4 servings to 6.

✓ Holds in meat juices so you have rich, juicy, more delicious meat.

✓ Quaker Oats provides as much protein, ounce for ounce, as do many cuts of meat.

✓ Convenient! No crumbs to fix.



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

### JUICY RICH MEAT BALLS

(6 Servings)

1 lb. ground beef  
½ cup uncooked Quaker or  
Mother's Oats (quick  
or old-fashioned)

1½ teaspoons salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
¾ cup tomato juice  
¼ cup chopped onion

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into 12 meat balls. Roll in flour; brown in hot fat. Add a tomato sauce; simmer 20 to 25 minutes.

### Other Meat-Stretching Recipes

**MEAT LOAF:** Use above recipe, adding 1 beaten egg. Pack combined ingredients firmly into a loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 1 hour. Let stand 5 minutes before slicing. Makes 6 servings.

**HAMBURGERS:** Use Meat Ball recipe above. Shape combined ingredients into six hamburgers and

chill. Pan-fry in hot fat and serve.

**MOCK DRUMSTICKS:** Use Meat Ball recipe above. Shape combined ingredients into 6 drumsticks. Insert a wooden skewer into each drumstick; chill. Roll in bread crumbs. Brown on all sides in hot fat; cover and cook slowly 10 minutes longer.

## QUAKER OATS

*The Giant of the Cereals*

## MOTHER TAKES THE BEST PICTURES

*Continued from page 20*

Camera technique was not a major concern of the mothers who took these pictures. They simply read the directions that come with cameras and film and used common sense and imagination. The best home pictures are taken early in the morning. Use an exposure meter if you have one. If it's dark indoors, screw a good strong bulb into the bridge lamp. Use light, uncomplicated backgrounds. And shoot when your child isn't expecting you to.



*Neither dog nor child knew this was being taken . . .*



*. . . But here they're both posing, and very happy to oblige*



*A child concentrating this hard forgets all about the camera . . .*



*. . . But on her birthday she wants to be right in focus*





Here's how  
you wash!

Away from damp basements, wringers and steamy hot water. It's all done automatically!



Here's how  
you dry!

Out of the weather. No more rain, snow, sleet or ripping winds, no poles or pins. It's automatic, too!



Here's how  
you feel!

Like a million! With extra pep and energy, with no nervous overwork strain. Your family'll love you!

# You wash, you dry, without a care in Frigidaire's new "Porcelain Pair"!



**Live-Water Washing**  
gets the deep-down dirt  
ordinary washing actions  
can't touch!

Common, ordinary dirt—or even the ground-in grime that often digs into clothes doesn't stand a chance against Live-Water washing action!

Hot, sudsy water floods through every fiber of every piece—flushing away every speck of dirt.

#### New Float-Over Rinse

It's a Frigidaire exclusive! Makes sure that no trapped dirt will drain back through clean clothes. All of it floats over the sides of the tub and away, along with the used wash water. And Rapidry Spin takes out far more water than any other washer.

Then your Frigidaire Automatic Washer—finished in Lifetime Porcelain—drains, cleans, shuts itself off.

#### For "Miracle Fabrics" Too

Thorough washing and rinsing plus even suds distribution, water temperature control and flexible operation, make Frigidaire ideal for all fabrics—from cottons and wools to Dacron, Orlon, Dynel, Nylon.



**New Electric Dryer—dries in any weather—  
never throws humid heat or sticky lint around!**

Here's a wonderful work-saver—a way to dry your clothes without weather worries. To dry them to fluffy sweetness for storage, or damp-dry for ironing as you choose. And to do it without ropes or pins or poles, without bending or stretching!

The Frigidaire Filtra-matic Dryer dries perfectly—but, unlike ordinary clothes dryers, won't throw objectionably humid heat or sticky lint around the room, to cloud up windows, cling to walls. Yet it requires no

complicated special plumbing, tricky installation, or costly, unsightly vents.

Cabinet and drum are finished in sturdy, rust-proof Lifetime Porcelain, the always-bright finish, for longer life—and less wear and tear on clothes, too.

**For your Porcelain Pair demonstration**, see your Frigidaire Dealer. His name's in the phone book's Yellow Pages—or write Dept. 8, Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ontario.

 **FRIGIDAIRE**  
**Automatic Washer  
and Dryer**

Enjoy Arthur Godfrey's daytime show on TV or radio. See papers for details.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice



# New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

Picture you . . . after just one shampoo . . . with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that's silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

## *New lightning lather—milder than castile!*

This silkening magic is in Drene's *new lightning lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

*Magic!* because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just you try this new Drene with its *lightning lather* . . . its new fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. *You have a new experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .  
to see your hair so silky soft,  
so silky bright . . . to feel the  
magic of this lightning lather—  
milder than castile. No other  
lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*.

**New Lightning Lather**—a magic new formula  
that silkens your hair. **Milder than castile**—  
so mild you could use Drene every day!



# New Drene

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



**Q** *Do you ever regret that New York City was picked as the site for the United Nations? If I were representing another big power I think I'd resent it very much.*

No, I have never regretted that New York City was picked as the site of the U.N. The New World was chosen for the site by a majority U.N. vote because it was felt to be freer of the jealousies and traditional methods of doing things than the Old World. New York City seemed especially suitable because of its reference libraries and museums. Also, although the U.N. is here, special U.N. agencies have headquarters in Paris, Rome and Geneva.

**Q** *Hos anything ever happened to you which made you believe in miracles? If so, would you mind telling me about it?*

No, I am afraid nothing has happened to me which made me believe in miracles.

**Q** *From the things I read and hear about teen-agers today they sound like a crazy, irresponsible, insolent bunch. Some people insist adolescents always act this way, but I don't remember being that bad, do you?*

I am afraid I cannot join the chorus that finds young people today crazy, irresponsible or insolent. I have nineteen grandchildren, and a number of them are in the teen-age bracket. They sometimes do things that show poor judgment, but the young people about me on the whole have good manners, are thoughtful of others and carry their responsibilities with remarkable efficiency.

I have always regretted that in my own teen-age I had so much responsibility that I never knew what it was to be carefree. It is in those years that one acquires a real *joie de vivre*, and it is a pity to miss out on it.

**Q** *Do you believe that any government or religious agency should have the right to censor movies?*

I happen not to like the idea of censorship, except such censorship as the people exercise when they ignore something, and personally I feel in the long run we would be better off if we relied on the industries themselves and the public to do the necessary censoring.

**Q** *We have had a scandal in our family involving our oldest daughter. It takes all my strength now just to face my neighbors. How do people in public life, like yourself, keep your balance and courage with all the gossiping and backbiting that goes on about you and your families?*

I suppose people in public life are so accustomed to gossip they become

rather indifferent, because they have to survive so much that is untrue. In your case—if you fully understand what happened, and if you feel that there are reasons which explain human frailties, and if you do not yourself feel bitterly toward your daughter but love her and want to help her through what is probably for her a bitter and difficult experience—I would feel, as I have always felt, that gossip and backbiting are matters of utter indifference. There is only one important thing, and that is to help a human being through whatever experience or mistake he or she has made to become a stronger and better person in the future.

If your friends do not help, then they are not real friends, so what difference does it make what they say or how they feel?

**Q** *At 55 I am so worn out from working all my life that I can no longer hold a job, and yet I am obliged to wait until I am 65 before receiving Social Security. Do you think this is fair?*

I imagine the criterion for receiving Social Security should be changed and instead of at a certain age it should be paid on a basis of medical examination. Sixty-five is set simply as the mean age when people begin to be incapable of working.

**Q** *Do you think that atom spies should get the death penalty?*

It happens that I do not like the death sentence, but as long as we have the death sentence I imagine it is necessary to apply to any spies the maximum punishment.

**Q** *How old do you think a child should be before he gets a dog of his own?*

A child should not have a dog of his own until he or she is able to take care of it, dependable enough to attend to the dog's wants daily without being told and has enough common sense not to hurt the dog or be unkind to it out of thoughtlessness.

**Q** *Do you ever get a longing to settle down, or does the thought of retiring from public life frighten you?*

No, the thought of retiring from public life does not frighten me at all. I shall go on doing things as long as they turn up to be done and as long as I am well and strong enough to do them. When the day comes when I am not able to do them or they do not turn up I shall be just as happy and probably just as busy doing other things.

Address letters to Mrs. Roosevelt in care of McCall's, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

if you

ask me

by

Eleanor Roosevelt



Mrs. Roosevelt, lunching at Sardi's in New York City, finds time to autograph menus for two young diners (top), chat with proprietor Vincent Sardi (center) and discuss world affairs with Lt. Ruth Diamond and Sgt. Jack Belasko (below) of the U. S. Marine Corps



FEINGERSH/PIX







Can I ever escape this house of darkness . . .

or will my love hold me captive here forever?



THE many rooms of Northview are empty and cold as stone in a winter field. Fourteen bedrooms, nine baths, the ballroom where no one has danced since Nijinsky and poor Fira Ouspensky at Mrs. Porter's wedding, the pink marble reception room with its bronze Dianas proudly clutching dusty electric light bulbs, the music room and servants' quarters and stables all await their fate at the final auction in September. Already weeds have invaded the formal English gardens and grass is tall and wild where once a velvet lawn swept, smooth as a mirror, to the cliffs.

This morning I returned to Newport for one final act of duty: the filing of Mrs. Porter's private papers, which had remained sealed in the little green and gold upstairs sitting room. But even before the taxi had left me at the gates of Northview, the details of the three days I had spent in that house began

to crowd back into my mind. A March rain fell across the town, driven in from the sea by an east wind. The ornate summer palaces along Bellevue Avenue were boarded up for the winter or, in some cases, forever. Their blank windows, dark in the rain, were like old eyes turned to the past without pity or regret—or, for that matter, any emotion at all.

I paid the driver and started to walk up the long driveway. Except for the patter of rain and the hiss of distant surf, the place was smothered in silence. Once again I felt the chill of apprehension and fear. I had an unreasoning impulse to turn and run down the wet avenue to the town, away from this massive, crouching house and its memories of sickness and horror. I regretted having succumbed to the lawyer's pleas to file and catalogue the papers. I could almost see again Mrs. Porter's tragic eyes, full of gentle reproach.

*(Continued on page 55)*

# WHITE VIOLETS


*Beginning a two-part novel*

*by Edward Crandall*



ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER





Even in their most intimate moments  
Carol couldn't forget that not so long ago  
he'd held another woman in his arms

# Forever Yours

**T**HIS summer, they had agreed, is all we need. If we try, we can get back what we used to have—because basically it is still a good marriage.

During the days alone at the lakeshore cottage, Carol tried to veer away from the disloyal thought that perhaps they were being too surgical about it. Mel had insisted, his eyes grave, steady, that their only hope was to talk it out, to have a quiet summer. So Donny, at seven, went to a good camp over near Old Forge. They knew he was too young but, as Mel said, it would do the boy more good than a home life where the tension was something you could cut with a knife.

On Wednesdays Carol's sister, Jeana, would drive up from Utica to the cottage on the lake and together they would go over to the camp where Donny was. He was round and brown and the sun had bleached his hair. When Carol hugged him he wiggled with a new manly impatience, and he smelled of fields and wool blankets.

Jeana would ask, usually on the drive back to the lake, "How is it going?"

And Carol would make her face bright. "It's going to be all right, Jeana. Really it is."

*(Continued on page 116)*

by John D. MacDonald





ILLUSTRATED BY

*Stan Chesley*



Here is the arch-enemy  
of our kind of life  
as a close relative saw him  
—the ruthless Georgian  
who hates Russians,  
the husband in three marriages,  
all of which ended in disaster



*Rare candid snapshot of Joseph Stalin, whose private life is one of many secrets behind the Iron Curtain, from Stalin, a Self Portrait (Farrar, Straus & Young, Inc.)*

# Stalin and his

J.H.K. PRESS FEATURES, LONDON



*Budu Svanidze, author of this article, is Stalin's blood cousin as well as his first wife's nephew. He is shown here, before his exile from the U.S.S.R., with Stalin's granddaughter*

EDITOR'S NOTE: The story that Budu Svanidze tells here of his uncle, Joseph Stalin, reveals a completely unknown side of the Red dictator — Stalin in his own home. Here we see the man who has destroyed thousands of other homes playing a conventional, sentimental role with his own family. We hear the man who mercilessly starved the peasants reminiscing wistfully about his early life as a peasant. It is a fascinating and frightening picture. We believe also that it is an indispensable picture for anyone who wants to grasp the full, strange paradox of this leader of atheistic Communism. The author lived in the Soviet Union until the late 1930s, when his marriage to a Catholic forced him into exile. He now lives in hiding in Paris, where he is writing a political criticism of the U.S.S.R.

UNCLE JOE was a legend in our family. I had often heard talk about him even before I first met him. At that time he was not Joseph Stalin but Joseph Djughachvili, or "Koba" to the few companions who knew the alias he used as an outlaw. To me he was simply "Uncle Joe," or "Uncle Sosso" in Georgian.

I was brought up in the Little Georgian village of Didi-Lilo, near Gori. There were only a few families in Didi-Lilo, all closely interrelated by blood and marriage. Thus I am related to Joseph Stalin through both my parents — through my mother by blood, through my father by marriage. My mother was Stalin's cousin; his mother was her aunt. Later, when Stalin married for the first time, he married my father's sister.





Stalin's first wife, Keke Svanidze, aunt of the author of this article, died in 1910. Stalin drew this picture from her photograph

*Stalin's third wife, Rosa Kaganovitch, married the dictator for political reasons. Their marriage ended in divorce*



PICTURE POST, LONDON



Stalin's second wife, Nadejda Allilueva, hated Soviet secret police for persecuting her friends. She died mysteriously in 1932, and Stalin buried her in a suicides' graveyard

# 3 wives

by Budu Svanidze, nephew of Joseph Stalin

Uncle Sosso was admired in the family for two reasons. The women admired him for his education. He had gone to the seminary, which in the normal course of affairs would have led to the priesthood. But, breaking away from that life, he had become a fighter against the authority of the Russians, whom we Georgians had always looked upon as oppressors. The men were more impressed by his record as a fighter against the authorities. "Your uncle has been fighting all his life to free our country from the Russians," one of them said to me one day. "They keep putting him in jail, and he keeps getting out. They sent him to Siberia, and instead of freezing to death he buried a dagger in the back of his guard, and here he is back again. The police are trying to find him. Everybody knows him, but no one gives him away."

I was nearly nine when I heard members of my family talking in a different manner about my Uncle Joe. Now it was on a disapproving note. It was chiefly the women. What they didn't like was that Uncle Sosso was living maritally with my aunt, my father's sister, Keke Svanidze, without having taken the trouble to marry her. It was some time in February, 1904, that I overheard my mother and her cousin, Maria Mikeladze, talking about it.

"Keke simply must insist that he marry her," Maria was saying. "They've been living together for more than a month now without fighting in the pope. I know Keke doesn't like it. She's very religious."

"She's already talked to him about it," my mother answered mildly. "He's willing, but you know it's not easy for him. He's hiding

from the police. He can't ask for the necessary papers. They don't dare publish the banns —"

"I thought it was because he's a revolutionary," Maria said. "I thought he didn't believe in marriage and the Church."

"It isn't that. But what can he do? He'd be arrested before they entered the church."

It was Uncle Joe's mother who solved the problem. She came to visit us, at our house at Didi-Lilo, about a month later.

"I had to go to Tiflis to see Sosso," she told my mother. "I had a letter from Keke. She complained that Sosso wasn't doing anything about getting married. I told him a thing or two. I said if he didn't get married properly in a church I never wanted to see him again. Imagine! A son of mine committing such a sin and making Keke sin too."

"What did he say?"

"You know Sosso! Always an argument! He said that if I believed God was merciful I ought to believe he would forgive Keke for a sin that wasn't her fault. Oh, you can trust Sosso to find a glib answer, but I didn't let him get away with it."

"But the police!" my mother said. "How can he —"

"I've arranged all that. I said to him, 'Listen, Sosso, the pope Grigori Kurdiani will marry you at Gori.'"

"Our cousin!" my mother said.

"Of course. When you have a pope in the family you might as well make use of him. Grigori will get around all (Continued on page 82)



by Helen McCully

# Celebrate with a cake

GROWING up in my old home in Nova Scotia was great fun because mother always made such a "to do" over birthdays and anniversaries. Hardly a month in the year went by without some sort of a gala, and I know mother counted the month lost that didn't have a fête of one sort or another.

The menus for these family dinner parties varied with the seasons, but the dessert was invariably homemade ice cream with one of mother's beautiful confections. She cooked like an angel and would fuss forever to make something beautiful. But of all her enchanting ideas I think the most beguiling was the way she used flowers.

These five cakes inspired by my mother's imagination will, I hope, inspire *you* the next time you and your family are celebrating an important day.

***It's a Big, Wide Wonderful World*** for a first birthday or a first anniversary. Pale blue frosting with pale pink and deep pink roses for décor.

***Stay as Sweet as You Are*** for the sixteenth year, be it a birthday or an anniversary. Pale pink frosting with rich red roses and a nosegay on top.

***I've Got the World on a String*** for a twenty-first milestone. Pale yellow frosting with a wreath of green leaves and a bright red carnation boutonniere.

***You're Getting To Be a Habit With Me*** to signal a twenty-fifth landmark. Pale green frosting with delicate orchid crocuses.

***I Married an Angel*** for that most wonderful day, the fiftieth anniversary. Pure-white frosting with garlands of golden pompons.

TO MAKE YOUR THREE-LAYER CAKE on a busy party day, we strongly recommend your using one of the good mixes on the market rather than taking the time to make up a cake recipe from scratch.

TO FROST YOUR CAKE, our Royal Icing is perfection. Beat up 3 egg whites with a pinch of salt until frothy. Then beat in 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar. Add 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, ¼ cup at a time, beating hard after each addition. When all the sugar is in and frosting holds its shape, mix in 1 teaspoon lemon extract and a few drops of the food coloring you have chosen.

TO DECORATE YOUR CAKE, make a cream frosting by creaming ¼ cup shortening, working in 1 egg white, *unbeaten*, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, dash of salt and enough sifted confectioners' sugar so frosting is of right consistency to force through decorating tube (approximately 2½ cups). To tint, add a few drops of whatever food coloring you like.

CAKE STANDS DESIGNED BY HAROLD SITTERLE. PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LAZARNICK







Wed on a String

Sweet as You

Married an Angel



Story by Elizabeth Craster  
Pictures by Kathryn Abbé



**1** *Now, all you dear people make a wish*

# Youngest Hostess



**2** *Say, whose birthday party is this?*



**3** *Oops—my mistake—it's over here*



**4** *Did Mother use one egg or two?*

**5** *Please, may I have your complete attention*



**6** *And that reminds me of a very funny story*





*Some people think that at a first birthday party  
Emily Post's rules of etiquette don't necessarily apply.  
Cindy, for example, belongs to the school that's gaudy but not neat*




**7** *It's just been the most wonderful birthday party I ever had!*







An illustration of several hands. One hand holds a lit cigarette. The background features a pattern of orange starburst shapes on a light pinkish-orange field, and a blue and green wavy pattern on the right side.

*For a long time Anita fooled everyone into believing  
she wanted this wedding*

# FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS ONLY

by Cecilia Bartholomew

EVERYBODY loved Anita Wrenn—her family, her friends, tradespeople, the people who worked for her. Who could help loving her?

"Mother is so sweet, so gracious, so—*gay*," Shirley said to Bob Phillips. Bob was driving home with Shirley from college to meet her family. They had two weeks between semesters and then Bob would go to agricultural school. And Shirley? Well, Shirley would go to Bob. But first she wanted her mother's blessing.

Nobody ever saw Anita Wrenn when she was angry or irritated. Nobody saw her in a hurry or impatient. Nobody ever heard her voice loud or cross, or heard her discuss anything unpleasant.

"We won't talk about it," Anita would say with her charming smile when somebody would bring up the subject of the government, the war, someone's illness, someone's failure, someone's heartache. And if anyone persisted, Anita would shake her head—charmingly, of course—or stop her pretty ears with her pretty hands adorably and even, if necessary, leave the room—but graciously. Or in the case of the children, Shirley and Richard, they would be asked to leave the room.

"You're boring me," Anita would say in her high, flying voice that seemed to have wings. "Go away until you can be interesting."

"She was never angry about it," Shirley told Bob. "It was like a game."

"And did you always go?" Bob asked.

"Of course." Shirley looked surprised.

"It was too great a shame even when you were, say, four or five years old to be considered boring?"

Shirley giggled. "Well, of course we didn't think of it just that way. But we went."

"And didn't you resent it?"

"Resent Mother?"

Bob shrugged. "Mother, or having to leave the room. Isn't it the same thing?"

"I don't know whether it is," Shirley said slowly. Then she moved her hands in a little helpless gesture. "But we couldn't resent Mother. She was so sweet and charming about it. And she was right. We *had* been naughty—or boring—complaining about each other or our playmates, or refusing to do our little chores, or just being cross. And Mother would be so delighted at our return."

"You would always come back?" Bob asked.

Shirley's eyes widened. "Of course."

He smiled at her. "Of course."

"Mother is like the wind. No, she's like the sun."

"There's a fable about the wind and the sun testing their power." (Continued on page 118)

*"Don't argue with me!" Anita cried.*

*"You'll be married when and where I choose"*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



# I Live With a Genius

BY MRS. WALT DISNEY

as told to Isabella Taves

Take it from his wife: The man who created Mickey is no mouse around the house



BLAU/PIN

*Animals and birds are Walt's friends, and have been models for his most successful cartoon characters. No animals that come on our property can be molested—even those that do damage*





BLAU/PIN

*Walt is proud of his all-girl family—Sharon, 16, Diane, 19, and me. He loves to globe-trot with us, took us to Paris last summer. But he's fussy about our clothes—thinks most hats are silly, loves full, romantic dresses*

**M**Y HUSBAND deals in myths. One of the myths which surrounds him, and which he takes great pains to perpetuate, is that he is Mickey Mouse at heart—shy, gullible, henpecked. Walt is always telling people how henpecked he is. Last summer, appearances seemed to support him when he took five women to Europe with him—me; our two daughters, Diane and Sharon; a school friend of Diane's; and our niece. But it was all his own idea, and he loved it. I was the only one who had trouble. By the time we landed back on American soil, what with two months of counting noses and luggage, I was a wreck. A sharp young reporter asked me, "Aren't you nervous, Mrs. Disney?" And I, who have made a career out of not talking to the press, fixed everything up fine by answering, "Who wouldn't be, married to Walt Disney?"

I never expect to live down that remark. It is going to be one of those stories about poor Lilly (my maiden name was Lillian Bounds) that the whole family will tell and retell for years. So I must say, in protective explanation, that I wouldn't have missed one minute of the twenty-seven years I have been married to Walt Disney. I'm proud of my husband and what he has done—but I'm even prouder that along the way, in bad times and good, he has never lost his sense of humor or his zest for life.

Being married to Walt Disney is never dull. There have been plenty of times when I felt as though I were attached to one of those flying saucers they talk about. Despite all our apparent security—Walt's big studio and our Hollywood home and our smaller place in Palm Springs—I never know when Walt's imagination is going to take off into the wild blue yonder and everything will explode. Even my husband's astute older brother, Roy, who has been Walt's adviser all his life and his business partner since 1923, has shared my jitters at times.

The uncanny part is that when Walt seems to be doing his wildest and woolliest dreaming is when he is really making the most sense. Roy says Walt always has his eye on the ball. Being female, I maintain that Walt's imagination flies so high he naturally sees a little farther than the rest of (Continued on next page)

McCall's

*Personal Story*



*Roy Disney (left), studio business head, is closer to Walt than any other man. The brothers have been partners for 29 years*

PETER MARTIN



*As a boy Walt didn't play much. He was too busy working. Now, after rejecting golf and polo as too tension-creating, he spends hours playing with the miniature train he built himself. It runs oill over our grounds*



## I LIVE WITH A GENIUS

continued

us. But, although Walt has been right a number of times when we have been wrong, we don't encourage him by admitting how smart he is to his face. We work on the premise that Walt may be a genius but any genius, especially Walt Disney, is wild-eyed and needs a practical family to watch over him.

Roy will say that the whole trouble started back in Kansas City when Walt stopped being a free-lance cartoonist earning \$50 a month and went to work for a slide-film company at \$35 a week. "It was too much," says Roy. "He thinks the films are loaded with dough. He's been careless about a buck ever since."

I'm the original worry wart about Walt's ideas. He always tries them out on me. Although I may not classify as Walt Disney's Best Friend (a colorless thing for a wife to be anyway) I am sure I can as his Severest Critic. I always look on the dark side. Maybe once in a while I have been right and have saved him from mistakes—but I also remember the time Walt was making his first full-length picture, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, and I tried to stop him because I didn't think people would go to see a picture about dwarfs!

Our sixteen- and nineteen-year-old daughters are always at him with: "Now Daddy, are you sure you should do that?"

However, Father is no mouse. Walt was the first voice of Mickey Mouse. Because of that, and because Walt can seem shy and retiring with people he doesn't know well, and because Roy has been heard to complain that Walt has no more money sense than Mickey Mouse, the myth has grown up that Mickey Mouse is a projection of Walt's real personality. I can assure you it isn't true. No matter how hard the rest of us squeal, Walt goes ahead and does what he wants to do.

He isn't, of course, infallible. I remember a couple of years ago at a picnic when Walt and the boys were organizing a soft-ball game. Sharon was just thirteen, the disillusioned age when she had discovered her father couldn't do everything and lived in mortal terror for fear he might embarrass her. She marched over to Walt in deep thirteen-year-old concern. "Daddy, you can't play first base," she told him.

It turned out she was right. But that didn't stop him from trying.

When he decided to build a new house a few years ago, Walt began making plans to run the track for his miniature train all through the grounds. Now, I approve of that train. It is a wonderful hobby for him. He has built much of it himself, and it has been a fine diversion and safety valve for his nervous energy. For when he leaves the studio he can't just lock the door and forget it. He is so keyed up he has to keep going on something. But, to be truthful, the girls and I don't share Walt's unbounded enthusiasm for the train. It's fun to ride around in it for a little while. The boxcars are equipped with center boards so that each boxcar is big enough for a human passenger. But it isn't very clean. You're apt to be combing cinders out of your eyebrows for days. Diane and Sharon are at an age when their hobbies are concentrated. (Walt recently asked one of the girls what he could put in a Disney play park which would interest girls her age, and she answered, "Boys.") As for me, an hour or two of backing and switching is all I can take at a time, (*Continued on page 103*)

**PETER PAN,** newest Disney fantasy, is  
the charming tale of the little boy who flies with  
Wendy through the dangers and delights of Never Land



Two residents of Mermaid Lagoon listen as Peter, with Wendy beside him, extols World of Reality. The boy who refused to grow up, Peter comes from Land of Imagination. Wendy, a human, believes in him



Things look serious for Wendy, her brothers and the Lost Boys when they are seized by the Indians and threatened with death at the stake. Peter saves them, and "Squaw" Wendy is ordered to gather firewood





*Tinker Bell, tiny as Peter's thumb, uses magic to teach people to fly*

*Peter Pan takes Wendy to Never Land, where she is captured by Captain Hook, the evil pirate, and condemned to walk the plank. Peter saves her after a duel with Hook*



*Wendy and her two small brothers hide in Cave of the Lost Boys after escaping Captain Hook. Lost Boys have no parents, are both comical and pathetic. Wendy sings them a song, "Your Mother and Mine"*



*In Never Land also live fierce Indian braves, whose encampment is on top of a high precipice. At their war dance they name Peter Pau "Little Flying Eagle" because he saved chief's daughter from Captain Hook*



*Captain Hook smiles as Tinker Bell, sitting on champagne cork, reveals children's hiding place. In this film she's portrayed as a real character. In all earlier Peter Pans she's been just a beam of light*

*The Crocodile, who haunts Hook and has clock ticking in his stomach, is the film's most hilarious character*







by Estelle Lane

The shawl collar, pointed back and front, adds sharp accent to a fleece coat in creamy beige, blue, white, gold or pink. You can wash it by hand or in your machine with lukewarm water and suds, let it drip dry . . . fluffy as new. About \$50

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM HELSBURN



The pleats won't come out of this straight, slim skirt, and if you spill soup on the prettily detailed cardigan jacket, you can sponge the spot right off.

This suit comes in blue, coral, brown, beige, navy and white. About \$50



# the Clothes you love — and live in

*All of Orlon, even their linings, which means spots wash off, pleats stay in, and there's no question of crushing . . . all in pretty pale colors that look so charming in the spring*

Downy as a duckling, you'd think this beautiful, pale coat would spend most of its time at the cleaner's. But no. You can wash it at home with your own gentle hands. Comes in gold, white, beige, blue or pink. About \$70

90 PER CENT ORLON AND 10 PER CENT VISCOSE SUIT FABRICS BY BURLINGTON MILLS  
100 PER CENT ORLON COAT FABRICS BY PRINCETON KNITTING MILLS  
HATS BY MR. ARNOLD  
BERGÈRE JEWELRY



Very new, the straight, cutaway jacket  
in palest sand-toned serge.  
The snug skirt won't crease  
when you sit. In beige, blue, navy, coral,  
brown or white. About \$50





*Sometimes at rehearsals I have to bite my tongue to keep from shouting directions at my son, Peter Lind Hayes, and his wife, Mary Healy. It's so hard for me to realize that they are the stars now*

FEINGERSH/PIN



# I almost wrecked my son's marriage

*by Grace Hayes*

as told to Selma Robinson

Bitter experience  
taught me what happens  
when a mother wants  
her son too much. I pray  
that Peter and Mary  
will forgive me  
for what I did



**T**HIS is a story I have been wanting to tell for twelve years. It is the story of a bitter, selfish woman—myself—and how I almost destroyed the happiness of my only son, Peter Lind Hayes, and Mary Healy, the lovely girl he chose to be his bride. If I tell it now it is not to relieve an overworked conscience but to help other mothers-in-law. More than anything it is a special plea to Mary and Peter, and other young couples like them, to forgive the hideous mistakes that parents can make with the best intentions in the world.

My errors were errors of love and overprotectiveness. Peter and I were not merely mother and child, we were partners. Our lives were so interwoven that it was difficult for me to view them separately. At first he was completely dependent upon me. But as the years passed I was completely dependent upon him. It is possible for me now to look back and call myself possessive and demanding, but at the time I was convinced that I was acting only in the best interests of my son.

My daughter-in-law has given me a goodness and a kindness which my outrageous behavior has not deserved. Perhaps it is because she cannot be anything but good and kind. Or perhaps it is because she has been able to penetrate my harshness and see the woman I have hidden for more than half a century.

I have always been the woman with the whip. Circumstances forced me to be a man in a very tough world, when I wanted simply to be a soft and feminine woman with someone to look after me. Peter kids me for my imperious ways. "I'd like you to meet my old man," he'll say, leading a new friend over to me. And he is right. I have been his father as well as his mother. I earned money like a man. I ran a

night club in Las Vegas, and I had to throw my weight around so that the men I employed would recognize that I was the boss.

Life was harsh and intolerant toward me, and so I guess it is difficult for me to be anything else. I have never been patient in my life, and I have to fight hard to be tolerant of anything less than perfection in myself or anyone else. Peter's marvelous acting technique, his flawless diction and his trigger timing are the result of my relentless training, of my shouting and foot-stamping and cussing. I know my ways must seem extravagant and incomprehensible to gentle Mary, for she is a girl who has always been adored and cherished.

I was a bride at fifteen, a mother at seventeen, a widow at eighteen. Joe Lind, the night-club entertainer I married, left me a legacy of debts, no assets with which to pay them, and twenty-month-old Peter, or Joseph Conrad Lind, as he was christened. I had guts, a raw talent and driving necessity, so I found work in a Chicago night club. Little by little the debts melted away. My baby and I lived with a wonderful friend and her blind daughter. While I was away every night from six o'clock until dawn they took care of him. Daytimes I spent with him. Every extra dollar I could spare went for gifts for Peter. One of them was a tricycle that brought disaster to our home and colored forever my relationship with Peter.

Peter was about two and a half years old when I brought the tricycle home. It was a shiny red one, with the pedals built up so his feet could reach them. Peter was speechless with joy. As soon as the paper was removed and the cords cut he sat down at the wheel and pedaled it around the yard, around and around and around, refusing (Continued on page 107)

*Peter became my vaudeville partner at 16 and was a star overnight. Maybe it was nervousness, maybe I'd just hollered at him too much—anyhow, I lost my voice on opening night, so he spoke my lines as well as his own*



FEINGERSH/PLX



*When they're in doubt about a script Peter and Mary are likely to ask my advice. We'll sit on the terrace of my New York apartment and listen while Peter reads it to me. Occasions like this make it hard for me to realize that he is no longer just mine. I love Mary—but inside I often feel Peter's home is still with me*





# Summer Interlude

*Keep it light, she pleaded.*

*Keep it gay.*

*And don't speak to me of love*

LEDA looked lovingly at the kitchen floor. It was clean, it smelled beautifully of naphtha and ammonia and she had done it with her own two hands. She smiled a little self-consciously, thinking of the thousands of floors scrubbed by thousands of women without this childish surge of pride. But to Leda it occasioned as much satisfaction as any advertising account she had got all year. It was part and parcel of this whole gorgeous plan. Three weeks with the kids in a marvelous house where manicures and Martinis, manners and mores could be laid aside; three weeks of being called "Mom" and going off her diet.

Cenci and Carol weren't due till the weekend, and she had a few days to make the house ready. There was a new blue housecoat for Cenci, the color of her eyes, and there was a goldfish for Carol, golden and willowy in a fat crystal bowl. There were steaks and ice cream in the freezer, and sunshine and leisure and togetherness. She heard the sweep of Mrs. Jones's broom across the front (Continued on page 134)





by Harriet Frank, Jr.

"The trouble with most women," he said blithely,  
"is that they have sharp edges.  
Would you care to see my scars?"





*Wall-to-wall carpeting* seemed to add many inches to the width of this long narrow room, 23 by less than 12 feet. Deeply comfortable upholstered furniture and tables of dark, mellow cherry wood fit in gracefully with the century-old heirloom melodian and the traditional mantelpiece. The round clock over the mantelpiece helps break up long straight lines. The big upholstered chair and the matching ottoman in the foreground can go together to make a restful chaise. Separately they multiply seating space

*Before refurnishing* and during the planning period, unrelated odds and ends served as best they could. Since then, the family's old furniture has been transferred to other rooms, borrowed things returned



## LIVE BEFORE YOU LEAP

*Don't dash into decorating your new house...live in it a while until you know just what you want and it needs*

**T**HIS spacious, peaceful room started out looking like a fugitive from an attic, but the young family bore with it for three months before they bought so much as an ashtray. They made out a long wish-list. "I wish there were some way to lie down and read or watch TV... some place to put all our magazines and current books so they'd look neat... a good table we could use when all the neighbors from miles around drop in... I wish the room looked peaceful." They began with a color scheme, warm but muted in gray and gold, with flashes of orange, and shopped for fabric swatches, rug colors. First purchases were the new carpet and draperies. Then one thing at a time was added, and the borrowed odds and ends returned to the attics from whence they came.



by Mary Davis Gillies



*Furniture arrangement* was planned to allow open floor space, a variety of seating arrangements, a clear view of television and efficient traffic lanes to front hall at left, kitchen door at right

Carpet, Macee Carpet Company. Draperies, Golding Decorative Fabrics. Glass curtains, Bartmann and Bixler Inc. Furniture, Consider H. Willett, Inc. Armless chairs, Tomlinson. Table lamps, Mutual-Sunset Lamp Co. Television, Philco Corp.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE LAZARNICK



*The television set* was finally placed in the corner farthest from the hall at the dead end of the room away from traffic. This determined the final placement of the big new sofa and the large club chair


*The seven-foot sofa* used up space for end tables so wall lamps provide light. The big coffee table, extendible buffet and television tables are on casters . . . easy to move for cleaning. The family's collection of old glass adds sparkle against the Venetian blinds and glass curtains, which are framed by draperies of a fabric that blends with the wall color. The pictures over the mantel and the map over the sofa reflect the family's interest in an upstate farm. Note the magazine and book table space in this comfortable room





McCall's Easter  
**DRESS-YOUR-BEST CONTEST**

# Would you like



**Will your spring outfit be a suit?** It could be soft and feminine like this, easily made with round yoke and soft shoulders. Or crisply tailored. Or dressier. McCall's offers dozens of designs. Make it your own by your choice of accessories

Pattern No. 9219

Pattern No. 9281

**...Or a pretty dress?** It needn't be this one, of course—you have scores of designs to select from. What hat, shoes, gloves, belt, jewelry, accessories will you wear with it? Your good taste in assembling your costume may win you a prize



# a free trip to Paris ?

*Enter your spring outfit in McCall's Easter Dress • Your • Best Contest and you may win your dream trip to Paris for two . . . or one of 110 cash prizes*

**Want to fly to Paris** with your husband or best friend? Stay in a fabulous hotel? Go as an honored guest to the openings of the great French fashion designers . . . Dior . . . Jacques Fath . . . Balenciaga? Visit the Tuileries, the Louvre, Montmartre, Versailles? Watch the world pass by on the Rue de la Paix? Shop in a Parisian boutique? Dine in a glittering restaurant and go on to the Folies Bergère or the Opéra? All arranged for you by McCALL's? If you have a small child or an ailing person in your home, McCALL's will pay an allowance of \$150 for the services of household help for two weeks while you are away, and McCALL's will also provide you with two attractive garments for your journey.

**Then enter** our Dress • Your • Best Contest and make your spring costume before Easter. If you win first prize in the senior division—20 years old or over—you'll have two wonderful weeks in Paris with all expenses paid for you and your companion. If you win first prize in the junior division—12 through 19 years—you'll have a glamorous plane trip to Hollywood or New York—you choose which—with all expenses paid for you and your companion for a week.

**Shop for ideas** on the pattern pages of McCALL's and in the big McCALL's Pattern Catalogue at your local store. Choose the design that's most becoming to you—right for the way you live, where you live. It could be a dress, a suit, a coat, separates or a combination. It might be for dress-up or daytime wear. Choose the colors, the fabrics, the accessories that make it right for you.

**But remember,** all entries must be made on the official contest entry blank. To get the official contest entry blank and rules, fill out the coupon on the next page or ask for one at your local McCALL's pattern counter.

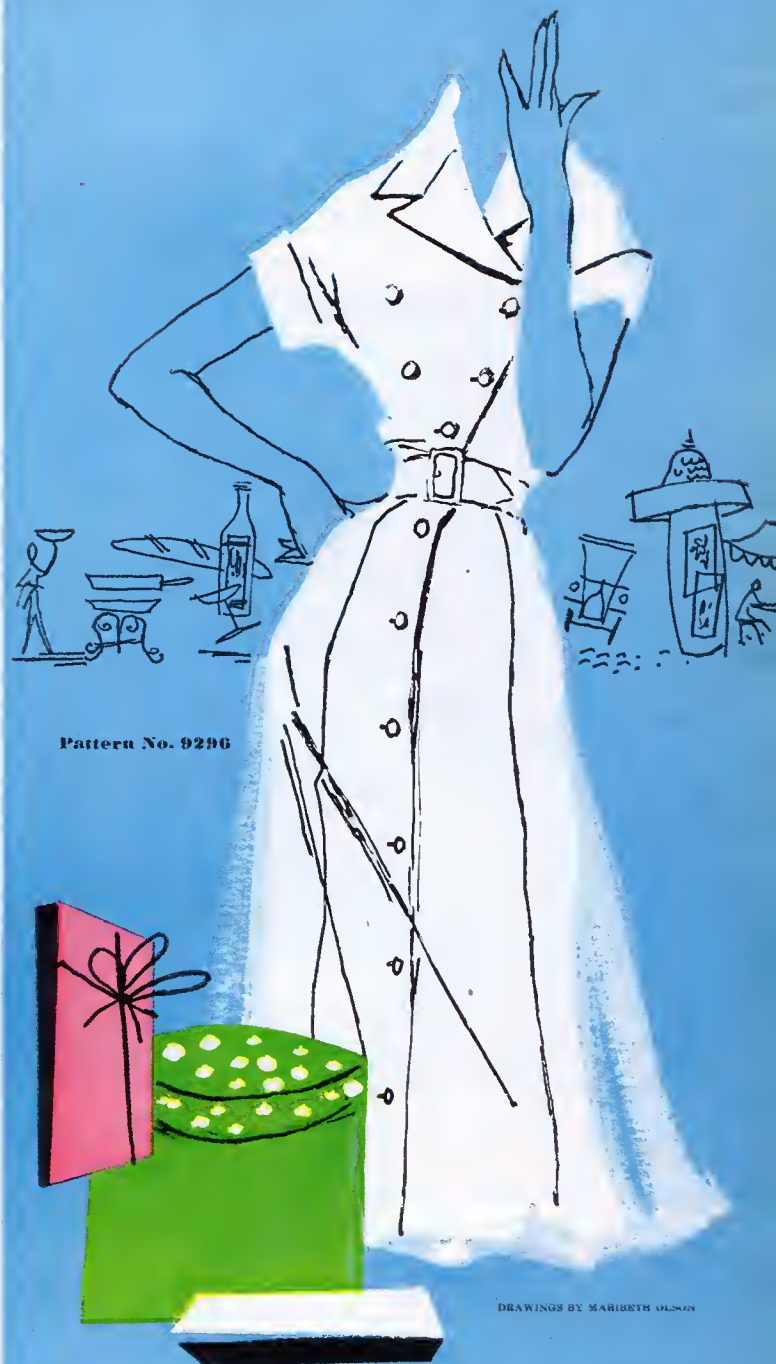
## SHE WON McCALL'S TRIP TO PARIS LAST YEAR



Mrs. Jeanne Herrick of Arlington, Virginia, won McCall's trip to Paris last year. "It was just like a second honeymoon for me and my husband"



"We were treated like royalty at the openings of the French designers. And we saw and did all of the things we'd dreamed of in Paris"



**Or do you prefer a casual costume?** Then you may choose a simple dress with new details like this one. It need not be expensive. You will enjoy discovering how attractive you really are when your clothes play up your best points

**NOW TURN THE PAGE →**



Would you like to take the trip of your dreams?  
Then enter McCall's Easter Dress•Your•Best Contest

# \$7,000 worth of prizes

## OUR DRESS•YOUR•BEST CONTEST IS EASY TO ENTER:

First ask for an entry blank at the pattern counter of your local McCALL's pattern store. Or fill out and mail the coupon below, and we will send you the official contest entry blank and rules with full instructions free. Select the McCALL's pattern or patterns for the one costume that makes you look your best and fits best into the kind of life you lead. Then choose the fabric or fabrics you will use for the costume you will make. Fill out your entry blank completely, attaching pictures from magazines or newspapers of the accessories you will wear, or sketch them if you prefer.

Remember, this is a contest for the woman who sews, based on fashion, not sewing ability alone. Your outfit can be an inexpensive one. You will be judged on the taste and ingenuity of your complete ensemble. You will discover how attractive you really are. It's easy and it's fun.

**FIRST PRIZES:** Seniors, 20 years and over: a trip to Paris for two via luxury air liner, with all expenses paid for two weeks; allowance of \$150 for household help, if needed; and two attractive garments for the winner for her trip.

Juniors, 12 through 19 years: an all-expense air trip of one week to Hollywood or New York for two.

**SECOND PRIZES:** Senior.....\$500 Junior.....\$250

**THIRD PRIZES:** Senior.....\$250 Junior.....\$100

**6 SPECIAL PRIZES:** 3 senior prizes of \$100 each; 3 junior prizes of \$50 each for the best entry made of cotton or cotton-type fabric; wool or wool-type fabric; silk or silk-type fabric. Fabrics may be made of natural fibers or any of the synthetics or blends.

**100 ADDITIONAL PRIZES:** 50 prizes of \$25 each in the senior division; 50 prizes of \$10 each in the junior division.

**A SPECIAL PRIZE** of a \$100 Series E Defense Bond for the home-economics teacher, if any, who assists the first-prize winner of the junior division in planning her entry.

## TOTAL NUMBER OF PRIZES: 113

**WHO MAY ENTER?** Any woman resident of the United States, its territories or possessions, or Canada, 12 years old or over, except employees of McCall Corporation, its subsidiaries and advertising agencies and families of such employees. All entries must be made on the official contest entry blank. No more than one prize will be awarded to any one contestant.

## McCall's Easter Dress•Your•Best Contest P. O. Box 306, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me the official contest entry blank and rules for McCall's Easter Dress • Your • Best Contest.

Name .....  
(Please print clearly)

Street .....  
or R.F.D..... Apt.....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

THIS CONTEST CLOSSES APRIL 4, 1953



Pattern No. 9307

**There's a special division for juniors** if you're 12 through 19. A young costume like this, or one that's perfect for the way you look and the things you do, may win you a free trip to New York or Hollywood



**Last year's junior winner** went to Hollywood. Miss Betty Rand of Garner, North Carolina, won the junior trip last year. With her mother she saw the glamorous spots of Hollywood, met the stars. Here Walter Pidgeon greets her





# HOT SOUP 'n' Crackers! Mmm, Good!



ANNE MARSHALL  
Director Home Economics  
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

They just naturally go together! The crispness . . . saltiness . . . crunchiness of crackers and the fine flavor—robust or delicate—of hot soup. Try serving big bowls of satisfying soup with a tempting assortment of crackers, cheese, celery and some red, red radishes, icy cold. “Mmm, Good!” the family’ll say.

**CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP** pairs well with golden, crisp crackers. Traditional soup of our hardy pioneer forefathers. With plenty of tender chicken and delicious egg noodles in rich broth. It really hits the spot.

**GREEN PEA SOUP** likes crackers that are salty. This soup is a year-round favorite and, in the winter months especially, mothers welcome its high-energy goodness. That rich pea flavor’s wonderful!

**VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP** and crunchy crackers are fine together. Here’s another hearty cold weather soup. A regular “square meal” soup—to warm ‘em up. And fill ‘em up too! Watch the bowls come back for more.

## Tomato Rarebit

**SOUP AND CRACKERS MAKE IT POSSIBLE!**  
They’ll cheer when this delicious, easy dish comes on the table . . . rosy and piping hot!

- 1 can (1¼ cups) condensed tomato soup
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup shredded sharp American cheese
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Combine ingredients in order given. Heat slowly, stirring constantly, until the cheese is melted and the rarebit is thickened. Serve on crisp crackers. Garnish with water cress, if desired.



A good cook keeps a full soup shelf



# JOY IN A BOTTLE BEATS ANYTHING IN A BOX

## for dishwashing magic!



YES—BECAUSE IT'S **LIQUID**—  
**JOY** AND ONLY **JOY** OFFERS ALL  
THESE DISHWASHING ADVANTAGES!  
BEATS ANYTHING IN A BOX—  
ANY SOAP OR ANY DETERGENT!



### COSTS LESS TO USE! THRIFTY MEASURING CAP STOPS WASTE!

In hardest water, Joy costs less to use than a big box of soap powder! And Joy's thrifty cap is a money-saving marvel. Measures the right amount to use every time. There's no guesswork—no sloppy spilling—no waste as when you pour from a box.



### AS EASY TO USE AS HAND LOTION ALREADY DISSOLVED—INSTANT SUDS!

Joy's compact bottle takes so little space on shelf or sink. Needn't be hidden away like bulky boxes. And because Joy's already dissolved, it makes more suds faster than anything in a box. Never leaves undissolved particles to streak glasses.



### EXCLUSIVE INGREDIENT FOR MORE GREASE-CUTTING POWER!

Only Joy has it! Yes, Joy contains an exclusive ingredient which steps up its grease-cutting power amazingly. Measure for measure, Joy has more grease-cutting power than any box of soap or detergent powders. Washes dishes the fastest way possible.

### NEW IMPROVED FORMULA

NOW EXTRA - MILD TO HANDS...  
MORE DISHWASHINGS IN EVERY BOTTLE!



NEW GIANT  
ECONOMY SIZE BOTTLE  
GIVES EXTRA VALUE!

NOW AT YOUR DEALERS



## WHITE VIOLETS

Continued from page 27

Across the ruined lawn the green-house squatted on the cliff, and the sight of it affected me with a dull, aching regret. It was there I had first met Bill, and it was there that I had refused to read correctly the meaning of the expression in his eyes. Oh, the way that terror walks, softly, on slow feet, sending ahead its couriers of deceptive words and actions! It had been the little things, unimportant, sometimes even trivial, which, had I understood, were the heralds of disaster.

Trying not to remember, I unlocked the door under the north portico and entered the great reception room. In the filtered light the furniture, covered by white linen, appeared threatening. My footsteps echoed stonily across the marble floor and up the great staircase. From somewhere in the empty house came a scurrying sound. Had a rat invaded the ballroom? I tried to shake off the rising sense of panic. It was over now, done. Nothing could be changed. In a few hours I would leave this place forever, the papers filed, the letters read.

The letters, I shivered. In the dankness of the upstairs hall it came over me that my fear was the result of unjustified guilt. Granted, I had missed a cue, but even understanding would have demanded a knowledge I did not possess of the dark twists in human behavior. Only one person might have prevented murder and that person had chosen not to speak, and now it was too late.

And yet, as I opened the door to the familiar green and gold sitting room, I felt a wrench at my heart and seemed to hear the eerie strains of a Viennese waltz echoing through the musty rooms. Before me was the Louis Quinze desk where I had first seen that strange and unhappy woman who, surrounded by avarice and hate, had waited so patiently through the long years for her true love. And in an instant, despite my resolutions, everything rushed back. It was in this doorway that I had stood three days before Christmas, waiting nervously for Mrs. Porter to speak . . .

Thursday, December 22nd . . . Mrs. Porter said, "Please sit down, Miss Stone." She didn't look up from the papers on her desk.

I found a chair, the back of which seemed made of white lace.

"The trip is such a bore, isn't it? All that scurrying for the bus in Providence."

"I enjoyed it very much, Mrs. Porter."

I didn't exaggerate. All the way down from Vermont I'd been as excited as an explorer entering an unknown land. Up until this day Newport had been merely a subject for unlikely legends and some tongue-clucking in my part of the country. The trip back, if I didn't land the job, would not be so glorious.

She looked up at me for the first time. It was a mild look, not one that invited intimacies, but friendly.

"You are younger than I expected."

"I'll be twenty-one in January."

"Ah, yes. I gather from the letter Mr. Warren wrote that you graduated from Crompton College last June and since then have been his secretary."

I nodded. She seemed to be waiting for something. Everything that could be said about my qualifications, and perhaps more, was in that letter. Embarrassed by the questioning silence, I said, "My father taught Latin and Greek at Crompton. He died three months ago." I was able to say it now

in a matter-of-fact voice, able to say it without seeing the black cars move slowly from the cemetery in the rain or his book still open by the leather chair in the parlor.

"Your mother?"  
"I barely remember her. She died when I was very young."

Mrs. Porter looked through the window toward the sea. After a moment she said, "I lost my mother when I was five."

It seemed an odd thing for her to say at this moment. I found some of my preconceived ideas about her changing. Mr. Warren had told me that she was the daughter of someone he referred to as "Lucky" Smith who had died many years before, leaving her sole heir to one of America's great fortunes. I had imagined a heavy-bosomed dowager with mountains of marcelled white hair and an imperious manner. Instead she was a woman of about sixty, tall and slim. Her face, untouched by cosmetics, was

panion in addition to secretary I would never qualify. The social life of a house like Northview would be utterly foreign to me. But I was saved for the moment by the bell—the telephone bell, to be exact.

As Mrs. Porter answered it her manner was completely different. She spoke briskly and with authority. "Mr. Bolton? Good. First, about Sunny Glade Farm—those girls are going to have a new recreation hall. I've made my decision. It's about as much as they can expect in this world. And no publicity of any kind, you understand . . . Exactly. Now, about . . ."

More at home with millions than I was with tens, she ordered the man at the other end to buy this, sell that, talk to some senator who, for reasons I couldn't understand, had displeased her, see that certain members of a law firm got appropriate Christmas gifts. Then she stopped for a moment, lowered her voice and said, "You got my letter about Vance? Good . . . No. I know exactly what I'm doing. I don't need any advice. He's arriving tomorrow on the Queen Mary. I'd appreciate it if you saw him through Customs and arranged a reservation tomorrow night for him at the Plaza. And be sure he is on the two-o'clock train Saturday afternoon. The car will meet him in Providence." She frowned. "There is no use discussing it. I have nothing further to say."

SHE hung up. All authority seemed to vanish from her face. She looked down at her hands, inert now on the Louis Quinze desk. For a moment I thought she had forgot me. But finally she said, "Now, then, you were saying, Miss Stone?"

"About bridge," I stammered. "I don't play very well and . . ."

"I've decided to take you on."

It was said so casually I thought I had misunderstood.

"I type sixty words a minute," I said idiotically.

"Good. Are you prepared to begin immediately?"

"Why—why, yes, Mrs. Porter . . . I checked my bag at the bus station."

"Give the ticket to Perkins. He'll have it fetched. You understand that this is not a household of young people. It may be lonely for you."

"Oh, no. I'm used to—I mean—"

"I need someone I can trust. Someone with good Yankee common sense."

"Oh, that I have!" I said almost gaily, but didn't add that the phrase was the bane of my life. In college they'd said, "Oh, yes, Susan Stone—takes care of her father, serves tea to his friends—nice kid—lots of Yankee common sense." I hadn't anticipated carrying my trade-mark with me to Newport, of all places!

"We won't be dressing for dinner tonight or tomorrow, but on Christmas Eve you'll need something a little—well, something appropriate for the occasion." She hesitated. "You see, my husband will be here then."

Up until this moment I had not considered the existence of a Mr. Porter. She had mentioned him casually enough, yet I couldn't escape the feeling that there was some significance in this simple announcement. She watched me for a moment as though waiting for some comment. When I said nothing, she smiled.

"Your things will not be here by then." She took a checkbook from her desk and wrote in it with lightning speed. "Here is a hundred dollars for anything you may want to buy in the village. You can repay me in regular deductions from your salary. Can you manage on fifty dollars a week?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Porter." That was exactly the amount Mr. Warren

(Continued on page 56)



**BEST BUYS IN FOOD  
FOR FEBRUARY**

<b>MEAT</b>	Corrants
Bacon	Celery
Broilers	Corn*
Fryers	Iceberg lettuce
Ham	Peas*
High-quality beef	Potatoes
Pork sausage	Spinach
<b>FISH</b>	<b>FRUIT</b>
Halibut (frozen)	Bananas
Mackerel*	Grapefruit
Salmon (frozen)	Oranges
Sardines*	Peaches*
Shrimp (frozen)	Pineapple*
Smelts (frozen)	Raisins
Swordfish (frozen)	Tangerines
Tuna*	
<b>VEGETABLES</b>	<b>DAIRY</b>
Beets	Cottage cheese
Cabbage	Eggs
	Nonfat dry milk

\*canned

According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture and based on normal, seasonal availabilities

neither beautiful nor aristocratic in the accepted sense of that term, but it reflected, like a mirror which had been darkened and corroded by sea air, the shadow of a youth that must have been alive and quick and very lovely. In the moment when she turned back from the window I was astonished by the eyes—a very light blue, clear and pale as an early-morning sky, yet almost completely devoid of expression. I had no idea, and never was to have, of what she was thinking.

"You have always lived in Vermont?"

"Yes. You see, my father . . ."

"You were close to him?"

"Yes."

She examined the papers on her desk. "You play bridge?"

Hope took a nose dive. If I were supposed to be some sort of com-



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**"Daintiness plus"** There's no odor with Tampax because it's worn internally. And if you're a girl who is careful about her silhouette (about bulges and edge-lines "showing through" a close-fitting skirt or dress) you'd better investigate Tampax right away.



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(Continued from page 55)

had told me to ask, but in addition to my board and lodging it had seemed to me outrageous. I would have accepted thirty-five, and gladly.

She gave me the check. "We'll go over your routine in the morning. There is one thing I do wish you'd take care of, beginning with today, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, Mrs. Porter."

"I'm very particular about the flower arrangements for the dinner table. You'll find whatever you need in the greenhouse." Her manner told me I was being dismissed. Still in a daze, I arose awkwardly and started for the door.

"Oh, Miss Stone—"

"Yes, Mrs. Porter?"

"I'm usually rather good at judging people. There are certain aspects of life at Northview that are a little unusual, that demand discretion—particularly at this time, when—" She hesitated. "But I can see you're a sensible young girl. Unlike your predecessor."

"My predecessor?"

"The unfortunate young woman who was my secretary for some time. I was very fond of the child, but she was poor dear, emotionally unstable."

"Unstable?"

"She was unreasonably—frightened."

"Frightened?" The room seemed suddenly very still. The sound of the breakers at the foot of the cliff were a mere whisper. "Of what?"

She sighed. "Perhaps of loneliness."

"I see," I said, not seeing at all. And then I asked, "She went away?"

She said, "Miss Fain? She died."

I managed to say something polite and completely meaningless, then left the room and shut the door behind me. In the hall a very old man stood waiting in the shadow of a terra cotta satyr.

THE old man turned out to be Perkins, who persuaded me that Hollywood was right about English butlers after all. He showed me to my room with an obsequious formality that was embarrassing. The room was large, dominated by an enormous mahogany bed and dark velvet draperies fringed with faded yellow balls of yarn. The bay windows looked out over the lawns to the greenhouse and the cliff. Perkins moved about like a wax dummy, pointing out the house phone and the typewriter already set up on the desk.

In an attempt to crack the icy mask with friendliness I said, "It must be a terrific job, running a place like this. I mean with entertaining and . . ."

"Entertaining, Miss?" There was a flicker in the faded eyes that might have been humor. "I have never found it a problem. If you will give me the check I'll have Jones fetch your bag."

Rebuffed, I dug into my purse and handed him the check. "Dinner is at eight," he said. "Mrs. Porter will expect you to join her in the drawing room at seven-thirty for cocktails."

Cocktails, yet, I thought irreverently: how Pops would have laughed. I decided Perkins would be hopeless as an ally in the flower arrangement business. Better not lose face by asking him. I thought, He showed me a cavernous dark bathroom and the closets and then went to the door. There he turned and said with hypocritical solicitude, "I hope you will be comfortable here, Miss?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, Perkins."

"I thought you would like this room because of the view of the water. That's why Miss Fain preferred it."

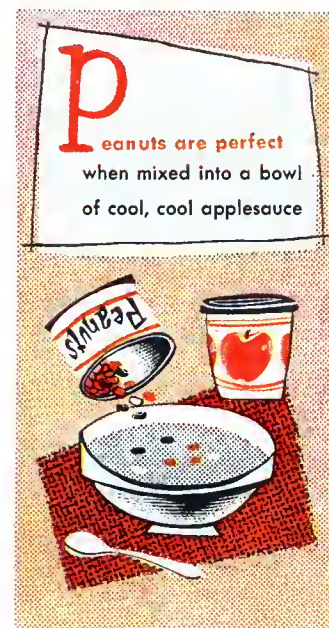
"Miss Fain?"

"Mrs. Porter's former secretary."

With that he left me, shutting the door softly behind him. I looked

around the room. It was completely impersonal. There was nothing here to evoke its former occupant. Still, I thought, I wish he hadn't told me. Unhappily I walked to the window. Out on the gray Atlantic a fat freighter was moving slowly in toward Narragansett Bay. I don't belong here. I thought: I'll never fit in. And perversely, now that I had the job I had prayed for, I felt a sudden depression. For a second I was tempted to rush back to the sitting room of the enigmatic Mrs. Porter and tell her that I was a fraud whose typing was at best only adequate, whose shorthand was a disgrace and who could never be at ease with the gay and sophisticated sort of person who came to Newport.

Then I thought of Father, who had always taken everything in his stride, even approaching death. Caesar's battles had always been more real to him than his own against life itself, but I knew he wouldn't approve of my giving up without a fight. My inheritance from him was far more than the pa-



thetic remnants of his material property—the mortgaged farmhouse and one hundred and eighty-five dollars in the Crompton First National Bank. It was perhaps just a touch of that spirit that had induced him to say when Dr. Heckner had told him the truth. "Well, one thing—I don't have to worry about Susan and there's plenty of wood in for the winter."

I turned from the window and as a defiant gesture, though not quite knowing what I was defying, I did my hair and applied a new shade of lipstick. Then I left the room and found my way out of Northview. I followed the graveled driveway down through the English gardens, past the stables and garages to where the greenhouse perched on the edge of the cliff. I opened a small door, bent down and went inside. The fetid air within had almost the effect of ether. From somewhere a voice said, "Close the door."

Automatically I obeyed. I seemed to be breathing water instead of air. In the greenish haze I saw a young man in blue jeans and a rather soiled shirt, bending in intense concentration over something on the high desk before him.

"Mrs. Porter?" he asked.

Only then did he look up. The expression intended for Mrs. Porter surprised me. The set of the mouth was more than merely sullen.

"I'm Mrs. Porter's new secretary." "Let me be the first to offer you sympathy, and to hope for a merry Christmas!"

"I don't understand."

"Christmas? Remind me to tell you about Santa Claus. Skip it. I don't have to ask if you're a Miss. She wouldn't have the other kind. Miss what?"

"Susan Stone," I said, bewildered.

"Bill Coles. Keeper of the English gardens, procurer of cut flowers for the dinner table. And graves."

His tone and words leaped from light irreverence to an inexplicable bitter irony in a manner that was difficult to digest. There was something in his eyes that suggested remembered pain and a determination to ward off any recurrence. He had said nothing in which there was warmth, but in that instant, looking into his angular face with the bright, mocking eyes, an amazing and very disturbing thing happened to me. Without reason or logic or even any conscious motivation, I thought: Yes. And once thought it was never again to change, despite the agony and despair it was to bring.

SHOCKED, even scandalized, at the vehemence of that mental "yes," I stumpled into words, anything to push aside this idiotic idea.

"Would you mind telling me what you were looking at?"

One suntanned hand caressed the microscope. "A little exploratory work. My hobby. Maybe someday you'll see it in the papers. 'William Coles, brilliant young scientist who made barren soil produce again.'"

"We could certainly use you where I come from. I have a farm in Vermont that hasn't produced even a dandelion in seventy years."

"Landed gentry, eh?"

"Hardly. I only own about a tenth of the place; the rest belongs to the bank. I work for a living."

He grinned. "You make it sound like the heroic act of the decade. It's no exceptional trick, Miss Secretary. You're kind of cute. As a matter of fact—" He stopped as though remembering something and the grin died away. "Sorry."

For a moment there was that expression of pain in his eyes. I couldn't understand why he had apologized, or for what, but there seemed to be about him an odd atmosphere of guilt.

"Don't look so puzzled. You'll get used to me, I hope. Why not begin getting used to me by going to a movie with me tomorrow night? There's a good Italian film."

"An invitation in the first few minutes? I'm flattered."

"Don't be. Maybe I'm just lonely." But the grin returned, taking the edge off the words.

"Perhaps—" I heard myself saying—"if I can get off." You're crazy. I thought. You don't know anything about him. Beside, he'll think you say yes like that to everyone.

"Good. What do you think of the palace and its inmates?"

"I've only met Mrs. Porter and Perkins."

"Wait until you meet the others! And Mrs. Porter?"

"I don't know what to think. Apparently she is very kind."

His reaction was disturbing. The sullen look was back on his face. "Kind? In what way? Has she been telling you to be kind to me?"

"Kind to you? What a funny thing to say. Why should she?"

"You don't know, then," he said harshly.

"Know what?"

"About Flo Fain."

(Continued on page 58)



# "It's my one essential cream"

MANY, MANY LOVELY WOMEN, the world over, are devoted to this one famous cream for its very *special* way of cleansing, refreshing and smoothing their skin.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream. When you use this famous cream, its ingredients work on your skin as a team—in inter-action. They cleanse your skin *immaculately clean*, and at the same time *replenish* the softening oil and moisture your skin needs *regularly* to look smooth and fresh, supple and young.

And—you help *both* sides of your skin, as you swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face.

*On the outside*—embedded dirt is lifted out of pore-openings. And your skin is given softening oil and moisture.

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Mrs. Amory S. Carhart, Jr. one of society's most beautiful young women. She feels Pond's Cold Cream keeps her skin at its very best. "No other face care cleanses my skin so well...leaves it looking so smooth as a Pond's Cold Creaming," Mrs. Carhart says.



Mrs. Winston Fredrick Churchill Guest is especially lovely—for she has the palest golden hair, brown eyes set wide apart, and a flawless skin. Mrs. Guest believes that for a really wonderful softening and cleansing, there is nothing so good for her skin as this one cream. "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin feel softer, fresher—so quickly," she says.

**A fascinating, immediate change  
can come over your face** Do this double Pond's Cold Creaming *every*

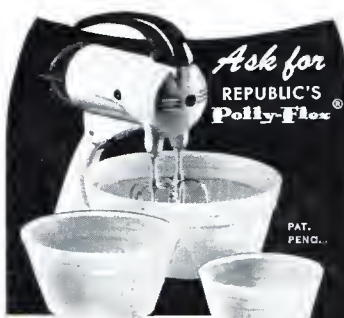
night—and mornings, too. (Remember, the loss of your skin's oil and moisture goes on *every* day.) See your skin improve.

**Soft-cleanse** by swirling satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat. Swirl up from throat to forehead. Tissue off *well*.

**Soft-rinse** quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off *lightly*.

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#### Perfect Shower, Hostess Gift

Ideal for all gift occasions—showers, birthdays, anniversaries, holidays, hostess courtesy. Stunning red gift-box cover. Truly a standout value in the famous line of Griffith Spice Sets, which 2 million homemakers proudly own today.

AT CHAIN AND VARIETY STORES \$1.95  
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**FREE** Full-size 1½-oz. re-fill packet of Roast-meat Seasoning, most popular of Griffith's flavorful spices. Write: The Griffith Laboratories, 1415 W. 37th St., Chicago 9, Ill. Dept. M-2

(Continued from page 56)  
"Miss Fain. The girl who had my job? Mrs. Porter said she was... emotionally unstable."

"Maybe."  
"What was she frightened of?"  
For a moment he said nothing. The hand which had been resting on the table tensed and closed into a fist.  
"What else did she tell you?" he said angrily.

"Really, Mr. Coles—I've come for the flowers for the table."

He turned away. With a gesture he indicated the depths of the greenhouse. "Be my guest!" His tone was no longer friendly.

I stood there helplessly, annoyed to have to make an admission of weakness. There was no other way out. When I didn't move, he turned, eyebrows raised mockingly. "Well?"

I blurted out, "I don't know anything about flower arrangements!"

He watched me for a moment, then said abruptly, "You're as helpless as she was! Sit down here. I'll fix it. It's no problem. The same thing has gone on the table for the past forty years."

Rather primly I sat on the high stool. He took a small shears from the wall.

"How did Miss Fain die?" I asked.  
The hand with the shears stopped in mid-air. He didn't look at me. "Two weeks ago Sunday morning they found her body at the foot of the cliff. It was—it was suicide."

HE DISAPPEARED into the depths of the greenhouse. I sat on the stool, absorbing the shock of his words. Suicide! But why? And why hadn't Mrs. Porter told me this straight off instead of merely saying, "she died."

Darkness was falling around the glass roof. Bill Coles was somewhere back in the greenhouse but I heard no sound. Beneath his casual, even intimate manner there was something odd about him, something slightly off focus that I couldn't pigeonhole. Something wary. The dark shadow of evening crept along the earthen floor. Why hadn't he turned on the lights? What in heaven's name was taking him so long?

And then suddenly, without any warning sound, he was beside me, very close. Startled, I turned.

"Heh! You'll need better control of your nerves if you're going to last long here!"

"There's nothing wrong with my nerves," I said coldly. "I'm just not used to having people creep up behind me!"

"Sorry."  
He held out a silver dish in which flowers were arranged according to color and size.

"That's about the way she likes it. White violets in the center. Never forget that. Always white violets."

I slid off the stool and took the dish from him. His hand brushed against mine. I drew quickly away.

"You've got a very fetching smile. I hope you manage to hang on to it around here."

"I'll manage all right. I always have."

I started for the door.  
Behind me, he said, "You will if you mind your own business!"

I turned. "Why—why, that sounds like a threat."

"No, just a warning." His voice was soft. "Flo didn't know how to mind her own business. Look what happened to her."

"Why, you said yourself it was suicide."

"Did I?"

In the gloom I couldn't see his face clearly. He was a shadow bulking very large and still against the last

soiled light of the glass roof. I pushed open the door and stepped out into the vast expanse of garden and lawn and began hurrying toward the house through the remnants of daylight. Suddenly I wanted very much to reach it before complete darkness. Halfway to the house I saw a figure move away from a lighted upstairs window. Was it the window of the green and gold sitting room? The white violets brushed against my fingers.

A clock whirled and boomed the quarter-hour as I stood at the door to the drawing room. I saw first the claws. Attached to the legs of mahogany tables, they protruded out of little islands of light, clutching at the thick Persian rugs. Turkey red draperies were drawn against the night. The heavy Victorian furniture was arranged in groups down the length of the room, not unlike the main foyer of the old-fashioned Boston hotel where I had stayed occasionally with my father. At the far end of the vast room was a fireplace big enough for

#### More Lemon Lore

Mix a generous dollop of lemon juice into hamburger next time you cook patties



the roasting of a sheep. Above it was a large portrait of a man attired for the hunt: red coat, shiny hoots and a crop clutched in a small white hand. He was a short man with an almost abnormally small face. But the face was held at an arrogant angle and the eyes seemed to be telling the world what he thought of it, something not very pleasant. Assuming that I was alone in the room, I walked toward the portrait, fascinated by the artist's successful evocation of something cruel and at the same time pitiful.

"That's Mrs. Porter's father," said a woman's voice heavy with accent. "Lucky" Smith. Last of the Robber Barons."

Startled, I turned. Deep in two high-backed chairs by the fireplace and facing each other sat a man and a woman. Obviously they had been sitting there in complete silence. The man said, "Recognize the likeness?"

The woman said, "You're Mrs. Porter's new secretary?"

"Susan Stone."

"I'm Miss Oспенsky. This is Mr. Carol."

Mr. Carol, who appeared to be about Mrs. Porter's age, got up, glass in hand, nodded and sat down again in one continuous, disinterested motion. He was of middle height and

for some inexplicable reason I suspected that he wore a corset, or whatever men of certain vanity wear when middle age begins to bulge. His color was high—too high; his gray-black hair, carefully brushed and oiled; his tweed coat, extremely well cut.

No hands were offered. I sat down. Miss Oспенsky held her head as though it had once been beautiful, perhaps to distract attention from her body, which was squat and ugly. She was probably older than Mr. Carol, and the great shock of dubious red hair, the scarlet lipstick carelessly applied, the heavy layer of powder did little to disprove it. An astonishing number of bracelets on her pudgy arms rattled like tin when she moved, which was almost constantly.

Into the silence I said, "Is Mrs. Porter expecting other guests?"

Mr. Carol managed to part with his cocktail for a moment. "We are the honored—" his voice treasured its own malice—"the honored and the only guests at Northview."

Puzzled, I asked, "You are visiting Mrs. Porter?"

"My dear child, I have been visiting Mrs. Porter for sixteen years. But Fira here holds priority. Her service stripes attest to a stint of nineteen years."

"Oh," I said, none too brightly. Who were these people? Surely they were not relatives of Mrs. Porter's.

"The mores of the permanent house guest," he continued in the same wearily ironic tone, "is a subject for some interesting research. I doubt that there is a more conscientious or overworked member of society. Really, Fira, my dear, we should form a union. Shorter hours, better pay, eh?"

MISS OСПЕНSKY gave me a melodramatically apologetic smile and surreptitiously indicated his cocktail glass. But she wasn't surreptitious enough.

"Fira is forever explaining me away with a gesture to my glass. It is a common defensive action on the part of alcoholics... She rationalizes it on the convenient theory that champagne is not a hard liquor."

"Howard is joking. But to be serious, we are the only guests. It has been this way for many years. Mrs. Porter—she is not amused by Newport."

"Where are you from?" Mr. Carol asked.

"Vermont."  
"Really? I once wrote a rather nice story about Vermont. Somewhat on the order of *Ethan Frome*. That was a long time ago."

"Oh, you're a writer?"

"I was once," he said. "When I was young and foolish and thought one could be a gentleman and a writer at the same time. Now I am neither."

"Nonsense!" Fira said. "Howard—he writes beautifully. He has the soul of an artist. Perhaps that is why he has never been published."

Howard laughed harshly. "Fira is my public and my posterity. I once almost made the grade. That was during the depression. I had run out of hostesses as they, poor dears, had run out of country houses and yachts. My bills were high and overdue and my account nonexistent. I tried to write to sell them. I was saved from such a sordid fate in the nick of time. Somehow Mrs. Porter heard of my embarrassing financial state and invited me to come to Northview. Since then I have lost my self-respect, but that, of course, is unimportant beside the fact that I can produce ten lines about the sunset that Pater would have envied and Miss Oспенsky admires."

(Continued on page 60)





## If you want to stay lovely, darling, you're using the wrong machine!

Go right ahead, my dear . . . shoot the works. No doubt about it, you'll knock 'em dead tonight.

But how about tomorrow, Cinderella? Will you wake up again to the same old let-down? Dishes to wash, beds to make, rooms to dust — and a whole week's laundry haunting you like a guilty conscience.

After all, darling, a woman shouldn't *have* to keep camouflaging a tired, washed-out look. She shouldn't have it in the first place!

And she wouldn't . . . if she used an automatic washer.

You never tried an automatic? Then you've no idea how free and easy push-button washing can be. How delightfully simple to drop in a day's wash on your way to the store and find it all done by the time you get home.

Better try an automatic washer — soon. Until you do, you're just sentencing yourself to hard labor one day out of every seven.

Look over the new models next time you're downtown. You don't have to be an expert to pick the right one. Inside those sleek white cabinets they're all mechanical wonders.

And any one of them will work wonders for you if you'll remember to use **all** — the new kind of detergent especially prepared for automatic washers.

Ask the dealer for a demonstration and see for yourself why **all** is recommended by every top-flight automatic washer maker.



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Why not enter McCall's "Easter Dress-Your-Best" contest right now! You may be the lucky winner of a trip to Paris for two!

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Make it of shimmering *Pontung*, the rayon that looks like real silk honan. Stunning in white or natural; dazzling in new Spring colors. *Pontung* is crease-resistant, hand washable and a snap to sew. You'll need just 3½ yards of it for size 14.

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Good luck!

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(Continued from page 58)

Something in his tone of voice made me uncomfortable. I looked to Miss Ospensky for a cue. She was impervious. Apparently time and habit had dulled her to the bitterness beneath his words.

I resorted to a bromide. "I suppose if one wants something more than anything else in the world, one will get it."

"In this house," he said calmly, "aside, of course, from our gracious and lucky hostess, that highly desirable 'something' is neither art nor love. It is, quite crudely, my dear starry-eyed Miss Secretary, money."

"Howard!" Miss Ospensky said sharply.

"Now, Fira, this young lady is quite obviously of the generation that prides itself on being realistic. Facts, brutal or otherwise, are the opiate of those under twenty-one."

"He is joking!"

"On the contrary, Fira. Unfortunately, Miss Fain's attitudes were a throwback to a generation that preceded my own. She lived in a lovely Victorian haze of pink romance. She mistook the scream of the vulture for the sweet chirp of the nightingale."

"The scream of the vulture?" I echoed blankly.

He lifted his glass and smiled. "You haven't heard it? I'm surprised. I would have expected more discernment in you, young lady. You will hear it in my somewhat courageous jests . . . you will hear it in Fira's defensive laughter . . . you will hear it in the soft siren song of sex which emanates from the synthetic earthiness of the greenhouse. After you have been here awhile, you will perhaps even recognize it in your own voice one morning as you say, 'Yes, Mrs. Porter.'"

"Please, Howard — this is not funny!"

"Not funny at all. And now that the long-deferred return of the master is about to take place, the screaming has taken on a more urgent note. Time is running out."

EVEN had I chosen to accept his words as an elaborate, cumbersome attempt at humor, the expression in his eyes precluded that convenient rationalization. There was something in the way he looked at me that intuition told me was a threat.

Miss Ospensky spoke up excitedly: "Howard, he is a writer. He says things to startle—no? Dramatic. You are confusing and frightening the poor girl, Howard. It's naughty."

She was warning him. He shrugged. "Perhaps Fira is right. I'm not really an ogre, Miss Stone. With Christmas two days off I am overwhelmed with anxiety about Santa. I'm afraid that without sympathetic co-operation he will never make it down the chimney this year."

Pointedly I said, "Is that picture near the window a Turner?"

He laughed. "The unfortunate lady who had your job would have had Santa put coal in Fira's stocking—and mine. Being in a position of some tactical power she tried to direct Blitz-en, Donner and Prancer in the direction of her misguided affections."

"Misguided affections?"

"The greenhouse," he said with a mocking laugh.

I felt a sinking sensation. "She was in love with Mr. Coles?"

"He made her think so. As I say, she had some influence with Santa—"

"Mr. Carol," I said, trying to control my distaste. "This is all none of my business. I can't believe your implication that everyone in and around this house is interested only in getting something out of Mrs. Porter."

"If I've been crude it's because of a certain sense of urgency. The return of the master may freeze Santa out forever."

And then, for the first time since Mrs. Porter had mentioned him, I remembered the absent Mr. Porter.

"Has Mr. Porter been away a long time?"

"A very long time."

"My dear! You don't know?" Miss Ospensky cried.

"Should I?"

"She's too young to have read the newspaper reports, and apparently gossip of that sort is not *ou courant* in Vermont."

"Newspaper reports?"

"Mr. Porter has been away, all right," Mr. Carol said. "But his enforced separation from his wife has not prevented his spirit from permeating every nook and cranny of this house. It has been sick with waiting—for forty years."

"Forty years?"

"Yes. Forty years suspended in time. A ghost of a bridegroom. But now, alas, the ghost materializes and

more than a series of "hahs" running mechanically up and down the scale. That laugh was to become for me the sound of Northview, just as the sweet dankness of the greenhouse was to become the odor, and Mrs. Porter's eyes, that never told me anything at all, even at the end, the look.

THE dinner table was an oasis amidst a desert of silence in which Perkins and two maids moved in grave unison. Through the polite and lethargic conversation Mr. Carol's crude implications echoed and re-echoed in my mind. Was it possible that the soft-spoken woman at the head of the table was surrounded by predatory and cynical "vultures"? He had included Bill Coles in that category, and for some reason I resisted this idea most. Remembering his eyes, I simply could not think of him on the same level with the cold-blooded Mr. Carol. But if it were true that Miss Fain had loved him, and if he had reciprocated that love, perhaps that would account for the look of pain in his eyes.

The "house guests" were rattling on like mechanical dolls, the keys in their backs wound tight. Mrs. Porter said little but occasionally smiled at me, as though to say, "They're children; don't mind them too much." No longer was she merely a rich and eccentric recluse by whom I was fortunately employed; her simplicity and almost commonplace appearance had taken on an aura of romantic unreality.

Vaguely I was aware that Miss Ospensky and Mr. Carol were regaling Mrs. Porter with details of a play they had seen that afternoon in Boston, to which they had been taken. I gathered, in Mrs. Porter's limousine.

Mrs. Porter suddenly interrupted their derisive comments. The moment she spoke I felt a tension in the room.

"The chauffeur tells me you talked with Mrs. Billings outside the theater."

The effect of this simple remark was astonishing. The "guests" exchanged a look of dismay. Mr. Carol was the first to rally. "We couldn't very well avoid her, Marian. Her car was ahead of ours in the line and . . ."

"I'm told," Mrs. Porter said, "that the poor woman is in financial difficulties. The Fifth Avenue house is up for sale. I understand she intends to live here in Newport at Headlands all year round."

"She always was too extravagant," Mr. Carol said with malice intended to please. "After all, she must have used most of poor old Billings' fortune to sustain her role as 'Queen of American Society' for two generations."

"Headlands will be difficult for her to maintain on a limited income."

"Someone said," Miss Ospensky interjected, "that she is selling even that, but there will be some sort of arrangement for her to live there the rest of her life."

"I'm glad of that. Headlands is such an appropriate background for her sort of entertaining. Perhaps even during the winter there will be small dinners there. How nice for you and Howard."

"Marian! You know neither of us would ever set foot in that woman's house! Not after—" She stopped.

Mrs. Porter sighed. "That's extremely loyal of you, Fira."

Howard blustered. "The old fool in her senility has taken on all the airs of royalty. I've often thought that she owes a great deal of her reputed success as a hostess to her habit of giving expensive presents to eligible bachelors. No worry about extra men."

"Yes," Mrs. Porter said. "Always the same present, I understand. A

(Continued on page 64)

## PICKLE PATTY

Spicy syrup from a jar of  
sweet pickles makes tasty  
basting liquid for ham  
or tongue



the mortals lose their place in the scheme of things. He arrives on Christmas Eve. Forty-eight hours. The mortals, or—forgive me for mixing my metaphors—the vultures, must work fast."

"Are you telling me that Mr. Porter has been away for forty years? But why? Where?"

"For the past forty years of his life, the not-so-Honorable Vance Porter has been in an English jail, repenting a murder."

Miss Ospensky straightened up with a sharp intake of breath. She was looking beyond me. I turned. In the doorway stood Mrs. Porter, wearing a simple black gown. She stood there with her hands folded before her, looking like a child waiting to be asked into the room. If she had overheard Mr. Carol's words she gave no sign.

Mr. Carol struggled to his feet, his worldly cynicism disintegrating into something like alarm.

"Why, Marian!" he said. "We were just talking about you."

"Were you, Howard? I'm flattered. I can't think of a more uninteresting subject."

Stunned by Mr. Carol's revelation, I watched her come slowly down the room. I heard Miss Ospensky's macabre laugh, which was nothing



# "I soothed my husband with sandpaper!"

"Nobody'd ever call Paul Douglas a meek husband," Jan Sterling explains, "and he was pretty irate at the 'junk' I picked up at auctions for our new house . . . that is, until I showed him how lovely it was underneath."



"We worked like beavers getting the house settled — showing furniture around, unpacking barrels filled with scratchy excelsior. Again I blessed Jergens Lotion. And it works so *fast*! See for yourself why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



JAN STERLING,  
co-starring in  
"PONY EXPRESS"  
A Paramount Picture  
Color by Technicolor

"Then he broke down and admitted all the sanding and scraping and paint-removers were worth while. But, oh, what they did to my hands! And what a blissful relief it was afterwards to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion!



"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand you've smoothed with wonderful Jergens Lotion as it will with oily lotions or creams that just *coat* the skin!



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**Beef  
Turnovers,  
Barbecue**



**Sweet-and-Sour  
Short Ribs**





by Helen Flynn

Steak Divine

# five BIG MEALS for four from one handsome three-rib roast

THE initial cost is high, admitted. But if you figure it out, you'll find the average cost per meat meal, per person, is modest indeed. From our own experience we know this kind of food planning simplifies life considerably for the lady behind the stove and satisfies completely the sturdiest appetites around the dinner table.

If you're from Missouri, you have only to try our recipes.

## REAL ROAST BEEF

Buy a standing 3-rib roast from your butcher. Ask him to chop off the short ribs and crack the bones in several places. These you save for Sweet-and-sour Short Ribs. When you get the meat home, slice off the first thick rib to use later on for Steak Divine. Incidentally, good beef is dull red in color, fat is white to light cream and bones are bright red at cut ends.

Now start your oven at 325F or slow. Place roast fat side up in a shallow open pan and insert meat thermometer (if you own one) in center of roast, not touching the bones. Do not cover meat; do not season; do not add water; do not baste.

**FOR RARE BEEF:** Roast 18 to 20 minutes per pound or 140F on thermometer.

**FOR MEDIUM BEEF:** Roast 22 to 25 minutes per pound or 160F on thermometer.

**FOR WELL-DONE BEEF:** Roast 27 to 32 minutes per pound or 170F on thermometer.

To serve, sprinkle meat with salt and pepper and place on a piping-hot platter with lots of water cress for garnish, and when it comes to carving your handsome roast, we feel that the beef tastes better and certainly looks prettier if cut in thin, thin slices, English style.

See page 66 for the rest of these good recipes

Real  
Roast Beef

Sweet-Potato Soup



# Beatrice Cooke's

RECIPE



## Blueberry Pancakes



### A favorite recipe from "Mealtime Adventures"

- 2 Meadow Gold Eggs, beaten
- 3 cups Meadow Gold Buttermilk
- 3 tbs. melted Meadow Gold Butter
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 2 tps. baking powder
- 1½ tps. soda
- 2 tps. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup blueberries, washed and drained

Combine eggs, buttermilk and butter. Add sifted dry ingredients and stir until well-mixed. Fold in blueberries. Bake on hot ungreased griddle. When baked, spread with butter, sprinkle with a brown sugar-cinnamon mixture. Makes 18-20 4" pancakes.

### Free Brunch recipes!

Ten of my favorite recipes for a hearty, delicious breakfast-lunch . . . such as Sugar 'n' Spice Coffee Cake, Ham Scramble and Cherry Muffins. On file cards. Write to Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. MC73, 120 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.



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BEATRICE FOODS CO.

(Continued from page 60)

gold cigarette case from Tiffany's. Very thoughtful."

"So vulgar!" Fira cried. "She always did go in for handsome young men of uncertain background. I never could see—" And then she stopped.

There was a stony silence. Even Mr. Carol couldn't seem to think of an appropriate remark. He glared at Miss Oспенsky.

"So I understand," Mrs. Porter said calmly. Then she turned to me and smiled. "My dear, you are an artist. The flowers have never looked better."

My rigid New England conscience defeated any ideas of subterfuge. I murmured, "I'm afraid it—it's the work of Mr. Coles."

"Ah, I'm glad he helped you. The boy is obviously creative."

She looked at me inquiringly. For some insane reason I felt myself blushing. Nothing escaped Mr. Carol. His laugh was malicious. "History repeats itself," he said. "That boy seems to have an unholy effect on gullible young secretaries."

"I don't know what you mean," I said indignantly.

"Howard!" Mrs. Porter said sharply. But I noticed she seemed surprised. "You had a talk with Bill?"

"Well, you could hardly call it a talk, but—" And then I blurted out defensively, "Is there any reason why I shouldn't talk to him?"

"But, my dear child, certainly not! I'm delighted that he was . . . friendly. It's a good sign."

"Good sign?"

It seemed an odd thing to say. I was aware of the others watching me with an intensity that seemed unjustified.

"His mother was housekeeper for my father. Years ago. Very old Newport family but very poor. Quite sad, really. The boy has been working here since he—since he came back from the war. I'm very anxious to help him."

"I think," Howard said coldly, "that despite his reputed 'difficulties' the young man is quite capable of helping himself."

"I don't find that amusing. Howard!"

"Oh, Marian, how can you be so blind? He had that girl jumping through hoops to get your sympathy—and your help."

A look of pain came and went from Mrs. Porter's eyes.

"Sometimes, Howard," she said in a weary voice. "I think the years have made you cruel."

"Perhaps you're right, Marian," he said flatly. "The fact remains that the poor creature was infatuated with him. Until the day I opened her eyes to the truth."

"Bill Coles has suffered quite enough for what he too could not have been responsible for. It was all tragic and unnecessary. I blame myself more than anyone."

"Marian!" Miss Oспенsky cried. "How can you say that? You treated that girl as a daughter."

"She didn't understand . . . I should have explained . . ." She passed her hand before her eyes. Then she said quickly, "No more, please. We will discuss it no more! This Christmas must be the best we have ever known. There must be nothing to spoil it for Vance."

AFTER that the conversation became again a well-oiled dialogue between Miss Oспенsky and Mr. Carol. But even I saw that the machinery of their performance was not operating as smoothly as they hoped. I began to feel like Alice at the Mad Hatter's tea party, only this tea party had taken on sinister undertones.

Dinner was followed by a torturous two hours of bridge, made even more unbearable by the desperate seriousness by which the "guests" took their game. They played with nervous intensity, played badly and to my surprise lost to Mrs. Porter and me. In deference to me the stakes had been small, but their ungracious manner indicated that this part of the day's ritual was far more than a mere social interlude to them.

Mrs. Porter pushed back her chair and said, "That will have to be all. We have a great deal to do tomorrow. Miss Stone, will you be in my sitting room at nine?"

She said good night and left me to the mercies of the others. Perkins had placed a bottle of champagne in a bucket at Miss Oспенsky's place, for her alone. Mrs. Porter had merely sipped some sort of wine while I, in the role of virtuous secretary, and also because liquor had not been a part of my life in Crompton, refused every-

"My dear! That's just a little game we play together. But you didn't know that I was once the Prima Ballerina of the Russian Ballet, under Diaghilev, of course."

"I'm afraid I'm terribly ignorant about dancing. In Boston I once saw Martha Graham, but—"

"I speak of dancing, not setting-up exercises!"

"And I've seen pictures of Anna Pavlova . . ."

HER look of contempt changed to intense interest. "So many young people tell me they were disappointed in Anna. They do not understand. She had a very great talent for—" this time her laugh was like an aroused parrot—"for publicity! But she is dead. And poor Nijinsky too. Alas, only Fira Oспенsky lives. But for what? To live always in fear of tomorrow." She held out her empty glass to me. I refilled it, and when I looked at her again I almost felt sorry for her. The mobile face of an accomplished actress told me how dearly she would have loved to regale me with her past triumphs and sorrows. Painfully she forswore her pleasure and brought her attention back to the job in hand. "You find Mrs. Porter sympathetic, no?" she asked teasingly.

"Yes," I said directly. "And very kind."

"Oh, Marian is very kind and impressionable, so impressionable!"

The last word I would have used in describing Mrs. Porter. But I wasn't going to encourage this line of talk even to the extent of disagreeing with her.

"You are surprised, no? Perhaps it is because she has lived this unnatural life, shut up in this house for so many years—out of touch with people. A very young girl and a hither, possessive old man. An old man who hated all women except his daughter. You and I know how much a young girl needs another woman to talk to when . . ." Her tone became sentimental. "The first boy she meets, and a handsome, dashing one at that . . ." She held out her arms, palms upward, in a gesture of surrender that reminded me of Pavlova. "He gives her a bunch of white violets, and what do you expect? At once she gives herself and, more to the point, a great many millions of dollars! Well, you may say that this is something out of a Victorian valentine, a woman holding on to a bunch of white violets for forty years. Nevertheless it is the truth."

It was pathetic, I thought, and dangerously close to being ridiculous. But to a woman in love that was a thin line which she might not recognize.

"So you see, little one—" Miss Oспенsky was obviously coming to her conclusion—"it is quite easy to influence Marian once you have engaged her sympathy."

Could they really fear my influence on Mrs. Porter. I wondered. "Well?" I said coolly.

"Miss Fain!" The words were two swift jabs of hatred. "The girl was impossible—stupid and common and vindictive."

"Vindictive?"

"She influenced Marian against Howard and me. Vicious—after all the years we've been Marian's only friends!"

"But why?"

"You are a college girl and so not naïve. Miss Fain was madly in love with that young man in the greenhouse, and what she said to Marian would have much effect. Very convenient, no?"

(Continued on page 66)

## Need a change?

Use chunks of pears instead  
of apples in Waldorf salad



thing. Mr. Carol's whisky glass had been constantly replenished. Uncomfortable, I started to rise. Miss Oспенsky laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"No, *ma chérie* . . . You will stay and chat a bit, no?"

I didn't want to stay and chat a bit. I wanted to get away from these two and their unpleasantly conspiratorial manner. I wanted to get to my room and to try to make some sense out of the bewildering day. But Miss Oспенsky was not to be rejected.

"Howard," she said, "I'm sure Miss Stone will understand if you go now. You must work on your story . . ."

Miss Stone certainly did understand the heavy-handed urgency of her tone, and Mr. Carol reluctantly succumbed. He refilled his whisky glass, muttered in a low voice, "You've had enough champagne," nodded an ironic farewell to me and, glass in hand, left the room.

"Now, little one, we will talk," she said. "It is not often that I have the happiness to hear the brave words of youth."

The smooth tone of the professional flatterer was uninhibited by thought or intent. I suspected her of summoning her feminine intuition to accomplish her purpose, but exactly what she wanted of me I could not guess. Perversely, I had no desire to make it any easier for her. I said, "At dinner Mrs. Porter asked whether you had practiced today. Are you a pianist?"



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Serve this **JELLY-SHIMMER CAKE** tonight!

Bake your cake in layers as directed on the Swans Down White Cake Mix package. Spread one layer with *Pastel Frosting*, then cover with a thin layer of clear red jelly. Place second layer on top and spread remaining frosting over top and sides of cake.

**PASTEL FROSTING:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tart jelly       $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar  
1 unbeaten egg white      Dash of salt

Combine jelly, egg white, sugar and salt in top of double boiler. Mix well, then place over boiling water and beat with rotary beater 3 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water and cool slightly before spreading.



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(Continued from page 64)

"I don't understand," I wondered whether I wanted to.

"That Coles boy has an obsession about making some sort of crazy experiments. To perform them he needs money and so he—how do you say?—'worked' on this young refugee from the Primrose Path—from the home Marian endowed. She talked of nothing else night and day. When Howard opened her eyes, she must have changed her mind about helping him. The young man must have had a rude shock. Perhaps he was lucky that Miss Fain died before she could whisper a different tune into Marian's ear. Perhaps—"

I heard myself asking quite calmly, "Are you certain it was suicide?"

She hesitated, though I thought not in surprise, and said, "I'm certain of nothing any more. But the

police were satisfied. There was some kind of note." She stared down into her glass. "The girl is dead, but still nothing is settled. Still evil clings to this house like a poisoned vine. Still Vance Porter is to return."

"Why are you and Mr. Carol so afraid of Mr. Porter?"

"Because—" She stopped and said what she had not started to say. "He has ruined Marian's life. She has been caught up in some kind of crazy dream. He haunts this house like an evil satyr. Even the mention of his name. Miss Fain heard of his return to Northview and five hours later she was dead." She leaned toward me. "She poisoned Marian's mind against us. But you are different. You have sympathy, pity—"

I stood up. "I don't know what you are asking me to do, but I do know

(Continued on page 68)

## FIVE BIG MEALS

Continued from page 63

### STEAK DIVINE

Start your oven at broil and put steak (the 1½"-thick one you cut from roast) about 5" from flame. Broil 20 minutes on each side for medium rare. At serving time put a pat of butter or margarine on top, sprinkle with salt and pepper and squeeze a hefty squeeze of lemon over surface. We framed our steak with cooked peas, green beans, carrots, cauliflower and potato balls. Made it pretty as a picture too.

### SWEET-AND-SOUR SHORT RIBS

2 lb short ribs	1 cup dried prunes
2 tablespoons flour	1 cup dried apricots
1 teaspoon salt	1 medium green pepper
Dash of pepper	½ cup sugar
1 cup water	¼ teaspoon cinnamon
8 to 10 small onions	¼ teaspoon allspice
	¼ teaspoon ground cloves
	3 tablespoons vinegar

Take the short ribs you had your butcher cut from the roast, trim off some of the fat and fry out this fat in a heavy skillet or Dutch oven. Cut meat into eating-size pieces and coat with a mixture of flour, salt and pepper. Brown all sides in hot melted fat.

Now drain off most of the fat, pour in the water, cover tightly and cook slowly for about 45 minutes. At this point add the onions, prunes, apricots and big chunks of green pepper. Season with sugar, spices and vinegar, cover again and cook slowly for 1 to 1½ hours or until meat and vegetables are tender. Serve with crisp Chinese noodles to 4. Perfectly delicious.

### BEEF TURNOVERS, BARBECUE

Mix up a 2-crust recipe for pastry or use packaged or frozen pastry. Cool in your refrigerator until you make up this quick

#### BARBECUE SAUCE:

3 cloves garlic	½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ green pepper	½ cup catsup
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	½ cup cold water
1 tablespoon brown sugar	2 tablespoons vinegar
¼ teaspoon black pepper	2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
	½ teaspoon Tabasco

Chop garlic and green pepper fine, then melt the butter or margarine in a skillet and cook chopped vegetables until wilted. Add remaining ingredients and cook slowly for 15 to 20 minutes.

While sauce is cooking, make this filling: Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and cook 1 small chopped onion in it until wilted. Then add 1¼ cups of finely

chopped leftover beef and enough of the barbecue sauce to moisten mixture and hold it together.

Now start your oven at 400F or hot, and divide pastry in half. Roll half on a lightly floured board in a 9" square about ⅓" thick. Cut into 4 little squares and put a mound of filling in each center. Brush edges with water, then fold into a triangle and seal edges together with a fork.

Do the same with remaining dough. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until a tempting brown. Serve with hot sauce over top. Real good.

**Beef bones** make fine basic broth or stock for any of these 3 good soups. Cook them like this:

Put all the leftover roast-beef bones in a kettle. Add one onion cut in pieces and 2 ribs of sliced celery. Pour in 5 cups of water, season with parsley, bay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cloves and 5 peppercorns. Cook very slowly or simmer for 1½ or 2 hours. Cool and skim off the fat, lift out bones and trim off every bit of meat. Save to use in soup recipes. Makes about 3 cups of stock.

### SWEET-POTATO SOUP

3 to 4 medium parsnips	Dash of pepper
1 medium or 2 small sweet potatoes	1 cup cooked beef
3 cups beef stock	½ cup heavy cream
¼ teaspoon salt	½ cup chopped parsley

Peel and dice parsnips and sweet potatoes. Add to beef stock along with salt and pepper and cook for 20 to 25 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Before serving, add cut-up leftover beef and the cream, heat a few minutes more and serve with lots of chopped parsley.

### KIDNEY BEAN SOUP

2 small onions	2½ cups (No. 2 can) tomatoes
2 cups (No. 303 can) kidney beans	¼ teaspoon salt
3 cups beef stock	½ teaspoon thyme
	1 cup cooked beef

Chop onions fine, drain beans and add both to beef stock. Now add tomatoes, salt, thyme and cut-up leftover beef. Cook over medium heat for 10 to 15 minutes.

### CARROT-CAULIFLOWER SOUP

½ head cauliflower	½ teaspoon basil
2 medium carrots	1 teaspoon salt
3 cups beef stock	Dash of pepper
2½ cups (No. 2 can) tomatoes	1 cup cooked beef
	Sour cream

Break cauliflower into little sections (use any tender green leaves that hug the head too), cut carrots into cubes. Add to beef stock along with tomatoes, basil, salt, pepper, leftover beef and cook over a medium heat for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with a scoop of sour cream over top. THE END





*Deliciously yours!*

*P.S. Hunt-for the best. See your grocer's ads  
and look in his store for the low price!*





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If you want your white and calar-fast cattons and linens made snawy-white, color-bright... and sanitary, taa...laundry with Clorax—the extra-gentle bleach that is also the most efficient germ-killer of its kind!

There's no other bleach and household disinfectant quite like Clorox. It's free from caustic...made by an exclusive, potentiated formula. That means Clorox is extra gentle on linens, more efficient in killing germs! So, to conserve linens...to protect health...use Clorox every washday!

A Clorax-clean hame means added health protection, too! You provide added health protection by using Clorox in routine cleaning of bathroom and kitchen germ centers. And remember, Clorax is a safe disinfectant...a type recommended by public health authorities! Directions on the label.



When it's CLOROX-clean...  
it's SAFER for Family Health!

(Continued from page 66)

that I have no intention of taking part in any intrigue against Mrs. Porter."

"But it is not against dear Marian at all—it is for her own good. Don't you see?" She stood up too, champagne glass in hand, swaying slightly.

I turned to go.

"One minute! You do not see because you do not want to see. You are just like she was—cruel with youth, cruel! To you the Christmas checks are just pieces of paper but to us—"

"I think you should go to bed now."

"Insolence! You will regret this!"

"Is that a threat?"

Her eyes were blazing one second and tears were there the next. "It is hard enough to beg when you are young and have everything ahead of you, but, alas, much harder to beg when you are old and have everything behind you."

In my mood of righteous indignation against her connivance and against an emotion in myself I wasn't quite ready to recognize, her self-pity seemed to me a trick. "Good night," I said coldly, and left the room.

I climbed the marble stairs to my own room, and with the door shut behind me I breathed a sigh of relief. Every since I had first met Mr. Carol and Miss Ospensky in the drawing room, my nerves had been tightening to the screaming point. In the darkness I walked to the window. A pale sliver of moon was fighting a losing battle with ominous black clouds that were piling up in the east. Down across the dark lawn a dim light burned in the greenhouse. Was Bill Coles still there at this hour?

I switched on the bedside lamp and wearily slipped out of my dress. I took it to the closet and hung it on the rack. Then, as I stood on tip-toe to put my shoes on the high over-head shelf, I saw the hatbox. It had been pushed back into the corner. Recalling who had occupied this room last, I reached up almost without volition and dragged it down. I took it to the bed, sternly denying any conscious sense of guilt. It was a round cardboard box with the label of a Providence department store on it. Inside I found a cheap little red felt hat with a yellow feather stuck jauntily into its brim. It was new—there was a price tag still on it—and I wondered if it had been bought for Christmas. Mechanically I lifted the hat from its tissue-paper nest.

Underneath it, almost concealed by the tissue, was a large photograph, curled and brown with age. Slowly I put down the hat and lifted the photograph into the light. I stared into the face of a young girl in a lovely bridal gown. Even in faded reproduction I was struck by the expression of almost ecstatic triumph in the girl's eyes. But I would never know whether or not the groom shared this almost unearthly happiness. Where his face had been, the photograph had been mutilated and slashed into a meaningless pulp.

Friday, December 23rd...

The typewriter keys spat out dollars and cents as I drew up the Christmas checks for Mrs. Porter to sign. I was impressed by the number of servants at Northview, having supposed that in these days of high taxes such a staff was beyond the resources of even the very rich. Mrs. Porter stood near the windows just out of the path of the morning sun, reeling off without hesitation the names and the amounts each would receive.

A chef with an improbable French name was the last of the servants,

but without pause Mrs. Porter, consulting a fresh list, read, "Mademoiselle Fira Ospensky." And then, "One moment. Glance over this."

She banded me a sheet of paper. Even though I had decided after my talk with Miss Ospensky that it was not my place to take any hand in the matter whatsoever, astonishment was no doubt plain on my face. Everything a woman like the ex-dancer would buy during a year was itemized and priced, everything from postage stamps to a new hat for Easter. The total came to \$3,215.00. A notation at the bottom read, "Xmas check, \$3,500.00."

"Perhaps I should explain," Mrs. Porter said. "Fira has no income of her own. In the past I've considered it more graceful to remedy the deficiency at Christmas. This list was made up last month. Perhaps I have not taken sufficiently into account the rising cost of living. What do you think?"



I confined myself to, "It seems more than generous to me, Mrs. Porter."

When she didn't comment immediately I looked up. She looked directly into my eyes. Then she sighed and said, "I see."

She turned away to the window. Perversely enough, I felt a pang of guilt. The inflection in my voice had said far more than I had intended about Miss Ospensky. I remembered the dancer's remark about Mrs. Porter's being impressionable.

Over her shoulder she said, "I have always felt that loyalty such as Fira's and Mr. Carol's cannot be bought...but when freely offered one does one's best to reward it. It is the most important quality in the world to me." For a second she looked out across the lawn to the cliff and the sea. Then she said, "I hope they didn't keep you up too late chatting."

"Oh, no, not at all. Mr. Carol went to bed almost immediately and Miss Ospensky talked to me about dancing. It was very interesting."

"Poor Fira. Too much champagne and she's back on the stage of the Royal Opera House. Howard holds his liquor better. He's had more practice." And then she said one of those things that reminded me that I could never be sure of anything about Mrs. Porter. "She talked about dancing and then she told you about Mr. Porter and me."

"Yes." Not only her words but the completely matter-of-fact way in which she spoke them surprised me.

"And what did you make of the tale?" Her tone was actually clinical. "I'd be very interested in your reaction."

"Well—I—" I was caught utterly speechless.

"To a modern, well-educated girl like you it must seem like something out of a novel by Ouida."

Victorian valentine, Miss Ospensky had said, and I had agreed with her. But now, in the presence of the woman who had lived through this thing, still lived in it, I felt guilty for having had that reaction. There seemed little about her that was ridiculous or even pathetic. There was something rather marvelous, a kind of dedication. "No," I said quietly. "I think perhaps I understand."

"You do?" She folded the papers in her hand twice over. For a moment I thought she was going to confide in me, a moment, unhappily, that was never to be repeated. She seemed uncertain, as though suddenly thrown out of her long-established routine, then the moment was ended by a sharp knock on the door.

"Come in."

BILL COLES stepped into the room. In the atmosphere of Louis Quinze and brocaded silk he looked more untidy than ever. Really, I thought, he might have the manners to put on a coat when he comes into the house. He said good morning to Mrs. Porter and then, to my annoyance, winked at me.

Disregarding the byplay, Mrs. Porter said, "Thank you for being so prompt, Bill. There are a few things that you can help me with today."

He looked at the phone significantly. The implication was obvious.

Without the slightest resentment Mrs. Porter said, "There is something so impersonal about the phone."

"That's what I like about it."

Patience Mrs. Porter went on, "Perhaps you're right. I didn't mean to waste your time. I thought perhaps you would help Perkins and the maids with the Christmas decorations."

"Interior decoration isn't in my line. Still..." His manner was openly insolent.

"Just the flower décor, of course. I thought poinsettias at the pillars in the ballroom...and I wanted to be sure that the tree would be set up in the drawing room before noon tomorrow. And—oh, yes—would you be so kind as to make up a corsage of white violets?"

"Is that all?"

His uncalculated truculence in the face of Mrs. Porter's polite and kindly manner was infuriating.

"No," she said. "I just wanted you to know that, despite what Mr. Carol may have told you, I am still very interested in your experiments."

He gave her a sharp, uncertain look. "I thought..."

"I know. But you're wrong. Miss Fain believed in you."

She stopped. Bill looked away. The color rose to his face. I thought, That's something, at least; he can still blush. I couldn't imagine Howard Carol's or Fira Ospensky's blushing. He said nothing.

"And, Bill—I do hope this year will be good for you. I'm certain that it will be. And you must not go on blaming yourself for that terrible tragedy..."

The look of pain that I had noticed before came back into his eyes. He muttered something I couldn't catch and went to the door. He turned back to me and with surprising diffidence asked, "We still have a date tonight?"

(Continued on page 72)



# ICE CREAM CALENDAR

## February

H	O	O	R	A	Y	!
 C	H	E	R	R	Y	
V	A	N	I	L	L	A
T	I	M	E	!		

### Cherry Blossom Sundae...

... Top Cherry Vanilla Ice Cream with mint gum-drop petals and a cherry. Pretty to serve, pleasing to eat.

### Double Cherry Parfait...

... doubly good! Cherry Vanilla Ice Cream with Cherry Sauce! Perfect!



### Cherry Favorite!

Cherry Vanilla Ice Cream for its own sweet sake, garnished with stemmed Cherries for a festive note!

### Cherry Slice...

... very nice. Slice a brick and enjoy with Cherry Sauce and Cherries. Cookies, too.



Ice Cream and other dairy foods are 30% of all you eat, yet cost only 15¢ of each food dollar.



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"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"  
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by Eleanor H. Noderer

# our **BEST** **COOK** *makes authentic* *Mexican Chili*

*Mrs. Vernon Knapp of Roswell,  
New Mexico, knows real chili  
when she tastes it. This recipe gives  
all her flavoring secrets*

*The Knapps' tarragon plant (only one in  
Roswell) provides enough flavoring for the many  
bottles of vinegar put up by Mrs. Knapp each year*



*One of several unusual ingredients used in this  
real Chili is chocolate. It seems to coax out all  
the good spice flavors and give a rich, deep-  
brown color. Mrs. Knapp copies her old cook's  
trick of dressing up this good dish with slices  
of stuffed olives and a noseguy of parsley*



Our old cook would get the shock of her life if she saw her recipe for Chili all squared off in exact measurements," said Mrs. Knapp. "You see, it was from this same Mexican cook, who really cooked by rote on an eleven-burner charcoal stove, that I learned to make chili." Even though Mrs. Knapp has actually acquired her cooking skill in the past ten years, she has always known distinctive, exotic food. Her father, a great cook and epicure, was a British subject, born and reared in Constantinople, who migrated to Mexico City as a young man. And it was to Mexico City Mrs. Knapp was brought as an infant. She lived there most of her life.

Her life in Roswell is a full one. "Most of the time I seem to be in the kitchen," states Mrs. Knapp, but her charming professor husband tells another side of the story. She's radio chairman for the Morning Garden Club, an activity demanding hours of research, script writing and actual presentation of material over the air. "But gardening," continues Mrs. Knapp, "particularly flower and herb gardening, is a tricky business in this part of the country. Would you believe it, frequently one or the other of us must baby-sit with our seedlings? Often they need four or five sprinklings a day, and the rains never come when they should."

Notwithstanding, their garden is a beautiful, flourishing one providing a lovely setting for their Colonial home. The combination of the two does an inexplicable something to guests who visit the Knapps. All are relaxed, happy, chatty — to say nothing of being well fed in this house of fine cookery.

HI WILLIAMS STUDIO





Served buffet-style in the Knapps' little garden room, accompanied by but-  
tery red beans and a brisk salad, this Mexican Chili makes a distinctive dinner

#### MRS. KNAPP'S MEXICAN HAMBURGERS WITH CHILI

##### CHILI:

4 to 5 medium onions  
2 garlic cloves  
2 tablespoons shortening  
3 to 6 tablespoons chili powder  
1 tablespoon flour  
2 teaspoons cumin  
2 teaspoons coriander  
2 teaspoons marjoram or oregano  
2 No. 2 cans tomatoes  
2 cups water  
4 tablespoons sugar  
1 tablespoon salt  
2 sq (2 oz) unsweetened chocolate

##### MEXICAN HAMBURGERS:

1 lb hamburger or ground round  
1 egg  
2 tablespoons flour  
1½ teaspoons salt  
¾ cup crushed corn flakes or corn soya  
2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil

**TO MAKE THE CHILI:** Chop onions and garlic very fine and fry in melted shortening (use a large, deep skillet) until golden-brown and limp. Mix chili powder (better start out with 3 tablespoons, then add more later on if you're a real chili lover), flour and all the spices together and stir into onion mixture. Cook about 2 to 3 minutes, then pour in tomatoes and water. Cook to the simmering-hot stage and season with sugar, salt and chocolate. (Chocolate gives this chili recipe its authentic flavor.) Stir until these ingredients are dissolved and turn the heat down low. Cook *very slowly* for at least 1 hour; longer if possible. Sauce should be the thickness of medium gravy, so add more water if yours looks too thick. Mrs. Knapp tells us the sauce can be prepared days ahead and kept in refrigerator or freezer until you wish to reheat it and use. As a matter of fact, she thinks the flavor is improved with standing.

You'll notice this recipe makes quite a bit of sauce, but since it does keep so well it's a good idea to make up the full amount and have it on hand. Try it over meat loaf, cooked spaghetti, rice, cooked red beans or boiled potatoes. It's delicious.

**TO MAKE MEXICAN HAMBURGERS:** Mix the hamburger, slightly beaten egg, flour, salt and crushed cereal flakes thoroughly and roll portions of the mixture in the palms of your hands into little balls. Brown all sides of the meat balls in melted shortening or oil and transfer to a rather deep casserole. Pour a generous amount of sauce over meat (by generous we mean cover them completely) and bake 1 hour in a 350F or moderate oven. You will find the recipe makes enough meat balls to serve 4, and there will be sauce left over to use later on.



Another of busy Mrs. Knapp's fascinating hobbies is her  
ever-growing collection of objects made with beads

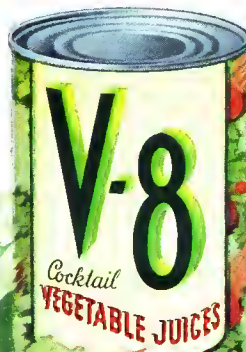
# 8 Exciting Juices in One!



## V-8\*

for the lively  
flavor

and nourishing goodness of  
8 garden-fresh vegetable juices



Count them! Plump red tomatoes, beets, tender young carrots, parsley, spinach, spicy watercress, crisp lettuce and celery—not just one, but the juices of 8 garden-fresh vegetables blended into one refreshing drink.

Delicious? Nothing like V-8 for lively, zestful flavor at meals or in between. Youngsters *grow* on it... grownups *go* on it!

And V-8 is so good for you!

\*V-8 Vegetable Juices is  
a delicious blend of  
8 juices in one drink



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**BRILLO**  
soap pads—  
**TWICE the SHINE**  
in half the time!

Whisk off baked-on crust and scorch in a jiffy with a square metal-fiber Brillo® pad-with-soap! Then see your aluminum gleam!

Now—no more scrubbing! No more scraping! Brillo gets you out of the kitchen *fast*, because Brillo scours . . . cleans . . . shines pans *all at once!*

Scientific shine-meter tests *prove* Brillo outshines all other cleansers tested. Let Brillo care for all your aluminum. Fine for faucets, ovens, stove burners, too!

**BRILLO SOAP PADS** (Red box) soap-filled pads  
**BRILLO CLEANSER** (Green box) pads plus cake soap

**BRILLO—your best buy!**  
MORE METAL FIBER IN BRILLO!  
MORE POLISHING SOAP IN BRILLO!  
MORE PADS TO THE BRILLO BOX!  
NEW IMPROVED BRILLO LASTS LONGER!



Thrifter!  
5 and 12  
pad boxes!

(Continued from page 68)

I opened my mouth to give him a vehement "no" when, to my astonishment, I saw Mrs. Porter, out of his line of vision, nodding her head.

Puzzled, I said, "I don't know. I'll call the greenhouse later."

"Sure," he said, and his voice was suddenly tired. "I understand."

When the door closed behind him Mrs. Porter said, "You are going out with him?"

"He asked me to go to a movie. I had no intention of going. I—"

"You must go, my dear. It might help him."

"Help?"

"To forget his morbid fancies about Miss Fain's death. He blames himself. It's true that she was infatuated with him and Howard stupidly told her Bill wasn't really interested. But it's not fair to blame him."

"Is that why she . . . ?"

"We found a note in her room. It simply read, 'I can't bear any more . . . What else are we to think?'"

"Oh, but surely in this day and age women don't kill themselves for unrequited love!"

"I can't agree with you. It is difficult to tell just what a woman will do under emotional stress. If only I had had sense enough to explain to her about Bill in the beginning."

"Explain?"

"About his illness."

The room was very quiet. I was aware of the faint scent of Mrs. Porter's perfume.

"On the afternoon it happened she had some sort of silly quarrel with Howard Carol—I don't know what actually took place. I think perhaps I'd rather not know the exact details. But at any rate Howard apparently told her that Bill's emotions were not to be trusted—if indeed he had been emotional about her at all. She didn't know. You see, in a way Bill is a war casualty. Nothing you would notice, of course, if you didn't understand. He was improving, what with his 'experiments' and the sort of work he does with his hands. His hostility seemed to diminish, but I'm afraid the shock of Miss Fain's death has had an unfortunate effect on him. Plunged him right back into morbid and unhealthy fancies . . ."

"You mean his illness is mental?"

"Oh, nothing that is beyond repair. I am certain he's incapable of—well, an act of violence or . . ." Her voice faltered and then she added, "He needs sympathy and understanding."

THE anger I had felt for Bill Coles vanished. I was suddenly desperately depressed. So that explained the haunted look in his eyes and his unjustified hostility toward Mrs. Porter. Something began to stir in me, something that had its roots in pity and yet went far beyond it.

"If you could bring yourself to go to this motion picture with him, it might come under the heading of Christmas charity. It is a good sign to find him interested in anyone."

"I see. Perhaps I will."

She smiled. "I can't tell you what confidence you give me, Miss Stone. I feel I can depend on you. These next few days are going to be rather difficult for me. I think you understand . . ."

"Of course." I was wondering if she expected me to say more on the subject when suddenly she asked in a different voice:

"By the way, did you happen to come across an old photograph in Miss—in your room?"

Caught unawares, I could only stammer. "An old—photograph?"

My surprise must have convinced her that I knew nothing of the pic-

ture, for she went on to explain. "It was a photograph taken at my wedding. Miss Fain saw it once and asked for it—she was terribly romantic, you know. She wanted to show it to Bill Coles."

"Oh," I said faintly. Did this mean Florence Fain had been the one to disfigure the picture?

"You're sure you haven't seen it?" Mrs. Porter asked again. "I thought perhaps, living right in the same room . . ."

I shook my head. Somehow I couldn't bring myself to tell her of the mutilated photograph that now lay in the bottom drawer of my bureau. It would be cruel to worry her with unpleasant speculations at this time. Nothing must spoil this Christmas for her. Perhaps later . . .

"I'll look around," I told her. "Maybe I'll find it."

"Good. I wanted Miss Fain to have it, but it couldn't have much meaning for anyone else and I would like it back." She smiled a little sadly and then said, "I think that will be all for this morning."

I snapped shut the lid of the typewriter, gathered my papers together and started for the door.

"Everything must be very confusing here for you, Miss Stone."

Confusing, I could have said, and something more. My thoughts seemed to have taken on the hothouse atmosphere of Northview. Miss Fain had been romantic, overemotional and wildly imaginative. So they said. But for some unexplained reason I couldn't get rid of the notion that the guilt in Bill Coles's eyes, the desperation of Miss Oskensky and Mr. Howard and even the death of Florence Fain were linked, in some manner beyond my comprehension, by a thread of time running out to the moment of the arrival of Mr. Porter.

I realized Mrs. Porter was waiting for some sort of answer. Impulsively I said, "I think you're very kind, Mrs. Porter. Maybe too kind."

"Very kind?" she said, and then after the slightest pause, "Oh, yes. Thank you, Miss Stone."

She's proud, I thought, proud and desperately lonely, and maybe waiting is the only reality she has known for forty years. It was incredible. But looking at her as she sat with the morning light touching her hair, I realized that Mrs. Porter was capable of just such unswerving loyalty no matter how fantastic it might seem to others. There was something dedicated about her.

And as I stepped out into the wide and empty hall I thought: A woman's emotion is sometimes completely irrational. If the object of her love, once given, proves to be a decent member of conventional society, well and good; but if not, will she, with joyless reason, take it back again? Even if he should prove to be a liar, a traitor, a criminal, a—a psychopath?

The last word came hurtling out of my subconscious entirely uninvited. And the shock of it sent me hurrying across the thick carpet, through the silence of the hall, pursued by all the clucking tongues of Crompton.

OF COURSE I went to the movies with Bill Coles. There were very few people in the theater, and when we came out the street had a late-at-night, preholiday appearance, lonely and ill-lit. Bill Coles led me to his car, a coupé of ancient vintage that coughed and sputtered when he started the motor.

"Bessie is on her last legs," he said. "She should have been allowed to lie in peace years ago. I picked her up for sixty bucks."

"In Crompton we all drive cars like this. Anyone appearing in a model less than three years old is either a summer visitor or a politician."

"Tuck that blanket around your legs. Bessie has a heart of ice."

IT WAS much colder. The wind had risen and there was a hint of snow in the air. In Crompton the village and the farms and the white hills would look like a Grandma Moses Christmas scene. We drew away from the curb and started down the main thoroughfare of the lower town. This was the old port section, where seventeenth-century stone houses were crowded between ugly shops. Bill said, "There's where I live."

He pointed to a window over a dry-goods store.

"It doesn't look very homey."

"It's all right. Room enough for my books. I'm in it only to sleep."

"Mrs. Porter told me you were born in Newport and your family before you."

"That's true. I've got no immediate family. An aunt over in Warrentown, and a few cousins. Newport has rid itself of all the Coleses—all except me. I stick in its throat."

He swung the car away from the dark shop windows into a narrow lane that climbed steeply up the hill.

"I'll show you where I was born. Someday you can say, 'That's the birthplace of the great botanist, William A. Coles.'"

"What's the 'A' for?"

"What else but Aloysius?" He grimaced ruefully in my direction. "After my maternal great-grandfather, who used to sail his clipper ships out of this bay to China."

Hours ago I had lost any of the uneasiness that had lingered on after my talk with Mrs. Porter. Certainly this young man's illness could not be serious. His friendly, open manner proved either that he harbored no strong hostilities toward the human race or that his presence had a hitherto unsuspected therapeutic value. And oddly enough I felt none of the usual strain or reticence that was my accustomed manner with first dates.

About halfway up the hill the narrow street opened into a tiny square. On the top side of the square was a lovely seventeenth-century clapboard house with a captain's walk on top. I noticed a plaque by the door.

"Smug and stubborn," he said. "And yet the lines are so clean. That house, I mean."

"It's lovely!"

"It belonged to my father once, and his father before him and my great-grandfather before that. It's a museum now. I don't remember it because my father lost it just after I was born."

"Lost it?"

"He was a doctor. All the Coleses had been either doctors or lawyers or ministers up until me. But my father couldn't cope with the age of steel. Tried to turn back the clock to another century. Old debbil rum helped the illusion but ruined his usefulness in this century!"

"How sad."

"Before I was born he had a decent practice, but people began to talk and patients fell off. After he lost the family house nothing ever went right for him again. I guess I jinxed him. I remember him in his dusty little office down on Water Street and in the waiting room a few poor Portuguese fishermen or their families."

"And your mother?"

"She never admitted to the day she died that my father ever touched

(Continued on page 80)



# Sweetest-eating corn of 'em all

## in a brand-new service idea



COME join the fun, all of you who like your corn sweet, tender and golden. For DEL MONTE Corn has what it takes to please. It's grown for high natural sugar content, and very thin-skinned kernels.

And getting such good corn is no catch-as-catch-can proposition, either—because *every time* you ask for DEL MONTE, you're sure of dependable quality and flavor. That goes for any DEL MONTE Food.

So why postpone this pleasure even one more dinnertime? Enjoy DEL MONTE Brand Corn tonight—maybe in this jim-dandy recipe right here.

P.S. Did you know that, according to the U.S. Department of Labor (Sept., 1952), canned fruits and vegetables have gone up in price less than half as much as "all foods" since 1935-39?

### HAMBURGER DO-NUTS AND CORN, BAR-B-Q STYLE

¼ cup milk	1 small onion, chopped
1 slice soft bread	1 teaspoon salt
1 lb. ground beef	2 12-oz. cans DEL MONTE Golden Whole Kernel Corn

Pour milk over bread in mixing bowl. Break into bits with a fork. Add meat, onion, salt. Mix lightly and divide into 5 or 6 portions to make patties. With top of catsup bottle, cut out centers; pat extra meat on "do-nuts." Broil 3 to 5 min. on each side. Heat and season corn; place in serving dish. Top with "do-nuts"; spoon Bar-B-Q sauce on them, pouring some on corn between. Garnish with parsley, if desired. Serves 5-6.

### Easy Bar-B-Q Sauce

¼ cup orange juice	1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ cup DEL MONTE Catsup	1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon flour	½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce	

Mix ingredients; simmer 5 min. to thicken and blend.

Try all three delicious styles:

Golden Whole Kernel  
Golden Cream Style  
White Cream Style

The brand you know puts flavor first

# Del Monte Corn

BRAND



*Gay, Tantalizing and Easy! Top Prize-Winner of the year...*



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DECEMBER 8-9, 1952

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*from Pillsbury's 4<sup>th</sup> Grand National*



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Prize-Winning Recipes  
at your grocer's*

or write  
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and here's your Recipe...

# Cookies

*\$100,000 Recipe and Baking Contest*

## SNAPPY TURTLE COOKIES

**A SNAP TO MAKE... SNAPPY LOOKING...  
SNAPPY EATING... KIDS SNAP 'EM UP**

Mrs. Harlib, the grand prize winner, starts out with the things most people like best in cookies... a rich brown sugar cooky mixture, chocolate and nuts. Then she puts them together in an entertaining and unusual shape, without once reaching for a cookie-cutter or rolling-pin.

Her recipe was designed for Pillsbury's Best Flour, which she has used for years. Mrs. Harlib says, "If you want a bit of advice from me—double the recipe. It'll amaze you how fast turtles can go."



**Tortoise and Hare.** Four times Mrs. Peter S. Harlib entered the Grand National. Then this year, from electric range number 100 among 100 contestants, Mrs. Harlib walked off with the \$25,000 First Prize.



**Arthurs Snap Turtles.** Here are Arthur Godfrey and Art Linkletter biting into Mrs. Harlib's Snappy Turtle Cookies just after she had won the grand prize. Mrs. Harlib is the wife of a Chicago policeman, the mother of twin 10-year-old boys, and an active worker in civic, school and service organizations.



### THE \$25,000 SNAPPY TURTLE COOKIES

1st Prize-Winner by Mrs. Peter S. Harlib, Chicago, Illinois

*This recipe was designed for Pillsbury's Best.  
Results are guaranteed only with Pillsbury's Best*

BAKE at 350° F. for 10 to 12 minutes. MAKES 2½ dozen cookies.

- |                   |  |           |  |
|-------------------|--|-----------|--|
| Sift together...  | 1½ cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour | Mold..... | to resemble head and legs of a turtle. |
|                   | ¼ teaspoon soda                                |           | dough into balls                       |
|                   | ¼ teaspoon salt                                |           | (use rounded tea-                      |
| Blend together... | ½ cup butter or                                |           | spoonful of dough for                  |
|                   | margarine and                                  |           | each). Dip bottom into                 |
|                   | ½ cup firmly packed                            |           | egg white and press                    |
|                   | brown sugar, creaming                          |           | onto nuts.                             |
|                   | well.  | Bake..... | in moderate oven                       |
| Add.....          | 1 egg and                                      |           | (350° F.) 10 to 12 min-                |
|                   | 1 egg yolk; beat well,                         |           | utes. Do not overbake.                 |
|                   | (Reserve white.)                               |           | Cool and frost gener-                  |
| Blend in.....     | ¼ teaspoon vanilla                             |           | ously.                                 |
|                   | teaspoon maple                                 |           |  |
|                   | flavoring.                                     |           |  |
| Add.....          | dry ingredients gradu-                         |           |  |
|                   | ally; mix thoroughly.                          |           |  |
| Arrange.....      | split pecan halves                             |           |  |
|                   | (rounded side up) in                           |           |  |
|                   | groups of three on                             |           |  |
|                   | greased baking sheets                          |           |  |

#### CHOCOLATE FROSTING

Combine 2 squares (2-oz.) Baker's Chocolate, ½ cup milk and 1 tablespoon butter in top of double boiler. Heat over boiling water until chocolate melts; blend until smooth. Remove from heat; add 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar. Beat until smooth and glossy.

# Pillsbury's BEST

*The GRAND NATIONAL Flour*



**NEW COOKBOOK** coming soon, with all 100 new prize-winning recipes from Pillsbury's 4th Grand National Bake-off. Send 25¢ to Ann Pillsbury, Box 122, Dept. M, Minneapolis, Minn.



by Dorothy Friedman

# For Valentine Girls



Clearly McCall's believes in St. Valentine. So we suggest a pretty tea for the girls with an ice-cream heart like the one on our cover for dessert. Chances are you can buy a strawberry heart intact from the ice-cream man. Otherwise, mold it yourself from your own or store-bought ice cream. In any case, serve it with our hearts-and-flowers décor.

## \*PARTY PASTY

<b>PASTRY:</b>	<b>FILLING (continued)</b>
1/2 cup butter, margarine or shortening	1 teaspoon salt
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 egg yolk	2 hard-cooked eggs
1/2 cup water	8 to 10 stuffed olives
1 teaspoon salt	2 slices pimiento
	4 gherkin pickles
<b>FILLING:</b>	<b>ASPIC:</b>
1/2 lb lean veal	2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
1/2 lb lean beef	2 10 1/2-oz cans consommé or 2 12 1/2-oz cans madrilene
1/4 lb bacon	1 teaspoon salt
1 medium onion	
2 tablespoons Madeira or sherry	

Before you start, see picture technique for our Party Pasty on page 78

**TO MAKE THE PASTRY:** Work butter, margarine or shortening into flour with a pastry blender or two knives until mixture looks like corn meal. Beat egg yolk, water and salt with a fork and mix into flour. Work with your hands until you have a dough. Cut off about one-fourth of the pastry and save for top of loaf. Roll out remaining pastry in a thin rectangle about 15"x11" and line bottom and sides of a loaf or bread pan. Do not stretch the pastry while lining pan. Be sure every bit of pan is covered. There should be about 1/2" of overlap at top of pan.

**TO MAKE FILLING:** Grind veal, beef, bacon, onion through your food grinder three times. Stir in the Madeira or sherry (this can be omitted if you haven't any on hand), crumbs, salt and pepper. Take the pastry-lined loaf pan and fill bottom with half the meat mixture, patting it in firmly. Cut hard-cooked eggs in quarters lengthwise, and arrange egg quarters, olives, pimiento and pickles over top of meat. Cover carefully with remaining meat filling. Pan is now three-quarters full.

Tear a strip of clean cloth in 6 long, narrow strips about 1" wide and 16" long (piece of old sheeting is fine) and place on top of meat filling (sounds strange, we know, but you'll discover the reason later on). Roll out the small piece of pastry you saved into a 10 1/2"x6 1/2" rectangle. Cut a hole 1" in diameter smack in the center and fit over loaf.

Pull ends of cotton strips through the hole carefully. Pinch and seal sides and top of pastry together, making sure you haven't caught any of the cotton in the side seal.

Brush top with beaten egg yolk, and bake in a 400F or moderately hot oven for 45 to 60 minutes or until pastry is golden brown. Remove from oven and pull out the cotton strips very carefully. Cool completely.

**TO MAKE ASPIC:** Do this while waiting for loaf to cool. Soften gelatine in one can of consommé or madrilene for several minutes. Heat the second can of consommé or madrilene to boiling point and pour over softened gelatine. Add salt and stir until dissolved. Cool until mixture looks like unbeaten egg white and spoon or pour carefully into little hole on top of loaf.

Store Pasty in refrigerator for several hours or until gelatine mixture is firm.

## \*PETITS FOURS

Use white or yellow cake mix and follow directions on package for mixing. Bake in a 9"x12" cake pan.

### TO MAKE FONDANT GLAZE:

2 cups sugar	3 cups confectioners' sugar (about)
1 cup water	
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar	

Mix sugar, water, cream of tartar in a saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring until sugar dissolves. Continue cooking over medium heat until a few drops form a thin thread when tested in cold water (226F on candy thermometer). Cool to lukewarm and beat in enough confectioners' sugar to make glaze thin enough to pour but thick enough to cling to surfaces.

For an all-mocha glaze, substitute 1 cup strong coffee for the 1 cup of water in basic recipe; for an all-chocolate glaze, add 6 tablespoons dark cocoa to sugar-water mixture before cooking. If you want a variety of pastel colors, divide glaze into as many portions as you want varieties in color and flavor. You'll need only a few drops of flavoring and food coloring.

### TO MAKE CREAM FROSTING FOR DECORATING:

1/4 cup shortening	Few grains salt
1 egg white	3/4 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 1/2 cups confectioners' sugar (about)	

Work or cream shortening until soft and creamy. Stir in unbeaten egg white and beat in sugar, salt and vanilla extract gradually until frosting is thick enough to hold a shape.

**TO MAKE APRICOT GLAZE:** Heat 1/2 cup apricot preserves in a saucepan until it starts to bubble (take care not to scorch). Work through a sieve, then reheat before glazing cake tops.

For cutting, glazing and decorating your petits fours, see picture technique on page 78

ARNOLD SORVARI

## VALENTINE TEA

Party Pasty\*

Relishes Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches

Petits Fours\* Ice-Cream Heart

Salted Nuts Tea







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How  
to  
make

▶ **McCall's**

*You needn't be a genius-cook to make this well-known European dish. Recipe and pictures tell all*

by Margrit Lutz

MARTIN BRUEHL



1

Top pastry for loaf is rolled in a thin rectangle about 10½" x 6½". Cut circle in center with small cookie cutter. Line loaf pan with pastry



2

Strips of clean white cloth are stuffed on top of meat filling so pastry top doesn't sink in. Pull ends of strips through circle in center of top

How to

▶ **glaze and**

*Once you practice and master this technique, you'll turn out petits fours that vie with the experts'*



1

Cut little squares, diamonds, triangles, circles from cool cake. Use a sharp knife. Keep bottom surface of cake up to provide better base for glaze



2

Spread a thin coating of hot apricot glaze over all cake tops. Let stand until dry. This apricot jelly glaze gives a good surface and excellent flavor



## elegant party pasty

THE recipe on page 76 gives you all ingredients and directions for making the pastry, meat filling and aspic needed for delectable Meat Pasty. But since most American cooks are unfamiliar with the way in which it is put together, we thought these picture instructions would be helpful. Incidentally, other meats such as ground ham, mashed-up liverwurst or ground frankfurters can be used in place of the meats we give in our recipe.



**3**  
*Edges of pastry from lining of pan and top are pinched and sealed together tightly. Top of loaf is brushed with beaten egg yolk for added sheen*



**4**  
*Once baked, strips of cloth are carefully pulled from center-hole of loaf and the slightly thickened aspic is poured into center opening*

## decorate petits fours

WITH cake baked, cooled and cut, fondant glaze cooked, decorating frosting prepared, basic apricot glaze piping-hot (be sure to see page 76 for recipes), you're all set for the fun of petits fours. If you haven't a decorating tube, roll several thicknesses of waxed paper into a cone, fill with frosting, press and fold broad end of cone with one hand while you make frosting designs on cake tops with the other.



**3**  
*Spoon fondant over top. Let it drip and spread completely over sides. Catch excess on waxed paper. Scoop back into bowl and re-use later on*



**4**  
*Decorate with decorating frosting when fondant glaze is hard. Other frills: thin almond slices, pistachio nuts, coconut, shaved curls of chocolate*

Taste all the fine, tender

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*muffins. Top with cheese slices and a dash of oregano and broil till cheese melts. The family will love 'em!*

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salt. Shape into pat-  
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The Wilson label protects your table

(Continued from page 72)  
a drink. She was the granddaughter  
of the sea captain, all right. Straight  
as a ramrod. After my father died  
she worked for Mrs. Porter's father  
in order to earn enough to send me  
to college. Never complained about a  
thing. What a woman!"

"The granite pride," I said. "I  
know it well."  
"The war broke her heart. She  
saw it as some kind of plot to keep  
me from finishing my senior year.  
After I went overseas I never saw her  
again. She lies with the rest of the  
Coleses up in Old Town."

He had managed to keep any emo-  
tion out of his voice but I was touched.  
certain that he didn't often talk so  
openly about himself. I was about  
to speak when he added. "I don't in-  
tend to be licked like my father. I  
know what I want and I'm going to  
get it."

"You mean your—experiments?"  
"Right. Once I get set up in a lab-  
oratory . . ." He stopped and gave me  
a quick glance.

The mental road I had traveled  
for the past minutes suddenly changed  
in aspect from a smooth, pleasant sur-  
face to a rutted lane; up ahead were  
dark, unexplored turns. With diffi-  
culty I said. "Miss Fain—she wanted  
you to have that laboratory?"

What do you think it will be when  
he gets back?"

"It's so sordid!"

He was silent for a moment, then  
said. "I have a feeling you and I  
should stick together."

And before I thought, I said. "Is  
that what you told Miss Fain?"

The car lurched over to the side of  
the road.

"Thanks!" he said angrily.

Then for the first time that evening  
I remembered what Mrs. Porter had  
told me about him. What a fool I had  
been to antagonize him.

"Forgive me," I said. "I shouldn't  
have said that, I'm afraid the at-  
mosphere of Northview has infected  
me."

**WE LEFT** the shopping district  
and were driving past the huge  
summer houses. The old coupé rat-  
tled down the avenue like a drunken  
peasant who has wandered into the  
palace grounds by mistake. The ex-  
pression on Bill's face, reflected in  
the dim light of Bessie's dashboard,  
touched me. My crude and thought-  
less remark had obviously upset him.  
Had I been fool enough to touch off  
the spark of hostility about which  
Mrs. Porter had warned me? Had I,  
with these few careless words, lost  
his friendship and trust?



## About the Author

Edward Crandall, discovered by  
McCALL'S through his haunting  
manuscript "White Violets," will  
be a guest of Mutual Broadcasting  
System during its celebration of

"Mystery Month." He will appear on the special program series  
"Mr. Mystery," heard over 561 MBS stations, along with such top-  
ranking radio mystery personalities as The Shadow, Nick Carter  
and Mike Hammer. Mr. Crandall will be on the program on Friday,  
January 23, at 7:15 P.M. New York time.

"Flo? I suppose so," he said short-  
ly.

We swung out of the narrow lane  
into Bellevue Avenue. The streets of  
the upper part of town were decorated  
for Christmas. In front of the library  
a community tree sparkled with many  
colored lights, but the pavements were  
deserted and there was no traffic on  
the wide avenue. I drew the blanket  
closer about my legs.

Finally he said. "Why do you ask  
that?"

"I assumed from what Mrs. Porter  
said—and the others—" I stopped in  
confusion.

"The others. I see. You think I put  
Flo Fain up to trying to get Mrs.  
Porter to finance my laboratory?"

"No. I don't think so, but they—"

"Why not?" he said harshly.

"That's probably the most compli-  
mentary thing they have to say. Those  
two! Carol and Miss Ospensky. I  
feel sorry for them because I know  
how desperate they are—"

"But I don't understand why they  
should suddenly be desperate after  
all these years."

"They know when Vance Porter  
gets back they'll be out!"

"Certainly Mrs. Porter won't turn  
them out?"

He shrugged. "His influence was  
pretty powerful while he was away.

"Bill . . ."

The use of his first name startled  
us both. He turned and gave me an  
intense look while Bessie crept duti-  
fully along the curb.

"I really am sorry."

"I don't blame you," he said after  
a minute. And then added. "After  
what happened—to Flo. I mean—I  
haven't found living with myself too  
easy."

"You can't go on blaming yourself.  
After all . . ."

"Flo had had a tough and a lone-  
ly childhood. I was sorry for her.  
Mrs. Porter had taken her out of that  
home she endows for girls who—as  
they say about the poor—'made a  
mistake.'"

"Miss Ospensky told me."

"She didn't have anyone else to  
talk to. While I worked in the eve-  
nings she used to come down to the  
greenhouse and sit there rattling away  
like a sponsored announcer. She was  
nuts about Mrs. Porter. She would  
get into a rage if I insinuated that it  
was ridiculous for a woman to shut  
herself up for forty years over a man  
who was a convicted murderer. Flo  
thought it was a highly romantic situ-  
ation."

"Well, it is . . . in a way."

"The devil it is! Anyway, I didn't  
realize that Flo was—well . . ."

"That she was in love with you?"

"She imagined it. I had no interest  
at all in Flo that way. I thought  
being blunt about it was the easiest  
way."

"You hadn't led her to believe . . .  
I mean . . ."

"Gosh, no! I know she was lonely  
and perhaps a little too intense, but I  
still can't believe she would have been  
fool enough to take her own life be-  
cause of what I told her. And yet,  
what else . . .?"

"When you told her, did she—I  
mean, was she terribly emotional about  
it?"

"That's the funny part of it. She  
didn't say much but there were no  
tears, no accusations. It wasn't until  
later in the afternoon."

"What happened?"

"She called me at the greenhouse  
about six. She was very upset. I  
couldn't make head or tails of what  
she was saying. Something about—"  
He broke off, then added. "I told her  
to save it until I saw her again. It  
was that night that it happened. I  
never saw her again."

"And you feel if you had seen her—  
oh, Bill, you mustn't brood about this.  
It wasn't your fault . . ." And then,  
because I couldn't bear the torture on  
his face, I said what had lain dor-  
mant in the back of my mind. "Sup-  
pose—suppose it wasn't suicide after  
all."

Bessie lurched and coughed. His  
hands went tight about the wheel.  
"What the deuce are you talking  
about?"

"You said yourself in the green-  
house this afternoon—well, you didn't  
exactly say it but when I asked about  
her death you answered 'suicide' with  
a question in your voice . . ."

"You're imagining things. You're  
as bad as she was!"

"No, listen—I know it sounds mad,  
but do you think that a person could  
commit murder over something as  
trivial as a Christmas check?"

He burst into laughter. But as he  
started to speak the laughter died  
from his eyes. "Murder?"

He swung the car out into the mid-  
dle of the avenue and stepped on the  
gas. He seemed to have forgot me.  
We reached the gates of Northview  
and turned up the drive and came to  
a stop under the portico.

**B**ESSIE calmed down to a chug and  
we sat there for a moment saying  
nothing. I decided against mention-  
ing the mutilated photograph. It  
might only aggravate his unhappy  
state of mind.

After a moment he said. "This eve-  
ning ended differently from what I  
had planned." There was something  
unaccountably gentle and sad in his  
voice.

"I enjoyed it very much," I said  
like a prim and well-bred young lady.  
I reached for the door handle but he  
put his hand on my arm.

"Wait a moment, Susan."

"Yes, Bill?"

"Tell me something. Despite any-  
thing you may have heard about me,  
do you think you could trust me?"

"Why, what a funny question."

"I'm serious."

I saw by his eyes that he was very  
serious indeed.

"Well?"

"Why, yes," I said uncomfortably.  
"Good. Then don't mention this  
crazy idea you have to anyone. Not  
until you've talked to me again."

"Then you do think . . .?"

His hand tightened on my arm. "I  
don't think anything yet. I want time.  
I'm going out to the greenhouse to  
work. I always think better that way."  
He suddenly smiled. "I think it's a  
(Continued on page 82)



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(Continued from page 80)

screwy idea. It's best not to talk about it."

"I had no intention of talking about it," I said.

"Good." His hand slid down my arm. "It's the darnedest thing . . ."

"What?"

"You," he said as his hand found mine. Quickly, and before he had time to develop this theme further. I drew away and got out of the car.

Rather breathlessly I said good night again and hurried up the steps. I entered the great hall with the sound of Bessie chugging off down the drive behind me. The hall was dimly lit, the rooms opening off it already dark, the blackness of the doorways as impenetrable as velvet. Everything seemed frozen in a chilled silence.

I started up the stairs, still aware of the touch of Bill's hand on mine. I thought, He's not seriously ill. His

reaction to that poor girl's death is perfectly normal. And yet I was uneasy because of having spoken to him my half-formed suspicion.

At the top of the steps, on the brink of the long paneled hall. I stopped, overcome suddenly with the unreasoning sensation that someone was watching me. I looked back quickly down the wide stairs but there was no one in sight, not a sound, not a shadow. Vance Porter watches everything here. I thought. The prickle of a chill crept up my legs. This is absurd. I told myself. I'm as bad as that poor girl was. Frightened. Always frightened.

Vance Porter had been indicted for murder almost forty years before. Was it more than coincidence that just a few weeks before his return to Northview a violent death had taken place? A death which everyone called suicide but, when they said it, looked away? The sinister shadow of the

man Mrs. Porter loved hung over their words, their actions, the expression in their eyes, like a veil drawing relentlessly tighter.

I tried to shake off the morbid thoughts and hurried through the antiseptic silence toward my room.

But with one hand on the knob I froze. A thin line of light fell on the carpet from beneath the door. I remembered distinctly turning off that light before I had gone out to meet Bill. And then I thought, Don't be silly, the maid probably left it on when she turned down the bed.

Quietly I turned the knob and pushed inward. The heavy door swung open silently on well-oiled hinges. In my direct line of vision stood a man; on the bed was the cardboard hatbox. He stood near the bedside lamp, holding aloft the gay little hat that Florence Fain had never worn.

(To be concluded)

## STALIN AND HIS 3 WIVES

Continued from page 31

the regulations, and Sosso will be married and away before anyone knows what has happened. So when I told him that, he laughed and said, "All right, my dear Mother, I promise to marry Keke in the church, and I'll do it even if the Okharana come there to arrest me."

Like any bourgeois, Uncle Joe picked the month of June in which to marry.

The day of the wedding we set out for the church in a little procession. When we arrived I saw a group of men in Caucasian costume waiting at the door. They looked like a group of warriors, with their cartridge belts slung over their chests, their daggers at their sides, their whips in their hands. In their midst was a man of medium height, who was dressed quite differently. He had on a dark gray suit, his thick-soled shoes had rather high heels, and on his head—

"Who's that man with something like a kitchen pot on his head?" I whispered to my cousin, Sandro Tchikichvili.

"That's your Uncle Sosso," he said, "and he's wearing a bowler." He giggled. "He's trying to look like a bridegroom."

I looked closely at this relative of whom I had heard so much. He had a small mustache, crow's-feet dented his cheeks, his heavy eyebrows nearly veiled eyes which seemed to emit a yellow light, like those of a leopard. Barely visible smallpox pits on his cheeks gave him a severe look. But he smiled at me in a friendly way as we filed into the church.

I have often thought since how strange it was that Stalin, the man whose name was later to be coupled with revolutionary contempt for the bourgeois institution of marriage and with the famous Bolshevik slogan, "Religion is the opium of the people," was married in a religious ceremony by an Orthodox pope.

THE next time I saw my uncle he was a widower. My Aunt Keke died of consumption in the village of Tiflis during a particularly severe winter there in 1910. My uncle, who was in hiding at that time, could be with her only rarely during her illness. I was told later that his attendance at Keke's funeral led to one of his many arrests by the Tsarist police.

Our meeting took place under rather odd circumstances. In November, 1913, I had gone to St. Petersburg and entered the law school of the uni-

versity, where a close friend persuaded me I could help the Bolshevik movement by taking a job on *Pravda*.

The news editor of *Pravda* at that time was an economics student named Viatcheslav Mikhailevitch Scriabin, better known by the pen name he used on articles—"Molotov."

Scriabin-Molotov worked sixteen hours a day, and he expected me to do the same. We Georgians are a southern people. We like to work slowly. Two months of this driving and I was casting about desperately for a way to escape.

It was February 27, 1913, when Molotov said to me, "Come to my place tonight, comrade." He used the formal mode of address, not the familiar form, though among Bolsheviks it was always the habit to use the familiar terms.

"A new editor-in-chief is arriving," he explained. "He represents the Old Man [Lenin]. He will direct all the activities of the Bolsheviks in St. Petersburg and also our comrades in the Duma."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"You don't need to know. He's Ivane Nikoladze on his passport."

"Nicoladze!" I exclaimed. "A Georgian?"

"I believe so."

At seven that evening I was at Molotov's. When I entered he was playing chess with the new editor, a man with a little goatee, steel-rimmed glasses and his hair cut so short his head looked shaved. I seemed to have come in at a bad moment.

"You touched that piece," Molotov was insisting. "You have to play it. That's the rule."

"But I tell you I touched it by accident," the newcomer protested. "You can see that no one in his right mind would move that piece."

"Accidentally or not, you did touch it," Molotov said. "The rule is that you now have to move it. If you aren't going to follow the rules, I won't play any more."

"I never saw such an *ichak*," the visitor exploded, pushing back his chair and rising.

"*Ichak? Ichak?* What does that mean?" Molotov asked.

If he didn't know, I did. It was a Georgian word, and it meant "donkey."

"Comrade Svanidze," Molotov continued, "what does *ichak* mean?"

"Svanidze?" cried the newcomer. "Are you from Gori by any chance?" He came closer, whipped off his glasses and stared at me.

"Budu! Are you one of us?"

In spite of his haircut I recognized my Uncle Joe.

From the time of this meeting I began to see my uncle quite often.

He had now become "Stalin." That was the pseudonym he signed to his articles in *Pravda*. Actually, as an escaped prisoner and criminal against the state, he was living in Moscow with forged papers which identified him as Ivane Nicoladze.

Our most common meeting place was the home of Lado Kavtaradze, also a Georgian and a Bolshevik, in the Viborg suburb on the far side of the Neva. There were seldom any women present. But one evening I saw Stalin arrive with a middle-aged woman who was obviously in love with him. She gazed at him with eyes full of unmistakable adoration.

"Who is that woman with my uncle?" I asked my friend Lorkipandze.

"A journalist. She works for the Menshevik paper *Lutcha* [The Ray], but that doesn't stop her from following Nicoladze everywhere. Her name is Ekaterina Goppner. [Ekaterina Goppner was shot with her husband by Stalin's orders in 1938.] I think she'll shift soon to the Bolshevik party."

"Is she Georgian?"

"Her mother is."

THE next time I saw Ekaterina Goppner was at an entertainment in the Kalachnikov Labor Exchange. I was sent there as a guard, since the proceeds from this benefit were secretly intended for the Bolshevik party.

About seven-thirty I saw Ekaterina Goppner. She was on the arm of a man I didn't know. He was clean-shaven, carried a green umbrella in his left hand and wore gold-rimmed pince-nez, which had slipped down to the tip of his nose. His walk was curious—heavy and swaying—in contrast with his rather slim figure.

As the couple passed me Ekaterina's escort reached up and pinched me sharply on the cheek.

"Keep your eyes peeled, my boy. Keep your eyes peeled," he said.

It was Stalin!

The evening began uneventfully. A singer from the opera sang some selections from *William Tell*. A workers' ballet had just begun to execute a pantomime when someone hurried up and whispered in my ear:

"There's going to be trouble! The Okharana [Russian police] is surrounding the Labor Exchange. Find Nicoladze. They're looking for him."

Stalin was in the box reserved for the managers of the entertainment, chatting with some friends. I hurried up and gave him my news. He simply turned to Ekaterina Goppner.

"We'd better go," he said. He looked at me. "Come along too," he added. We left the hall for the wings

(Continued on page 86)



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More women buy Cannon towels than all other brands combined!



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*Saturday night at the Grobs': a triple production. Cast of characters: Joan, who prepares main dish, salad; electric table appliances, they do the cooking; Fred, ready with his Cherry Jelly Roll*



*Joan serves Waffles With Chicken à la King at the table. Electric waffle baker turns them out crisp and brown. Chicken stays hot in electric casserole*

*On Saturday afternoon Joan cooks the chicken for her favorite à la king recipe. Joan finds pressure cooker a great help in fast, easy meal-getting*



A GIRL who goes out and brings home the bacon — well, half of it — has it good when her husband takes part in its preparation, or at least washes the frying pan. When Joan Grob married Fred they made a bargain; theirs would be a share-the-work marriage.

And that's the way it's been. If Freddy gets more credit for baking a cake than Joan does for bucking the subway rush hour, that may be because it's more unusual. In any case Fred's Cherry Jelly Roll has become not only a *spécialité de la maison* but also a useful conversation piece. "Sometimes the only way I can satisfy my sweet tooth is to bake a cake myself," grins Fred. "Yes, I use up most of my time and effort on the main dishes," smiles Jean.

In two years of married life the young Grobs have evolved an organized plan for handling two careers, one 3½-room Brooklyn apartment, take-life-easy entertaining and even some hobbies. Sharing the work works fine.

Saturday is the big homemaking day in the Grob family. In the morning, while Fred defrosts the refrigerator and tidies up the kitchen after breakfast, Joan goes to market "to fill the family larder for the week."

Fred does a wonderful job of cleaning and polishing the kitchen and bath, Joan testifies. The bedroom, living room and hall are her responsibility. If they expect company over the weekend, their work is attacked with double diligence — they wash windows, wax furniture in addition to the weekly vacuuming. Meanwhile, the automatic washing machines in the basement of their apartment house are taking care of the family wash.





PETER NYHOLM

Number thirty in a series  
by Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert

## THIS IS HOW WE KEEP HOUSE

*"We both have full-time jobs so we like to take it easy at home. But we enjoy lots of company too, so we've figured out a three-way system for Saturday-night suppers that works like a charm"*

Fred is a mechanical engineer with a special interest in personnel work and labor relations. Joan is an associate buyer for a New York merchandising firm. During the week she gets home an hour earlier than Fred, changes into comfortable clothes and starts supper. If he's home before it's ready, a cheese snack tides him over. Afterward they do the dishes together.

Two nights a week Fred goes to school — he's studying for his Master's — and on these nights Joan often eats liver and bacon and spinach — none of which Fred likes. Friday night is movie night.

Fred is good at woodworking, makes things for the house. He likes to paint in water colors while sprawled out on the living-room floor. Joan plays the piano, collects classical records. They don't have much time for their hobbies, but they have found one thing: sharing the work also means sharing the fun. Life is hectic but good.

### FRED'S CHERRY JELLY ROLL

#### How He Makes It

4 eggs (of room temperature)	Juice of 1 lemon
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 cup sifted cake flour
¼ teaspoon salt	Cherry preserves or jelly
1 cup sugar	Confectioners' sugar

Start oven at 400F or moderately hot. Grease jelly-roll pan (15"x10"x1"). Line bottom with waxed paper. Put eggs, baking powder, salt into mixer bowl. Beat 2 minutes at high speed or until light and lemon-colored. Reduce speed to medium. Gradually add sugar and beat 3 minutes. (Mixture should be thick, very light-colored.) Reduce to lowest speed and add lemon juice, then flour, beating only until moistened. Pour into pan; bake 15 minutes. How to make Cherry Jelly Roll is shown in pictures at right.



*Fred is fascinated by electric mixer, lets it do the work of fast whipping to beat volume into eggs, fold flour in gently at slow speed (recipe at left)*



*After baking he carefully turns light-as-a-cloud cake out onto clean towel (previously coated with confectioners' sugar), peels waxed paper from bottom*



*After trimming all crisp edges from cake, he lightly rolls cake—towel, sugar and all—places it on a cooling rack to shape and cool for about 10 minutes*



*He carefully spreads cherry jam on unrolled cake, rerolls it, wraps in towel to finish cooling. Final touch before serving, a sprinkle of confectioners' sugar*





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There's nothing like it—to keep drains free-running.

(Continued from page 32)

of the stage and reached the actors' dressing room. Ekaterina called in Micha Grulidze, the stage manager.

"Disguise me as a woman, quickly," Stalin said. "The police are waiting to arrest me when I come out. It's got to be good."

Grulidze rounded up a make-up man and a dresser, and they disappeared with Stalin into a smaller dressing room. In ten minutes they came out.

Stalin had been transformed into a woman of about fifty. "Her" make-up, if it had been a woman's make-up, could have been criticized on the grounds of having been laid on too heavily. In this case it served admirably to disguise the masculine texture of Uncle Joe's skin and the tell-tale smallpox marks. Stalin was wearing an old-fashioned dress and a cloak with a hood, which helped hide his face. He walked slowly, leaning on a cane, and as a crowning touch to his disguise he coughed continually. If he had to speak, the cough would explain the unfeminine gruffness of his voice.

"My congratulations, Madame," said Samoilov, a Bolshevik member of the Duma. "Come with me. The police won't dare hold me up. I have parliamentary immunity from arrest."

Stalin nodded assent, and off they went.

Samoilov was back in a few minutes, the picture of consternation.

"They got him!" he reported. "Everything was perfect except one thing—they spotted his shoes!"

Thus began Stalin's last deportation. He remained in Siberia this time until March, 1917. Four years because his shoes were size eleven.

In 1918 I learned from the newspapers that my uncle had become "People's Commissar for Nationalities." I was in a rather dangerous spot at the time, living in the Ukraine, whose new government was shooting Bolsheviks without mercy. I decided to go to Moscow and ask Stalin if he could find a job for me in one of the ministries.

My reception when I finally reached Moscow and found my uncle's Commissariat was not encouraging.

"You want to see Stalin?" I was asked. "We never get to see him ourselves! He's not a People's Commissar, he's a traveling salesman for Lenin! You might go up to the second floor and talk to Nadejda Allilueva. She's his secretary."

Nadejda Allilueva was typing at a table in a small room papered in yellow, with large green birds painted on the ceiling. When I told her who I was she jumped up to greet me.

"Sosso has told me a lot about you. He's very fond of you. He has a great deal of affection for his relatives in Georgia."

"Sosso!" It seemed to me that the secretary of the People's Commissar for Nationalities treated her boss with considerable familiarity. I quickly learned why.

"You're lucky to have come just now," Nadejda rattled on. "Sosso doesn't spend much time in Moscow. But he came back yesterday to report to Comrade Lenin." She looked up at me with a confiding air. "We're going to take advantage of his stop to get married."

I showed the proper astonishment at the news.

"Up to now," Nadejda explained, "Sosso just hasn't had time to go with me to the ZAGGS [the registration office where births, marriages, deaths and so forth were recorded]. You must come to live with us in the Kremlin. Sosso will be happy to have someone there to take care of me."

She seemed tired, and I noticed that she was pregnant.

"You're going to keep on working just the same?" I couldn't help asking.

She nodded, and a smile lighted up her very young, clear gray eyes. "How old are you, Comrade Allilueva?" I asked.

She laughed. "Why don't you call me Comrade Aunt?" she replied. "Certainly much younger than you! I'm eighteen."

Eighteen! And Stalin was nearly forty.

That afternoon I set out with Nadejda in a large open car belonging to the Commissariat of Nationalities to renew my acquaintance with my Uncle Joe. My aunt-to-be stopped on the way, to buy some food—eggplant, summer melon, tomatoes, a pepper—commodities difficult for private citizens to obtain.

"We're going to have one of Sosso's favorite dishes," she explained. "It's Georgian. I forget what you call it."

"Tchakhom-Bili?" I asked. This was chicken with rice, surrounded by exactly the vegetables she had bought, cooked together.

"That's it, Tchakhom-Bili! But it's so hard to get a chicken. Today we've been promised two! Abel is bringing them."

Abel, it turned out, was Abel Yenukidze, secretary of the Central Executive Committee of the Party. [Yenukidze was shot during the 1937 purge.]

Our shopping finished, we drove to the Kremlin. Guards stopped us at the Spasski gate, but at the sight of Allilueva's papers they waved us on, and our car entered the historic enclosure. It was the first time I had seen this famous spot. I looked about with curiosity at the churches and cathedrals, the palace, Ivan the Terrible's tower, the Emperor Cannon and the other curiosities.

The car rolled to a stop before a small building.

"Here we are, Budu," said Nadejda.

The door was extremely narrow. It opened on a spiral staircase, which we mounted to the floor above. This was an apartment of two large rooms, separated by a partition of opaque glass. The windows afforded a spectacular view of the interior of the Kremlin, the church of St. Basil with its multicolored dome dominating the scene.

"I love that church!" Nadejda cried. "If I have a son I shall name him Basil."

She was as good as her word. Today the whole world knows the name of Lieutenant General Basil (or Vasily) Stalin, commander of Soviet tactical aviation. He is Nadejda's son. "Nadia! Nadia!" someone called from below. Though I had not heard it for five years, I recognized the voice of Uncle Sosso.

We hurried down the stairs again. Stalin was standing in the center of the small ground-floor room. He was wearing a military cap and a tightly buttoned, long khaki coat with enormous pockets, cut in the English style, above wide trousers thrust into Cosack riding boots.

"What a pleasant surprise!" he said. "You're just in time to see me get married for the second time. We'd better hurry. It's already late."

It was late enough for the handful of friends who had come to see my Uncle Joe married to be already at the ZAGGS. We entered the alcove at one side of the hall, where marriages were registered. Comrade Pietukhov, head of the ZAGGS, put the register down on the table and addressed our little group.

(Continued on page 90)



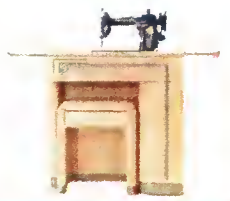
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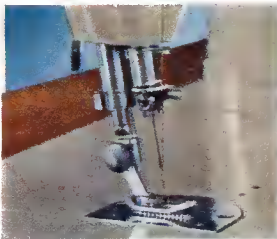


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# They are always ready to help you



PETER NYHOLM

*A familiar scene in any home: A new range has been installed—it might have been washer, dryer, dishwasher, freezer. On hand to teach proud new owner its use and care is the home service girl from the utility company*

DOES the P.T.A. want to raise money by a bake sale? Is a troop of Girl Scouts working for cooking badges? Does a handicapped homemaker need help and encouragement? Doesn't the lady of the house understand how to work the timer? Does a bridge hostess want a new recipe? Does a bride want to learn how to keep house? In almost every town there is a woman, like the family doctor, ready to help. She is the home service girl of the utility company. Here we present the ten who in 1952 received McCALL'S awards. Practical women all, we have asked them to share with you some of their favorite housekeeping hints.



McCALL'S AWARD PLAQUE  
PRESENTED EACH YEAR FOR  
HOME SERVICE ACHIEVEMENT



**Floy May of Talladega, Alabama, won a McCALL'S award for teaching the blind to cook.**

When a school for the blind asked her to help teach its students how to cook, she blindfolded herself, perfected 12 lessons that teach blind homemakers to operate an electric range by smell and touch. She is with the home service department of the Alabama Power Company.

**Her suggestion for you:** Make Date-Nut Loaf for bake sales, gifts: Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda in 1 cup boiling water; pour over 1 8-ounce package dates, chopped. Let stand 15 minutes.

Add 1 cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped nuts and a well-beaten egg. Mix well. Pour into greased loaf pan  $10'' \times 5'' \times 3''$ . Bake at 325F or slow for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

**Elyse Van Dyke of Birmingham, Alabama, staged clothes-dryer kitchen parties.** New owners of gas clothes dryers invited friends and neighbors to parties in their kitchens. Mrs. Van Dyke showed how a dryer saves work, was hostess for the fun and refreshments. She is Home Service Coordinator for the Alabama Gas Corporation.

**Her suggestions for you:** 1 Remove dust from your guest-bed spread, dressing-table skirt and drapes by tumbling them in the clothes dryer. They come out fresh as new.

2 If you get caught in a shower and your freshly cleaned wool suit gets mussed, preheat your dryer, put a small, damp, lintless towel in with your suit, let them tumble for 10 minutes. Wrinkles steam out.



**Fern Brannen of Amarillo, Texas, taught salesmen how to cook.** She knew that when a woman buys an appliance, she wants information on the spot. Miss Brannen showed salesmen how to use appliances so they could help the homemaker choose the one best suited to her. Miss Brannen is Home Service Advisor for Southwestern Public Service Company.

**Her suggestions for you:** 1 Try baking corn bread in a waffle iron—crisp, different.

2 Dress up plain-jane desserts with whipped cream from the freezer: Whip heavy cream, drop it in mounds on a sheet of waxed paper or cookie sheet and freeze. Remove, slip frozen mounds into a plastic bag, store in freezer. You can add a cherry, pecan half, coconut or grated chocolate before freezing.



*An army of unsung heroines are the home service women of utility companies, ever ready to lend a helping hand to homemakers and their communities. These ten won McCall's awards for 1952*

**Jean Hughes of Houston, Texas, sponsored a Junior Achievement Project,** by which a group of teen-agers learned to conduct a business. She helped her group to make, market and sell the South's most popular sweetmeat, pralines. She is Home Service Advisor, United Gas Corporation of Houston.

**Her suggestion for you:** Try it out on your own youth group. To make Texas Pecan Pralines: Combine 2 cups sugar,  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup syrup in a saucepan. cook to the soft-ball stage (238F on candy thermometer). Cool to lukewarm. beat until creamy. Add 2 cups pecan meats. drop on sugar-sprinkled waxed paper.



**Joreka Rippetoe of Kingsport, Tennessee, helped homemakers fight inflation.**

By planning low-cost meals, teaching nutrition, sewing and useful crafts, such as making their own decorative lamps, she helped them resist soaring prices. She was in the home service department of Kingsport Utilities, Inc., when she won the award.

**Her suggestion for you:** Top-of-the-Range Lemon Pudding: First, put 1 cup sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, juice of a lemon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, dash of nutmeg in a 2-quart covered saucepan. Bring to boil on high heat. Sift together  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sifted flour,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup granulated sugar. Beat together  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring. Add to dry ingredients, beat until smooth. Drop into boiling syrup. Do not stir. Cover. When steam escapes, turn electric unit off, cook on stored heat 45 minutes.



**Ann Worden of Grand Rapids, Michigan, awarded cooking badges to gas servicemen** after teaching them to cook. Now, when a serviceman from her company goes out to adjust a range, he knows what it takes to make it perform to the housewife's specifications. She is in Michigan Consolidated Gas Company's home service department.

**Her suggestions for you:** 1 A French thickener for sauces, gravies: Make a roux of equal parts of flour, butter or margarine. When a recipe calls for, say, 2 tablespoons each flour and fat, add 4 tablespoons of the roux. 2 To clean the broiler pan: Steam-soak it by sprinkling detergent liberally over the still-hot broiler grid and covering with a hot, wet dishcloth. Food and grease come off easily, leaving broiler pan like new.



**Emily Lewis of Canton, Ohio, organized a Cooking Carnival of Fun.** This was a fun-for-the-family carnival where everyone pitched in. Women's clubs took their treasures out of the red with bake sales, fish ponds. Emily and her assistants cooked all day and far into the night. She is Home Service Supervisor, Ohio Power Company, Canton, Ohio.

**Her suggestion for you:** "Heavenly Goo" shortcake topping: Put 1 cup sugar, 1 cup crushed berries, an egg white and a pinch of salt into your electric mixer all at one time. Turn control to medium-fast speed and leave it until billowy pink clouds stand in peaks.



**Ruth Sheldon of Washington, D. C., won her award for her Album of Home Service Helps —** record of a lifetime of unlimited help to thousands of housewives, of time- and labor-saving short cuts, of programs planned for every kind of meeting, demonstration, display. She is Home Service Director, Washington Gas Light Company, Washington, D. C.

**Her suggestion for you:** Apple Dumplings: Pare, core apples, cut slices 1 inch thick. Place each slice on a square of pastry. Season each with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon butter or margarine, 2 teaspoons sugar, dash of cinnamon. Fold pastry in points on top, seal, crimp. Bake 20 minutes at 400F or hot.



**Marguerite Surles of Raleigh, North Carolina, led a crusade for better service to homemakers in 50 counties.** Director of 18 home service girls, she conducted a contest among them for real and creative service. She is Home Service Director of the Carolina Power and Light Company.

**Her suggestion for you:** Chiquitas from the French fryer: Cut 6 almost-ripe bananas in 1-inch slices. Sprinkle with salt, brown sugar, cinnamon. Dip into mixture of 2 beaten eggs, 2 teaspoons of sherry. Dip in fine dry crumbs. Brown 1 minute in deep fat at 370F.



**Wanda Ewing of Charleston, West Virginia, taught dealers how to use the gas ranges they are selling —** how to operate the timers, the oven controls, the new automatic features — so they could help their customers make wise selections. She is Home Service Supervisor of United Fuel Gas Company, Charleston, West Virginia.

**Her suggestion for you:** Freshen blankets and pillows not soiled enough to require washing by putting them into your dryer and setting the timer for 5 to 10 minutes. The fresh, clean air gives them new life. Fluff up tired living-room pillows the same way.





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(Continued from page 86)  
"The Republic of the Soviets," he said, "welcomes those of its citizens who marry in the registry offices instead of the churches. Comrade Lenin has said that religion is the opium of the people. By this means we are able—"

"All right, all right," one of the group cried. "We know what Comrade Lenin said! Register Comrade Stalin and Comrade Alilueva in your book and let us get out of here. I'm hungry! I want to find out if Sosso can really cook a *Tchakhom-Bili*."

The discomfited Pietukhov hastened to make the necessary entries, and all of us started back to the Kremlin.

IN THE entry of the Kremlin, waiting for us, were four men who were strangers to me.

"These are our Red generals from Tsaritsyn," Stalin told me. "They're in Moscow to see Lenin. My nephew, Comrades Minin, Chitcadenko, Timoshenko and Voroshilov."

When the wedding feast began Uncle Sosso proved himself a master of the kitchen. The *Tchakhom-Bili* was really delicious. The good food and the Caucasian wine that went with it put everyone in a festive mood.

In the midst of the merriment the phone rang.

"It must be the Old Man," Stalin said. "Nobody else would call me now. Another special meeting of the Sovnarkom, I suppose."

He went upstairs to the phone, and returned again in a few moments. It had indeed been Lenin, but not a call to work.

"Ilyitch is a real comrade!" Stalin exclaimed. "He remembered that I was being married today, and he rang up to congratulate me."

Nadia looked pleased, but she said shyly. "You know, we really shouldn't be treated as newlyweds. It's true we only registered our marriage today, but we're going to have a child shortly."

"Why did you bother to register it, Koba?" one of the guests asked my uncle. "Why didn't you and Nadia go on living in free union like the rest of us?"

"Do you want me to be like that idiot Yenukidze, who has got to his fourth wife? Or Makhardze, who's had three?" Stalin demanded. "Remember, we're not members of a little underground party any more. We are the government. If we live lives of indulgence and dissipation our enemies aren't going to find it difficult to attack us on our weak points."

Several of those present shrugged their shoulders, and Nadia changed the subject.

"Sosso, show them what you made as a sweet."

"Aha!" Timoshenko cried. "What is it?"

"That's Sosso's secret," Nadejda answered. "But I'll tell you this much. Yesterday he received from Tiflis a big crate full of dried fruit from his orchard in Gori—"

"Nadia!" my uncle cried. "Don't you know yet where your husband comes from? Not Gori! Didi-Lilo! I have a little property there."

I smiled to myself. Uncle Joe's "property" was a minute orchard, placed on the southern slope of Karakala Mountain, watered by little streams running down the hillside and closely planted with fruit trees.

"At heart," Sverdlov said, "you're nothing but a petty bourgeois hugging your property like all the rest of them."

"That orchard was watered with my sweat!" Stalin said. "You can't understand that, you intellectual anarchist! I'm a peasant by birth,

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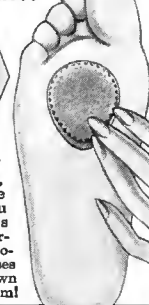
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Yasha, and a gardener and winegrower on top of that. It's a race apart."

He paused a moment, and added, "It's the best race to run a country."

The telephone rang again.

"Who's bothering us now?" Stalin asked. "Some idiot from the Commissariat, I suppose! Nadia, run upstairs and find out what it's about."

In a minute Nadejda came hurrying back down the stairs.

"They need you right away at Lenin's. Sosso! Trotsky wants Voroshilov and Minin court-martialed for insubordination to his orders; and he named Sytin commander-in-chief on the southern front, and you are to take orders from him."

Stalin's face flushed scarlet.

"The S.O.B.!" he exploded. "Sytin! One of the Tsar's generals—and one of the shiftiest of them too! I'm not taking any orders from him! I'm going to tell the Old Man what I think about that!"

Stalin stormed out of the house, and that was the last we saw of him at his wedding party.

AS THE Bolsheviks became more powerful I saw my uncle less frequently. Indeed I purposely avoided calling him, since I didn't want to impose on his time. In 1926, however, I had occasion to ask his help. I was working with a close friend, George Kiknadze, on the financial and economic section of the *Soviet Encyclopedia*. The man assigned by the Politburo to censor our work was none other than my old *Pravda* editor—Molotov.

Already a busy man with his other duties, Molotov did not really have the time to handle this job adequately, even if he had possessed the competence for it. He kept our articles for abnormal lengths of time, and mercilessly criticized and questioned everything we did.

On one occasion a purely historical account we had written of the Industrial Revolution in England came back from Molotov with the note: "This is a grave error from the Marxist point of view. The contents of this article must be changed completely."

In despair Kiknadze said to me, "Listen, Budu, why don't you try to see your uncle and fix it up so that Molotov will stop meddling with our work."

With considerable difficulty I finally reached my uncle by phone and arranged to visit him at home the next evening.

When I arrived Aunt Nadia was waiting for me. She told me that Stalin had just phoned. He had made his excuses because he would not be able to join us for another half-hour.

Nadejda seemed most happy to see me.

"I'm so glad you finally came, Budu," she said. "It will be a good thing for Sosso to relax a little, chatting with you. It's nothing but work, work, all the time now. He needs to talk with somebody who has nothing to ask him for a change."

I laughed uncomfortably. "I'm afraid that's not quite the case, Aunt Nadia," I said. "I only came because I did have a little business. Otherwise I wouldn't have bothered him when he's so busy—"

"Oh, but you're quite wrong!" Nadia exclaimed. "That's just when you must come—when he's busy and when you have no business! Otherwise he won't get any change at all. Right now he has no rest at all. Not even here at home. They're always coming here to bother him—"

"They?" I asked. "Who?"

"Molotov, Voroshilov, Kaganovitch, Dzerzhinsky, Kalinin—the whole lot of

(Continued on page 92)



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M-m-m-m

1 lb. ground lean beef  
½ cup evaporated milk  
1 cup soft bread crumbs  
¼ cup finely cut onion  
1¼ teaspoons salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper

2 tablespoons hot fat  
1 can tomato soup  
2 teaspoons vinegar  
¼ cup water  
2 cups hot, cooked rice  
1 1-pound can green beans,  
heated and drained

Mix beef, milk, crumbs, 2 tablespoons onion, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. With wet hands, shape into 8 flat patties. Brown slowly in fat. Add 2 tablespoons onion and cook slowly 5 minutes. Pour around patties a mixture of soup, vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and water. Cover and cook over low heat 20 minutes, turning patties once while cooking. Lift patties to center of a worm platter. Put rice around patties; orange beans around rice. Serve hot with the sauce. Makes 4 servings.



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2 cups milk	¼ tsp. salt	2 eggs, separated
2 cups stale bread cubes	2 tbsps. butter or margarine, melted	2 cups DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed	1 tsp. vanilla	¼ cup jelly

Pour milk over bread; add ¼ cup of the brown sugar, the salt, butter, vanilla, beaten egg yolks and raisins. (Measure those sweet, plump DEL MONTE Raisins right into the bowl! Their cleanliness and fresh flavor get special protection from the wax-wrap carton.) Spread in well-greased 8" square baking pan. Set in pan of hot water; bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 min. (It's going to bake up so rich and good—DEL MONTE puts flavor first in raisins, too!) Make meringue: Beat egg whites till stiff, add remaining sugar gradually, continuing to beat. Take pudding from oven, spread ½ of the meringue on top, then carefully spread jelly, broken in small pieces with fork, on top. Finally, heap remaining meringue on top of jelly. Return to oven 15 min. to brown. Serve warm to 6. (Just one of many ways to enjoy DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins. Let the kids eat them at lunch or snacktime for energy-boosting natural sugars and nutritional iron.)

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(Continued from page 90)  
them. There's always a new complication. And now it's plots! They can't think of anything except plots!" "Plots!" I echoed. "What kind of plots?"

"Imaginary ones, if you ask me," my aunt said. "But Yagoda [officer and later head of the G.P.U.] is bursting with zeal. He is trying to convince Sossu that his life is in danger, and he's inventing stories of conspiracies that are simply ridiculous!"

THE half-hour delay which Stalin had announced had passed, and we were still waiting for him. The phone rang. Nadia sprang to answer it. "If he's putting us off again—" she muttered as she answered.

It was not my uncle. I heard her say, "No. Comrade Yagoda, he's not here."

She hung up with disgust. "That devil of a Yagoda!" she exclaimed. "He doesn't give us a moment's rest!"

Five minutes later the phone rang again. This time it was a message from Stalin to say that he would be with us in five minutes.

Stalin entered, shook my hand and said, "Why don't you come oftener? You only come when you have something to ask."

"Kiknadze is keeping me very busy," I said.

He broke into a laugh. "Your Kiknadze and his new economic theories!" he said. "Molotov says he spends all his time hunting through the works of the bourgeois economists to fill our *Encyclopedia* full of heresies and mislead our students completely when they consult it."

"That's not true at all!" I retorted heatedly, angered at this slighting view of our labors.

"I don't know whether it is or not," Stalin said. "I haven't time to read

your encyclopaedia. I have a few other things on my mind. Molotov ought to know what he's talking about. Don't forget he took his degree in economics. He's a specialist."

I set to work to demonstrate to him that Molotov was wrong. I told him that we had never borrowed anything from the bourgeois economists.

"The article that he's attacking now," I explained, "came straight from Karl Marx, out of the second volume of *Das Kapital*. We can't be accused of anti-Marxist heresies for that!"

This visibly interested Stalin. "Can you give me proof of that?" he asked. "Draw me up a little memorandum on that subject. I'd like to see Molotov's face if I can trip him up on that. He's always so sure of himself. You'd think he knew Marx better than Marx did himself."

Nadia called us to the table. It was a simple dinner. *Shashlik*, one of my uncle's favorite dishes, fresh vegetables from the Moscow region, fruit from the Crimea, the light, fruity wine of Kachetia.

As we ate, my uncle attempted to joke with Nadia. She had become somewhat sulky.

"I don't like you to take that attitude," Stalin said suddenly to his wife. "You don't have to meddle in matters that are none of your business. I forbid you to telephone Yagoda and try to tell him his business."

"Ah!" said Nadia. "I suppose he complained to you?"

"No. But I know you did it."

"Who told you?"

"That doesn't matter."

"I have a headache," Nadia said stiffly. "Please excuse me." She rose and left the table.

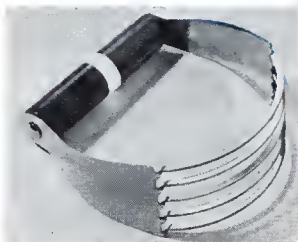
Stalin looked after her with a sigh. "She's getting impossible," he said, (Continued on page 94)

## TRY THIS

with your dough blender

BY DORIS HANSON

PETER NYHOLM



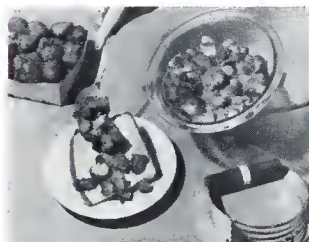
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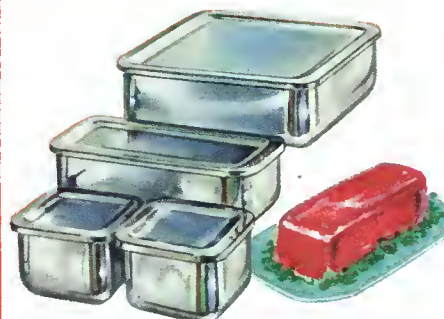
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(Continued from page 92)  
in obvious bad humor. "She wants to run the G.P.U. instead of Yagoda!"

He poured out a glass of wine for me. "Here, Budu! Taste this. It will remind you of Georgia."

We were silent. My uncle was obviously brooding about his quarrel with his wife.

"She thinks it's so easy to lead a party," he broke out suddenly. "She doesn't realize that you have to be always on the watch, or else..."

His voice died away. I thought I had never seen him so unsure of himself. I said nothing.

"Listen, Budu," he said suddenly. "Tell me—what do you think of the opposition?"

He had gotten it out at last, the pre-occupation which was weighing so heavily upon him.

I was reticent. I felt it was dangerous to be drawn into conversations of this kind. I was sure that my uncle would not hold any opinion I might express against me, but there were others than my uncle to worry about, especially Yagoda. I knew that people whose views the G.P.U. didn't like had disappeared without leaving any trace behind them. I thought it was better to cultivate the habit of keeping my mouth shut and not to deviate from it even with Stalin.

He seemed to understand my hesitation and did not press me. And then for a moment I had a glimpse of the Stalin the world has come to know since then. The tone of his voice changed. His manner became relentless and uncompromising.

"The Party must be purged!" he said, "or we will risk annihilation if there should be a war." He repeated this forcefully. "The party must be purged! The Party must be purged!"

That same evening I had another glimpse of this ruthless decisiveness for which my uncle is now famous. Marshal Voroshilov, head of the Red

Army, arrived while I was still there to talk to Stalin about mechanized armored divisions. Stalin invited me to listen to a discussion of the problem—an extremely crucial one before the Superior War Council at that time. Voroshilov, who favored cavalry over motorized divisions, pointed out that Russia was an agricultural country with plenty of oats for horses, no steel for tanks and roads that couldn't possibly accommodate armor.

While Voroshilov talked my uncle took tremendous puffs from his pipe and remained deep in thought. Then, with a cold finality I shall never forget, he said, "We cannot remain an agricultural country. We must build up our heavy industry as quickly as possible."

Voroshilov protested that any plan of this kind would "squeeze the peasants like lemons."

Stalin looked at him with a malicious gleam in his eye. "You've heard of the October Revolution? Do you think everyone was agreed about launching that? The peasants are always dissatisfied. If we had taken their dissatisfaction into account we couldn't have gotten anywhere. We must impose our policy on the peasants. Try to impose it by persuasion—but if they refuse to be persuaded, why then we'll impose it by force. So much the worse for them if we have to break a few eggs to make the omelet."

After Voroshilov had gone Stalin seemed quite free of his earlier dejection and uncertainty. He invited me to a game of dominoes, at which he was an excellent player. Within an hour I had lost three games.

We were in the middle of a fourth game when my aunt came in unexpectedly.

"Forgive me, Sosso," she said. "My nerves were on edge at dinner."

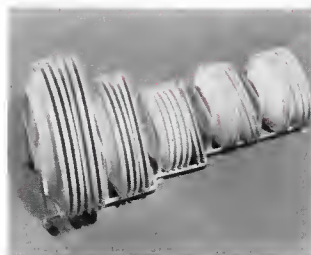
"We were both to blame, Nadia," Stalin said. "I've been very nervous (Continued on page 96)

BY ANNA S. FISHER

## TRY THIS

**To ease your storage squeeze**

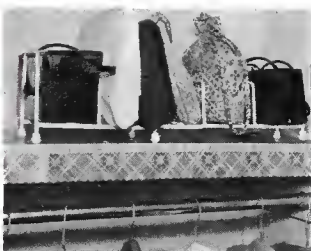
PETER NYHOLM



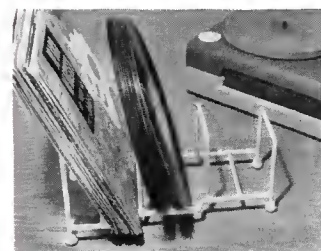
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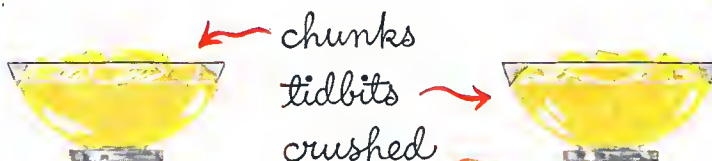
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(Continued from page 94)

myself lately. You must try to protect me from irritation."

"We must go somewhere for a rest, Sosso," she suggested. "A little vacation would do you a lot of good. It would be good for me too."

"A little later, Nadia. You forget that I have to preside at the Moscow party conference at the end of the month."

"Let them manage without you."

"I wouldn't dare! If Molotov presided instead of me I'd have to spend the next few months patching up quarrels!"

"So much the worse for Molotov," said my aunt. "Let him find his way out of his own difficulties."

"Impossible," Stalin said decisively. "Molotov is no good at ending arguments, only at starting them."

It was late, and I declared that I had to go.

"Call me up in a few days, Budu," Stalin said, "and we'll arrange for you to come again when you have that memorandum to prove that Molotov has become anti-Marxist. I'll have him over here too. We'll make the old bear dance! He'll be furious!"

STALIN may have regarded the idea of baiting Molotov with delight, but Molotov had other plans, which I discovered to my astonishment after Kiknadze and I had finished the memorandum Stalin had asked me for.

No matter how hard I tried to reach my uncle with this memorandum, I was always prevented from doing so. Somehow Molotov had found out about my conversation with Stalin, and my uncle's phone was always closed to me.

I finally decided to try to reach him through my aunt. She was working in the offices of the Union of Co-operatives. Each time I called I was told that she had not come to the office for several days.

My next attempt was to reach her by writing a letter to the apartment in the Kremlin, my uncle's private address. I made it purposely short and noncommittal, in case some secretary should open it before she saw it.

Two days passed. There was no word from my aunt. That was most unlike her.

On the third day I received an unexpected summons to the office of Artuzov, head of the K.R.O. section of the G.P.U. [Artuzov was shot during the great purge of 1937.] After some preliminary conversation Artuzov came to the point. The G.P.U. knew about my conversation with Comrade Stalin. They knew too that I was trying to get in touch with "Comrade Allilueva," as Artuzov put it, "to seek her protection against the consequences of your indiscretion."

I was thunder-struck. I had heard of the Black Chamber of the G.P.U., the service which specialized in reading letters by a technique which left no signs that the mail had been tampered with. But I had never dreamed that the G.P.U. would dare to inspect mail going to Stalin's private address. Evidently they had not only dared to read my aunt's mail, when they saw what was in it they had even dared to withhold it from her!

Finally I hit upon a device to get in touch with Aunt Nadia. I went to see Lera Golubtsova [wife of Gueorgui Malenkov, Stalin's reported successor], head of the feminine section of the Central Committee of the Party, for which my aunt worked. I asked her to ring Nadia for me and make a rendezvous.

The ruse worked. The Kremlin switchboard put the call through to my aunt without raising any difficulties. My aunt arranged to meet me in

the apartment of a mutual friend. Alexander Schlikhter [deported to Siberia during the great purge].

When I told her what had happened my aunt became furious.

"Of course Sosso will see you!" she said. "I'll speak to him about it. To make sure that nothing goes wrong this time, I'll have him telephone you."

I had a call from the Kremlin the following day, and I met Stalin next evening. When I told him why I had come his face turned a pale gray from rage.

In fifteen minutes Dzerjinsky, the G.P.U. president, had been summoned to his apartment.

"There must be some mistake, Comrade Stalin," Dzerjinsky assured him. "There is an order of the Politburo covering that point. Letters addressed to members of the Politburo are never opened."

"Let's get it quite straight," Stalin said. "I am not speaking only of let-

## WHO is the MYSTERY WOMAN in STALIN'S LIFE?

Read your

March McCALL'S

ters addressed to me personally. I do not want any surveillance of Comrade Allilueva, and I do not want any discussion at the G.P.U. concerning my conversations with my nephew. Make that clear to Artuzov."

Dzerjinsky promised that there would be no repetition of the offense. He stayed for a few moments longer, talking with my uncle, and then left after taking a cup of tea, which my aunt offered him. [Dzerjinsky died of a heart attack in June, 1926, at a meeting of the Politburo.]

When he had gone Stalin said to me, "You see how it is, Budu. The G.P.U. is becoming all-powerful. They don't want to let anyone alone."

IN THE autumn of 1928 I was staying with friends in the village of Perlovka, near Moscow.

One morning in September, when I returned to the villa after a brief absence, my host's son, who was a member of the Communist party, said to me, "A messenger on horseback came here yesterday while you were away. Your uncle wants you to come to see him at Gorinka this afternoon."

Gorinka, I knew, was where Stalin had his *datcha*, or country house.

It took me three exhausting hours to reach the little hamlet of Gorinka, since I could only get there by bicycle. From a distance I could see some of the buildings of what had once been the property of Prince Galitzin. I perceived a two-story house, half hidden by trees, at the rear of an enclosure cut in half by an alley of old maples. Local tradition said that they had been planted by Peter the Great in 1700.

A sentry stood at the gate—a G.P.U. officer.

"Who are you?" he asked sharply.

I showed my papers.

"Ah! Budu Svanidze!" His tone changed. "Pass, Comrade Svanidze. You are expected."

I entered a large courtyard and looked curiously about me. The maples

divided the courtyard into two geometrically equal parts. Flowering shrubs dotted the lawn in an irregular arrangement. Several greenhouses stood to the right of the *datcha*.

Some children were playing in the courtyard when I entered. I recognized my little cousin, Basil (Vassily) Stalin, and his sister Svetlana.

"Hello, Budu!" Basil shouted at me. "Come and play with us!"

Aunt Nadia came running out of the house. "Budu!" she cried. "How nice of you to come! Go and play in the garden, children!"

Basil pouted. "We need Budu! We want him to play with us."

"That's enough, Vassia!" Nadia answered. "You've been getting entirely too disobedient lately. Don't argue with me, or I'll tell your father."

"He may not be afraid of me," she said when Basil had gone, "but he is of his father. You should have seen the spanking Sosso gave him only yesterday because he was amusing himself breaking the panes of the greenhouse!"

"Is he punished often?"

"Oh, no! Not often. But when Sosso does punish him—I was really frightened one day. I tried to stop him. Not a chance! He said, 'I'm going to bring him up the way my father brought me up!'"

We heard cars entering the courtyard.

"That's Sosso, with our guests," my aunt said. "We asked you here today, Budu, because we're celebrating our tenth wedding anniversary. We wanted to have a party for the family and a few intimate friends. We haven't got so many any more," she added with a curious, sad expression which I later realized was tragically significant.

STALIN came in. He was wearing a military uniform, officer's collar and no tie. He greeted me warmly.

"It was nice of you to come all the way out here, Budu! Thank you. You're not a Trotskyist, I hope?"

"No," I laughed. "I keep clear of the opposition."

Five men had entered. Ordjonikidze, Fakaradze, Mikaladze and Gabneguia were known to me, but the young man with them, obviously a Georgian from his appearance, was a stranger.

"This is Lavrenti Beria," my uncle said. "He's up from Tiflis for a Party conference."

Lavrenti Beria! The name of the head of the dreaded Soviet secret police is known today all over the world. But then it meant nothing to me. Other guests included Voroshilov, Timoshenko, Budenny, Molotov and Kaganovich.

At Nadia's suggestion we sat down for tea, which was served by my uncle's housekeeper, Daradjan Rafailovna Mukachidze, an old Georgian woman.

As the conversation became animated I noticed that there was a difference in the way the Georgians and the Russians addressed my uncle. The Georgians called him "Sosso" and used the familiar forms. The Russians, except Voroshilov, called him "Comrade Stalin" and used the polite forms. As for the old housekeeper, she used the familiar form to Stalin and everybody else, though no one dared to employ it to her.

After tea we went into the garden and played *gorodki*, a Russian version of ninepins, until dinner was ready. Old Mukachidze had made a Caucasian meal: the traditional *shashlik*, stuffed summer squash, rice with pimentos, a Baklava cake and stewed dry fruits. For wine we had Tzinondali and a delicious pink wine from

(Continued on page 100)



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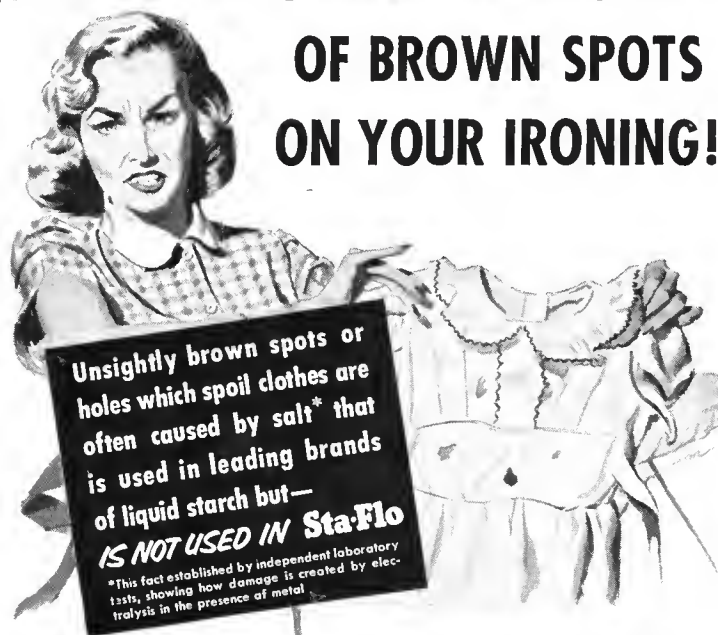
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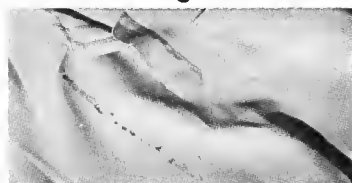
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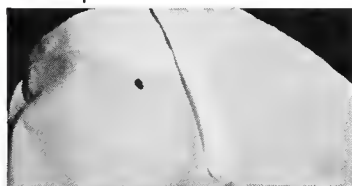
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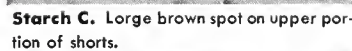
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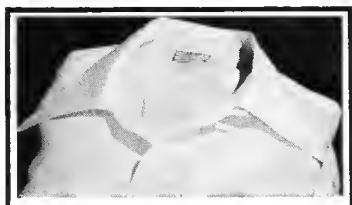
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Draperies come next, with the upholstery brush to do the job. A short wand helps to reach upper pleats, is convenient when she switches from the draperies to the furniture



After upholstery is cleaned, brush is held over the open end of the wand, with the vacuum operating. Lint, dust and tangled threads are quickly removed from its bristles



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Down to the floor at last, she first dusts baseboards and bare floor. Next, a thorough rug vacuuming, after which she picks up and goes to work on dining end of the room



## California Fiesta

SUNNIEST TREATS FOR WINTER DAYS  
START WITH SUMMER-SWEET CLING PEACHES



**Betty Crocker Fiesta Cake** Bake a two-layer cake with either Betty Crocker White or Yellow Cake Mix. Cool. Drain a No. 2½ can cling peach slices. Fill and top cake with peaches and 1 cup cream, whipped. Only clings from California give you such tempting, such luscious peach flavor!



**Fiesta Peach Mold** Prepare 1 package fruit-flavored gelatin using peach syrup for part of water. Add grated rind and juice of ½ lemon. When thickened stir in 1½ cups of canned cling peach slices. Chill in mold until firm. Unmold. Garnish with cling peach slices and whipped cream. Serves 6.

\*\*Betty Crocker\*\*, \*\*Betty Crocker Cake Mix\*\* and \*\*Betty Crocker Ginger Bread Mix\*\* are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.



**Fiesta Peach Salad with Miracle Whip Dressing.** Dissolve ½ package strawberry-flavored gelatin in ½ cup boiling water. Add ½ cup syrup from canned cling peaches and 2 chopped peach halves. Turn into small pan. Chill. Cut into 14 diamonds. Place 2 drained peach halves and 2 gelatin diamonds on each garnished salad plate. Top with Miracle Whip. Serves 7.



**Fiesta Peach Dessert** Easiest, sunniest dessert you can set before family or guests—golden cling peaches from California simply spooned from the can. Especially delightful served with cookies you've made at home with Betty Crocker Ginger Bread Mix or served with your favorite brand cookies from the grocery store. Clings are juicy-sweet beauties, bursting with fresh-peach goodness. Your best fruit buy! Keep several thrifty cans handy!

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(Continued from page 96)

the Michuri valley called "Devil's Throat." It was mildly sweet and very strong. I remember that my uncle warned my aunt against drinking too much of it.

I do not recall much more about my Aunt Nadia that evening except that she asked to hear the records of a former White Russian singer, Vertinsky, who was popular then with Soviet women. She was very quiet and seemed quite moved by certain passages of the folk lyrics he sang.

ON NOVEMBER 9, 1932, my aunt died. It was not only sad but shocking news. For Nadejda Allilueva was both young and, so far as I knew, in excellent health.

It was not until some time after her death that I first began to hear the rumors which were circulating about it. It was being whispered that my Aunt Nadia's death was not a natural one but a suicide.

Those who retailed these reports gave one of two reasons for it. The first was that she had killed herself because Stalin had entered upon intimate relations with Nadia's best friend, Lisa Khazanova, a very beautiful young woman who worked in the secretariat of the Central Committee as head of the Section for Circulars, one of the most important divisions of the Committee. The other story was that Nadia had committed suicide because of prosecutions of personal friends of hers, several of whom had been deported to Siberia or executed by the N.K.V.D.

I once had the courage to ask my cousin, Svetlana Stalin, how her mother had died. She told me that Nadia had become very nervous and suffered from insomnia, for which she took sleeping pills. One night she took an overdose, with fatal effect. Whether she had done so purposely or accidentally, Svetlana professed not to know. Thus the mystery of my aunt's death remained entire.

That Stalin himself believed the death to be suicide was deduced by some from the place of her burial. She was buried in the cemetery of the Novo-Dievitchi convent, beside the tomb of Prince Kropotkin, head of the anarchist movement, who had been interred there on Lenin's order when he died in Moscow in 1920. This particular burial place had come to have the reputation of being a suicides' cemetery because a number of prominent members of the Party who had joined the opposition and subsequently killed themselves between 1926 and 1930 were buried there—for instance, Lutovinov, leader of "the workers' opposition," and Adolf Abramovitch Joffe, Trotsky's intimate friend. [Maxim Litvinov, former Foreign Commissar of the U.S.S.R., was also buried in the Novo-Dievitchi convent on December 31, 1951.] So it was said that Stalin had ordered that Nadia should be hurried there because he knew her to be a suicide.

After appearing at the elaborate funeral ceremonies upon which he had himself insisted, Stalin retired to Gorinka and shut himself up there for a week, refusing to receive anyone, even Molotov. He made only one exception to this rule—Lisa Khazanova.

This circumstance, naturally, set tongues wagging. It was, for many, a confirmation of the story that my Aunt Nadia had committed suicide because of the love affair between Stalin and her best friend. This I never believed myself for a number of reasons—first of all, because I knew how great my uncle's affection for Nadia had been. Another reason for discounting the scandal was that Lisa Khazanova had a fiancé, Division Commander Ivan

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Karlovitch Lepa of the Far East army, a Latvian from Riga. Finally there was Stalin's evident great grief at Nadejda's death. All of these indications led me to accept the more charitable interpretation of Stalin's choice of a consoler, which attributed it solely to his desire to talk with his late wife's closest friend and to learn from her any last wishes which Nadia, if she had really intended to take her own life, might have expressed to Lisa Khazanova.

However innocent the situation may have been, its appearances convinced some of Stalin's associates in the Politburo that measures must be taken to avoid a scandal. A group of Politburo members, including Molotov, Kaganovitch, Mikoyan, Beria and a few others, took it upon themselves to regulate my uncle's private life for him. They decided that now that Stalin was once more a widower he would want to marry again, and they felt it advisable that he should not be allowed to turn to Lisa Khazanova, as he might very well do, whatever the relationship between them at that time. They took the liberty of selecting a wife for him—Rosa Kaganovitch, the beautiful sister of Lazar Kaganovitch, one of the conspirators. She was five years younger than Nadia.

The first step in their campaign to settle Stalin's domestic situation was to get rid of Lisa. She was accused of having participated in the clandestine opposition within the Party. Her Red Army officer fiancé was first arrested at Tchita [he was shot in 1938, during the great purge] on the accusation of having been the leader of an opposition group in the army. On the basis of letters he had written to Lisa, she was then arrested in her turn in Moscow. My Uncle Joe tried to intervene in her behalf, but Molotov and Kaganovitch declared at a Politburo meeting that Khazanova had confessed. My uncle allowed himself to be overruled.

Lisa was deported to Central Asia, where she committed suicide.

With Lisa out of the way, the group which intended to push my uncle into the arms of Rosa Kaganovitch had little trouble in achieving their aim. Stalin married the sister of his fellow member of the Politburo in an intimate ceremony at Gorinka at which less than a dozen persons were present.

THE reports I heard about my "third aunt" were not reassuring. She was described as a most disagreeable person. In contrast to Nadejda Allilueva, who conducted herself modestly, simply and with friendliness toward everybody, especially the humble, Rosa desired to play the role of the great lady. She inaugurated lavish receptions at Gorinka, to which she invited only her own friends and those who could help her in her ambition to be thought of as the first lady of the Soviet Union.

It was her particular weakness to desire at any cost to be recognized as the feminine head of the family, because of her rank as wife of my Uncle Sossó—particularly by his children. She demanded obedience from his son Yasha, Keke Svanidze's child, and also from Nadia's Svetlana and Basil.

I came in the second rank of those members of the family whose acceptance Rosa desired. Like other members of my family, I wanted nothing to do with my uncle's third wife. But Rosa Kaganovitch was a determined woman. She was bent on forcing from me the recognition of her existence. I learned that in the end Rosa usually had her way, even if it meant using blackmail!

(To be concluded next month)





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Calla lily



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**Swags and jabots**, thickly fringed, are caught high above the window on a plastic ring to frame matching draperies on a traverse rod . . . perfect background for 18th-century mahogany. No. 1771

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## I LIVE WITH A GENIUS

Continued from page 40

even though Walt tried to console me by naming the locomotive "Lilly Belle" after me.

However, I wasn't being entirely selfish when I argued against having the railroad on our grounds. In the first place, although Walt adores the train now, I am not sure his enthusiasm will continue after he has done everything possible to it. And putting up miniature tracks entails a formidable outlay of money, because there has to be so much expensive grading. In the second place our girls are growing up. When they marry we may not need or want such a big house. And if we should ever decide to sell our house there won't be many prospective buyers who'll want a place with a yard full of railroad track.

So the girls and I, using our best female wiles, tried to persuade Father to keep his train at the studio, where he could play with it at noon and run it all over the lot to entertain visiting firemen. (Some of Walt's guests are literally firemen, from the Santa Fe.) Walt said little. But one night, just as we were ready to okay final plans for the house, he brought home a formidable legal document. "Sign, or no house," he told us.

We almost fell out of our chairs. He had had his lawyer draw up a right-of-way contract for his railroad through the property, a contract exactly like those used by regular commercial lines. It had taken hours to do, and was so technical we couldn't wade through it. Pretty soon all three Disney females caught on that they were beaten and might as well laugh about it. We were quite prepared to put our names on the dotted line, when Walt picked up the contract and said he'd trust us.

We spent our first half-year in the house with a bulldozer in the back yard fixing grades for the railroad. Bulldozers cost a lot to rent. They drive you crazy with their noise. Father was sympathetic but firm. We now have a half-mile of track occupying most of the back yard and also running around the front of the house. In addition there is a long concrete tunnel, so soundly constructed that the contractor assured me it could be used as a bomb shelter.

ACTUALLY I owe that train a debt of gratitude. Not too many years ago Walt came close to a nervous breakdown simply from overwork. No matter what plans I made for the weekend, we would always end up at the studio. He couldn't get it out of his mind. And when he tried sports he worked so hard at them that he only got more tense. When we were first married he decided golf was the answer. Instead of playing it like a normal person he got up at 4:30 in the morning to get it out of the way before he had to be at the studio. He talked about the dew on the grass and the sunrise until I decided to take up golf with him. But we never went far. Walt would fly into such a rage when he missed a stroke that I got helplessly hysterical watching him.

Now Walt has something to interest him that doesn't drive him crazy. He stays home weekends. Once in a while he even comes home early to run the train a while before dinner. He also loves to entertain visitors who are really interested in it. A certain select few who have shown true enthusiasm have been given cards signed by Walt designating them as vice-presidents of the road.

We've entertained a mixed assortment of passengers, including Salvador Dali, the surrealist painter, a distinguished dowager from an old California family and a railroad engineer and his entire family. Once Hedda Hopper and Irene Dunne, both in trailing evening dresses, had to walk back from a ride when the train suffered a slight mishap on its high trestle. Accidents never bother Walt, for repairing wrecks is part of the fun. He came home from England last summer with two new engines—a ten-foot locomotive and a switch engine. I heard him enthusing to actor George Murphy, who loves the train too, "Boy, we're sure to have wrecks now!"

He got really annoyed, though, after the floods last spring, when some of the track had been washed out. Walt had the entire bank rebuilt with newer and fancier drains. One Saturday I was picking raspberries, the girls were up at the swimming pool with their friends, and Walt was supervising the laying of the new track. Finally he approached me with a glum face.

"I'm going to get rid of the train if nobody cares about it any more."

There is only one thing Mrs. Walt Disney can do at a moment like that. She forgets the berries and goes over to admire the pretty, expensive new drains. Poor henpecked Father!

Not long ago Walt brought home the first Mickey Mouse film he ever made, *Plane Crazy*. We were screening another picture in our projection room that night. For fun Walt ran *Plane Crazy* first. It was crude in many ways. When Walt made it he was just twenty-five, and he hadn't perfected the technique of animation yet. Too, it had been made originally as a silent film, and sound had been dubbed in afterward. Diane and Sharon were horrified and wanted to forget the whole thing. I reminded them with some heat that if it hadn't been for that old crude Mickey they wouldn't be sitting in their own projection room with their own swimming pool outside.

I shall never forget the troubles we lived through before and during the creation of Mickey.

The story starts more than twenty-seven years ago, when I was a visitor in Hollywood from Lewiston, Idaho, and got a job working for Walt. He and Roy had a studio back of a real-estate office and were making shorts called *Alice in Cartoonland*. A girl friend of my sister was filling in celluloids (one of the processes of animation) and told me they needed someone else. I got the job at \$15 a week.

(Continued on page 104)

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(Continued from page 103)

At that time Walt and Roy weren't allowing themselves much more, for nearly everything they made went into the pictures or to pay back money Walt borrowed to start the business. They lived together in a tiny walk-up apartment, with Roy doing the cooking. I've always teased Walt that the reason he asked me to marry him so soon after Roy married Edna Francis, a Kansas City girl, was that he needed somebody to fix his meals. But I have one comforting thought. Food isn't that important to Walt.

Edna tells me that back in the Kansas City days, when Roy was in a veterans hospital after a Navy stretch, she would occasionally invite Walt to dinner so he could have a square meal. But Walt would get involved in working out some idea and forget to turn up until ten or eleven at night. Once, soon after we were married, Walt did the same thing to me. When it came dinnertime he wandered out of the studio to the corner beanery for a bowl of soup and then right back to the studio to continue with his idea. It wasn't until far into the night that he woke up to the fact he had a bride at home who had cooked dinner and was waiting to throw it in his face when he turned up.

However, I forgave him. You can't stay mad at Walt for very long. He is too good at beguiling. I think the apology that time was a hatbox tied with a red ribbon. But don't think there was anything as prosaic as a

New York distributor notified them that from now on he was cutting the price per picture almost in half. Walt went to New York to argue that they couldn't break even that way. I went along too, for a second honeymoon. It didn't turn out quite that way.

Walt discovered that the distributor owned all the rights to Oswald and intended to go on making Oswald shorts without Walt if he refused to knuckle down to the cut price. Walt got mad and told the distributor what he thought of him. He came back to the hotel and announced that he was out of a job and glad, because he would never again work for anybody else. He never has, either.

I know now how right his decision was, for to function Walt has to be free. I didn't have the long-range viewpoint that day. I was scared to death. Walt didn't even tell Roy what had happened, but wired him that he was coming home with a great new idea. On the way back, on the train, he wrote a scenario for a cartoon short to be called *Plane Crazy* and starring a mouse named Mortimer.

As for me, I was plain crazy. I sat watching the green of the Middle West change to sagebrush and desert. I remembered the early Hollywood days when Walt and Roy were so broke that they would go to a restaurant and order one dinner, splitting the courses between them. I knew I wouldn't care much for that. I couldn't believe that my husband meant to produce and distribute pictures him-

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hat in it! It held a chow puppy, with another red ribbon around it's neck.

I quit work when we married. The studio was doing well—so well, in fact, that Walt had hired a couple of cartoonists to help him. They were making animated-cartoon shorts featuring a rabbit named Oswald, for which a New York distributor was paying them \$2,250 a film—not as much as it sounds when you take the costs out, but still quite a sum of money to us in those days.

Right here I want to say another thing about Mickey Mouse. Stories have been printed about how Walt got interested in mice back on the farm in Marceline, Missouri, when he was a kid. Newspaper articles have told how Walt used to have a pet mouse named Mickey, which lived in his wastebasket during the free-lance cartoon days in Kansas City. Walt loves all animals—he won't even let the gardener and me put out traps for the little ones that are garden pests—but when he created Mickey Mouse there was no symbolism or background for the idea. He simply thought the mouse would make a cute character to animate.

I'm getting ahead of my story, however. Roy and Walt were still working with *Oswald the Rabbit* when the

self, like the big companies. He and Roy had only a few thousand dollars between them. Pictures needed a lot of financing, even in 1927. And what if Walt failed? He had insulted his distributor and hadn't even looked for a new connection.

By the time Walt finished the scenario I was practically in a state of shock. He read it to me, and suddenly all my personal anguish focused on one violent objection to the script. "'Mortimer' is a horrible name for a mouse!" I exclaimed.

Walt argued—he can be very persuasive—but I stood firm. Finally, to placate his stubborn wife, Walt came up with a substitute: "Mickey Mouse." At this late date I have no idea whether it is a better name than "Mortimer." Nobody will ever know. I only feel a special affinity to Mickey because I helped name him. And, besides, Mickey taught me a lot about what it was going to be like married to Walt Disney. We've never been so broke since—at least quite so visibly. But I have been plenty worried on occasion. It has often helped to look back on that period.

Everybody helped Walt. Roy was Jack-of-all-trades, and Edna and I stopped being ladies of leisure and filled in celluloids. We worked night and day. We ate stews and pot roasts,

(Continued on page 106)



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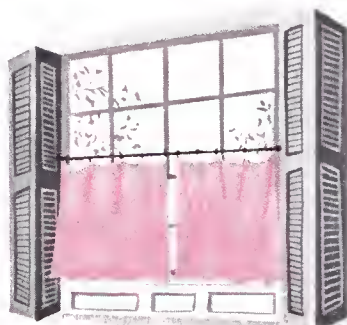


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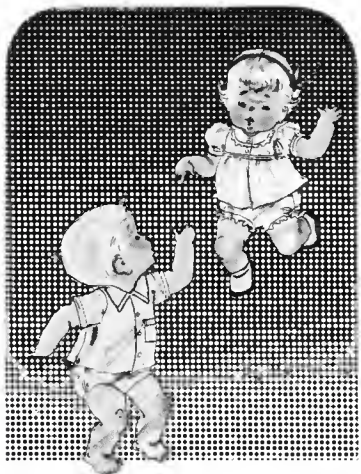
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(Continued from page 104)

which luckily were cheap in those days. We were down so low that we had a major budget crisis one night when I tripped on the garage stairs and ruined my last pair of silk stockings. Then when we had finished three Mickeys we had an even worse blow. Nobody was interested in them because talkies had just come in and the theaters wanted shorts with sound.

I shall never forget the conversation between Roy and Walt when we made that discovery.

Roy: "What will we do?"

Walt: "We'll make them over with sound."

Roy: "How?"

Walt: "I don't know, but we'll do it."

Walt can do pretty nearly anything he puts his mind to. That is the way in which he is a great artist, not as a manipulator of crayon, chalk or paint. As a matter of fact, he does very little drawing these days, and never did care much for it. He knew nothing about music, but he began to study it. To this day he cannot carry a tune, but he has a vast knowledge and understanding of all kinds of music. He seldom wastes time being proud of anything he has finished, but of everything he has made he is most pleased with certain sections of *Fantasia*, which showed music as it looks to Walt Disney in cartoon and color. I feel, too, that a large part of the charm of his nature films, particularly the recent *Water Birds*, is due to the musical backgrounds.

The first Mickey Mouse opened in September, 1928, in New York. It had music behind it, but the animals had not yet learned to talk; they made grunting noises. Talking animals were a later brainstorm of Walt's.

MICKEY MOUSE won Walt the first of twelve Academy Awards and a great many other awards, including dozens from other countries. One of the curious things about Walt is that he is more often recognized abroad than he is at home. In South America once they made such a fuss over him at a movie theater that I got separated from him. Crowds scare me a little, because I am only five feet tall. All I could think of to do was to follow the man in front of me. I was ready to follow him into the men's room when the manager of the theater, alerted by Walt, saved me.

Yet Walt's story is typically American. Last December he was fifty-one years old. Walt was born in Chicago. His father was Elias Disney, an Irish-Canadian contractor, and his mother, Flora Call Disney, was of German-American descent. He was one of five children, with a younger sister and three older brothers. Roy is eight years older and always took care of Walt, just as he still does today. Nobody in the family besides Walt was artistic. Walt drew from the time he was a little boy. When the family moved from the Missouri farm where Walt spent his early days to Kansas City, Walt got free haircuts by drawing cartoons for the barber.

He hated school. It is ironic but also rather wonderful that although he never was graduated from high school he holds honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, the University of Southern California and Purdue. But he loved to work. He had a paper route. He was a magazine and candy "butcher" on the train from Kansas City to Chicago. He did comedy routines and movie-star imitations on amateur nights at movie theaters, and won a dollar occasionally. When the family moved back to Chicago he took two jobs, one on the Chicago elevated and another in the post office.

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He used to carry both uniform caps in his pockets.

The only art training Walt ever had was a night course in cartooning at the Chicago Art Institute. At sixteen he enlisted in the Red Cross and was sent to France to drive an ambulance. He covered it with original Disney cartoons. They attracted a lot of attention, so when he returned to Kansas City he went into cartooning, first as a free-lance artist, later drawing animated-cartoon ads for movie theaters. At twenty he had his own movie company, producing cartoon shorts. At twenty-one he went into bankruptcy. Then he went from door to door taking baby pictures with short ends of film, to earn money to get to Hollywood. He landed there in August, 1923, a few months before he was twenty-two.

The first time Walt ever saw one of his cartoon shorts in a theater was two years later, just before we were married. My sister and I were visiting a friend that night, so Walt decided to go to the movies. A cartoon short by a competitor was advertised outside, but suddenly, as he sat in the darkened theater, his own picture came on. Walt was so excited he rushed down to the manager's office. The manager, misunderstanding, began to apologize for not showing the advertised film. Walt hurried over to my sister's house to break his exciting news, but we weren't home yet. Then he tried to find Roy, but he was out too. Finally he went home alone. Every time we pass a theater where one of his films is advertised on the marquee I can't help but think of that night.

DESPITE all the honors he has won and the fact he is an international figure, Walt is genuinely self-effacing. He likes to wander around almost anywhere, the Farmer's Market in Hollywood or the Third Avenue junk shops in New York, without being recognized. He has no use for people who throw their weight around as celebrities, or for those who fawn over you just because you are famous.

When our girls were little he made a point of not having Mickey Mouse toys around the house. The only ones they acquired were gifts from people outside the family. It wasn't until Diane, the older, was big enough to go to school that she found out who Walt was. One night when he came home from work she flung herself on him and asked:

"Daddy, are you the Walt Disney?"

It is this same attitude of Walt's that has kept the Disney's' private life private and our girls nice, normal youngsters. I'll never forget the Christmas *Snow White* came out. Despite my dire predictions, it was so successful we felt flush about buying presents for the kids. And the studio carpenters had spent days building a replica of the dwarfs' house for them. For about five minutes the girls were thrilled to death with everything. Then they started playing train with the boxes the things had come in.

Neither Diane nor Sharon has any desire for a movie career, although Diane has inherited her father's facility with ideas and loves to write. Both girls want to get married and have children of their own, which I'm vain enough to take as a compliment to Father and Mother.

And here I want to pay a tribute to Walt. Although he is one of the busiest men in Hollywood, he has never neglected his family for business. When the girls were young he would take as much time over a childish problem as he would over a studio crisis. I don't think he has ever missed a swimming meet in which



one of them took part, or a father-and-daughter dinner. He was simply beside himself with pride when Diane made her debut with a group of other girls and the fathers presented the girls. And I am flattered to say that, after twenty-seven years, he seems to want me around as much as when we were first married. He is actually hurt if I don't go along with him on a business trip. And he spends as much time and thought on a present as though he were still courting me.

Some years ago I had been hounding him about a disreputable old hat he insisted on wearing. Walt has excellent taste in clothes, but he won't take care of them. He ruins every suit he owns by coming through the kitchen when he gets home at night and filling his pockets with bologna and hot dogs for our nine-year-old French poodle, Dec-Dee. What he does with his hats I don't know, but something equally gruesome.

Finally the disreputable hat vanished. I didn't ask where—I was too pleased. But it turned up again on my birthday. Walt had had it copper-plated—the process they use on baby shoes to preserve them—and then filled it with brown orchids. It hangs in our projection room, and I feel very sentimental about it.

WALT has, despite his caprices and spurts of childishness, a sense of dignity about his accomplishments. And why not? He has been compared to Leonardo da Vinci as an artist and to La Fontaine, the great writer of fables. One of the originals from *Snow White* hangs in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* devotes a chapter to Mickey Mouse. These things aren't accidents, any more than Walt Disney's success is accidental.

He works hard. He has high standards of taste, and he will never compromise. But applause goes in one ear and out the other. Past triumphs bore him; he is always too busy with future schemes. Right now he is planning a Disney television show, on which he will be his own master of ceremonies. He is working on a Disneyland amusement park to be

built somewhere near Hollywood, with rides and displays and even live animals. And he is tossing around in his mind half a dozen ideas for feature-length cartoon pictures. These, of course, are always the greatest gambles, for each one takes years to make and involves millions of dollars.

Take *Peter Pan*, his current feature now showing throughout the country. Walt has been talking about *Peter Pan* for years. It wasn't until he got the idea of making Tinkerbell into a real, live, tiny sprite (looking a bit like Zsa Zsa Gabor) that I got excited. Even then it was over two years in the making, with constant revisions, revisions, revisions. Sometimes I get tired of pictures long before they come out. I've come to like *Peter Pan* better and better. It is not only a delightful story for children, it has subtle flashes of keen wit and surprises to enchant grownups.

I HAVE a hunch that the reason Walt fails so rarely is that he isn't afraid to take chances. If the worst possible should happen Walt could start all over again making pictures in a garage. I'm sure he wouldn't waste time complaining. He might even get a kick out of it.

When Walt was building the miniature train he had everybody dizzy. He worked from the plans of a real old-time locomotive and brought everything down to exactly  $\frac{1}{8}$  the size of the original. Being Walt, he had to have everything perfect too, from the tiny pins in the hardware to the whistle on the engine.

One day at the studio he picked up the telephone and called the prop office, which had helped him track down many crazy things in the past.

"Boys," said Walt, "I want you to find me a few human beings, one-eighth scale, to ride the train. I need passengers to make it look right."

The prop department replied wearily. "Okay, Walt, we'll try."

A long minute of double-take later they realized the boss was kidding. And, I might add, I sympathize. For, much as I love and admire my husband, I've been mighty confused at times myself.

THE END

## I ALMOST WRECKED MY SON'S MARRIAGE

Continued from page 45

to come up for lunch. I brought his food down. He bolted his lunch and kept riding around until sundown.

When he came upstairs Peter was so utterly exhausted that he fell asleep. When he woke he vomited repeatedly, then dozed off again. He slept all through that night, all through the next day and the next night. The following morning I called the doctor, and we rushed Peter to the hospital. Spinal meningitis, they told me. I was too young and too inexperienced to know what that meant.

It did not take me long to understand. When I did my hair turned snow-white. There was one agonizing moment when Peter died—yes, died—under an anesthetic during his first spinal puncture. His heart stopped beating. He stopped breathing. The Pulmotor and the hands of two miracle-working doctors brought him back to life. But the terror of that moment has never left me.

Peter was an invalid for seven years, his thin, tiny body weighed down by heavy braces. I engaged a Swedish masseur to come every day and massage him for three or four hours at a

time. When he got well enough to travel he spent part of the year with his father's mother in Cairo, Illinois, and part with my mother in San Francisco.

While his grandparents were looking after Peter I broke into vaudeville, playing all the little theaters on what show business calls the Kerosene Circuit, probably because of the kerosene-fueled footlights. This was my apprenticeship before trying the big-time Keith and Orpheum circuits. No matter how tired or busy I was, I would write Peter a long letter every day. Once a month I would send a signed blank check for his grandparents to fill out for his care.

As he grew stronger Peter would join me for a little while. And at the end of the visit I would put my little boy, tagged with his destination, on the train in care of a kindly conductor. His small, emaciated face would be pushed up against the window, and his nose would be flattened until the train pulled him out of my sight. When he left I could never be sure I would see him again, for I had been warned that his illness might flare up again.

When the doctors said it was safe I entered Peter in the Irish Christian Brothers School in Westchester. He was thirteen, and he remained in the school until he was sixteen. Peter, for all his brains and ability, was not

(Continued on page 112)



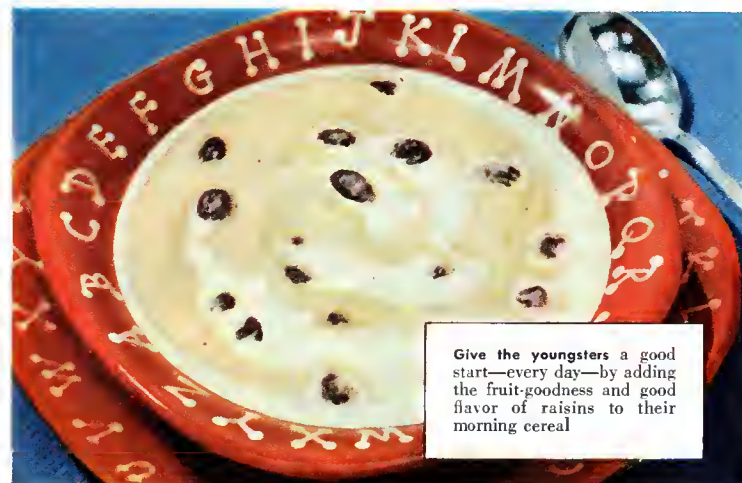
Let tomorrow morning start bright—and right—with the rich aroma, the golden brown 'n' buttery goodness of raisin bread toast

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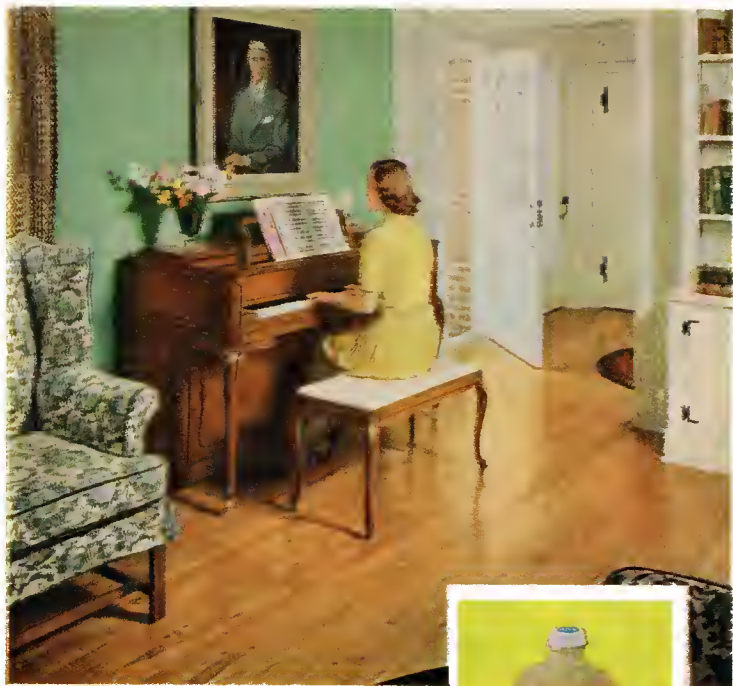


Give the youngsters a good start—every day—by adding the fruit-goodness and good flavor of raisins to their morning cereal



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## YOU CAN PAINT IT YOURSELF

**T**HE secret of success in painting walls and woodwork is proper preparation of the surface. If you get the surface right to start with, paint will stick like glue. If you skimp on this step, no matter what kind of paint you use or how carefully you apply it, you'll have chipping and flaking. Sanding, scraping, dusting and, often, washing are absolute musts. Fresh plaster spots should be covered with undercoater before the entire wall is painted.

Wood needs special preparation for painting. Any knots in the wood must be sealed over with shellac or special knot sealer. Stained woodwork should be covered with shellac, aluminum paint or special stain sealer, otherwise the color will bleed through.

Before you start, remove all hardware, Venetian blinds and shades, light fixtures and so forth. It's hard to paint around them.

Cover any furniture that must be left in the room, and spread the floors with newspapers or drop cloths.

Choose brushes carefully. The best sizes are a 4- to 5-inch brush or a 7-inch roller for walls or ceiling; 2- to 2½-inch brush for woodwork; a 1-inch oval brush for windows. Cheap brushes are a poor economy.



**Smooth the surface.** Scrape off flaking or loose paint and sand the entire surface thoroughly, using No. ½ sandpaper. If the old finish is very rough or scarred, brush on a coat of paste-type paint remover and scrape off softened finish down to wood or plaster. Then neutralize surface with benzine or turpentine and sand smooth. Wash woodwork with detergent. All grease, wax and dirt must be removed before paint is applied, and glossy surfaces should be dulled by sanding or using a prepared solvent. Rinse thoroughly with clear water. Wallpaper should be stripped off if you want a really good paint job



**Fill cracks and holes** in plaster and wood. Use spackle for small cracks in plaster; patching plaster for big ones. Scrape cracks and holes clean, undercutting edges as much as possible. Wet plaster thoroughly around the hole before applying patching plaster. For

holes and cracks in wood, use spackle or special crack filler. If old paint has chipped badly and you can't sand down edges so the scars won't show through new paint, apply a thin coat of spackle, let it dry and then sand it down to a smooth surface using fine sandpaper





Start painting on the ceiling, beginning with a narrow brush line around the edge. Then, using a roller, begin in a corner and work in strips across the narrower dimension. Don't let edges of paint get dry or lap marks will show. Run your roller up and down, then crosswise. You can use a roller on walls too, but it does make a slightly pebbled finish, cannot be used successfully around woodwork



Don't overload your brush with paint and then scrape it across top edge of the can. Dip bristles in the paint from a quarter to a third of their length, then tap off excess paint on inside of can. Brush won't drip much and paint will go on smoothly giving good coverage without leaving little riverlike marks



Apply paint on walls with a semicircular stroke of your brush. Start in a corner and work down the wall, then do another strip beside it. Don't let edge of painted strip dry before starting the next one. After applying several brushloads in this fashion, brush lightly up and down across the grain to level the surface, cover imperfections



Paint to within 6 inches of window or door frames with the semicircular strokes. Then, with vertical strokes, paint to within 1 inch of the frame. Then cut into the angle by turning your brush sideways and finishing with long steady strokes. This method works very easily even when you use a big brush

Continued on Page 111

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all tissues “water-woven.” Ask for it “next time.”



Cleansing tissue soft... yet toilet tissue firm — because it's double !



## YOU CAN PAINT IT YOURSELF

Continued from page 109



On paneled doors paint panels first, then horizontal rails, then vertical stiles. Except on rails, brush strokes run up and down



Use an oval brush to paint window mullions. An easy way to keep from slopping paint on the glass is to fill the panes with shirt card-boards. However, if you hold the brush at a sharp angle to the mullions you can do a neat job without this. A thin line of paint on edge of glass seals cracks. Paint mullions of window before frame

### DIFFERENT TYPES OF INTERIOR PAINT

What you can expect from them

**Water paint.** (Casein or resin emulsion.) Easiest to handle. One coat covers. Inexpensive. Flat. Best used on walls, not on woodwork. Doesn't stand up under washing (resin emulsion is better than casein) or abrasion and therefore should not be used on kitchen or bathroom walls. Difficult to paint over with oil. Tends to chip if several coats are built up.

**Flat oil paint.** Complete choice of colors. Wears well for a long time. More washable than water paints, but not as washable as gloss oil paint. One-coat flats available. Odor of solvent disappears. Slow drying.

**Gloss oil paint.** Complete color choice. Gloss and semigloss available. Excellent for woodwork, walls and doors that need frequent washing. Slow drying. Odor disappears. Easy to apply.

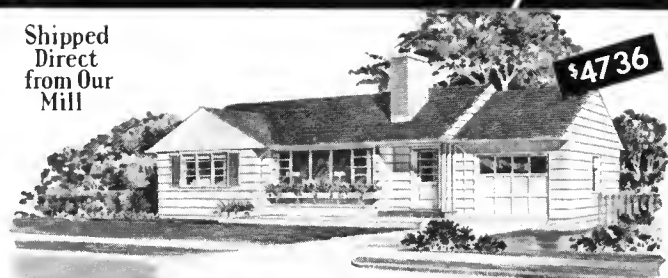
**Enamel.** Available in gloss, semigloss, eggshell. Sheen is brighter than gloss oil. Ideal for kitchens, bathrooms, laundries where wear is hard, grease prevalent, frequent hard washing necessary. Must be applied with minimum brushwork. Slightly more brittle than other paints.

**Latex-base paint.** Satin finish. Less sheen than enamel. Can be applied to plaster, wallboard or wood. Goes on easily with brush or roller. Minimum odor. Fast drying and washable after one month. Use two coats to cover dark color, one coat to cover light color.

**Alkyd resin enamel.** Flat, semigloss and gloss. Has richness of oil paint. Whites are non-yellowing. Fast drying, tough, washable. When used on new plaster, especially plaster patches, priming is necessary.

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(Continued from page 107)

much of a student. Instead of studying he taught the other boys to sing and dance. Finally one of the brothers, a little man who looked like Barry Fitzgerald, suggested that I take Peter into the theater with me, where he could make himself and other people happy. In 1932, when he was sixteen years old, Peter became my partner, much against the advice of my agents, who felt that it would date me to be known as the mother of a big boy.

THOSE seven years of illness created in me an anxiety that far surpasses the normal anxiety that any mother of an only child has. I know that. Today Peter is a strong, healthy man, who shoots golf in the lower 70s and swims like an expert. Professionally he is a highly successful man, who has not even touched the hem of his talents.

My head knows all this, but my heart remembers only that fragile little invalid. So a part of me scrambles around trying to find a security for Peter that will withstand all time and circumstance, and distrusts the fact that Peter has proved he is perfectly able to take care of himself, his family and even me. Today he no longer needs me. I need him.

In 1932, however, Peter depended wholly on me. I rehearsed him in the only way I knew—hollering at him, putting him through his paces over and over and over again until he was as perfect as I could make him. Our opening at the Bushwick Theater in Brooklyn was prophetic.

Peter wrote our act. I was a radio singer who wanted to return to live audiences, and I held an argument over the merits of radio with a grotesque mechanical man. Old Devil Mike, who was the spirit of radio. Peter, concealed behind Mike, manipulated the eyes and ears and supplied the voice. He did imitations of Rudy Vallee, the Street Singer, Kate Smith and other radio greats of that day.

Whether because of nervousness or because I had been screaming at Peter during rehearsals, I completely lost my voice. The music gave me my cue three times, but not a sound came out of me. The fourth time Peter sized up what was happening to me, and he went through my entire act and his own. I did the mugging, and he supplied the sound. Peter is a wonderful mimic, and he did a perfect imitation of my voice.

As I said, our opening that day was prophetic. Peter was to become the star, and I was to cease being one. The following week we opened at the Palace Theater in New York, the greatest vaudeville theater in the country. We were booked as "Grace Hayes and Joseph Lind, with Old Devil Mike." Peter was so sensational that the whole theater stood up and cheered him. What it had taken me twenty years to accomplish Peter achieved in a single performance. I tried to make a curtain speech, but they would not let me. Peter took me by the hand and led me to the footlights.

"A little courtesy for the lady, please," he said.

When the house quieted down I said, "My management told me not to introduce this boy, but I am going to anyway. He happens to be my son, and this is the greatest thrill of my life."

We went on from city to city on the Keith-Albee Circuit, and every theater was a triumph for Peter. Everybody spoke of him as "that Hayes kid," so he changed his name to Lind Hayes. Later, because his name sounded too much like Linda Hayes,

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the name of a talented young actress, he became Peter Lind Hayes. In 1935, after three solid years in vaudeville, we drove out to the West Coast.

I was convinced that Peter was ready for pictures. He was resourceful, talented, good-looking, original and intelligent. Suddenly everything I had done began to make sense. The rigorous training, the years of troup-ing all over America, the house I had purchased six years previously in Los Angeles—all pointed toward Hollywood as the logical place for Peter.

We moved into our house on top of Lookout Mountain. It was a magnificent place, a mansion really, with fourteen enormous rooms and one of the most striking views in Hollywood. There was only one thing wrong with our setup. We were penniless.

I had expected Hollywood to fall flat on its face at the bundle of talent that was Peter Lind Hayes. But nothing like that happened. Why? I don't know. Maybe they had not read the rave notices in *Variety* as we appeared in city after city. Maybe they didn't believe that Peter was a star in his own right, without the support of his mother.

Month after month Peter hung around the studios looking for work. All he could find was a \$6-a-day stand-in job or an occasional bit in a grade-B picture. Once I found him in a closet, crying, because he did not want me to see how his heart was breaking. I was sick over his unhappiness and angry because so much talent was going to waste.

IN A desperate move to find a show-case for Peter I decided to open a night club in Hollywood. Hugh Herbert, a dear friend of ours, told us about a log cabin on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley. To put the place in shape would take about \$10,000. We had \$60. We pawned practically everything in our possession—the hilltop house, the car, all our insurance. Friends loaned us money and trimmings for our place.

Peter and I did the repairs ourselves. We gutted the place, painted it and completely redecorated it. It was simple and charming, with a friendly, provincial air about it. There were shiny copper pots on the walls, and lots of fresh, white paint, so much of it, in fact, that it got in Peter's hair and people thought he had become prematurely gray. The night before we opened I wired a relative and borrowed \$500 to pay for our liquor license. We were so broke that when our first guest gave us a \$20 bill we had to go next door for change. Our cash register didn't have a dime in it!

Nevertheless our success was the kind you see in movie romances about show business. Peter was absolutely brilliant. The Grace Hayes Lodge was an overnight sensation, and stayed that way. In nine weeks we had paid off all our debts. We were jam-packed every night. We opened at 9:00 p.m., and by 10:15 we had to rope off the drive-in. The little place held only 122 people. Later we enlarged it to seat 350, and there was never a vacant chair. *Variety* said about it: "Best fun in town; haunt of the Profesh."

And the "Profesh" made our success possible. Entertainers like the Marx Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, Bing Crosby, Martha Raye, Joe Frisco, Jack Benny were with us all the time and gave us generously and voluntarily of their talent. Peter was master of ceremonies. He sang, talked, danced, did character studies and impressions in and out of costume. I went around from table to table with a traveling microphone, so that our celebrated guests could get into the act with us.



And they did. It was million-dollar entertainment.

More important than the financial success was the fact that the public was responding to Peter as I had hoped and dreamed it would. The movie offers began to move. Paramount gave Peter a small part in *Campus Wives*. Everybody in town was talking about him. In the next few years he took part in fifteen pictures.

Our life together at this time was closer than it had ever been. We were with each other virtually every hour of the day. There was an enormous room behind the restaurant—50 by 100 feet I believe it was—entirely paneled in pine. It had twenty-four windows that let in the sunlight. I had a room partitioned off for myself at one end, and Peter had one at the other end.

The restaurant was sort of a clubhouse for Peter and his many friends during the day. Young people like Mary McCarty, Jerry Lester, Dick Haymes and lots of others used to make recordings on our recording machine or practice their dance routines on our large floor. Peter had many girl friends. For a while he was sweet on Judy Garland. He dated Frances Robinson, Rita Lupino, Susan Hayward, Joan Crawford's ex-sister-in-law Cassia Le Sueur and others.

MARY HEALY came into Peter's life so quietly I was not aware of her importance to him. Mary came to Hollywood from New Orleans, where she had won a beauty contest. Even in a city of beauties she was outstanding, with her enormous dark eyes and graceful figure. She sang a little, danced a little and acted a little, as one of the starlets of Twentieth Century-Fox.

I knew Peter was seeing Mary Healy, but I did not know it was serious. To me she was just another girl, and I don't even remember my first meeting with her. I was too busy, I guess, keeping an eye on the show, the restaurant, the kitchen, the waiters, the cash registers. Peter had always been very frank about his friendships with girls, and he really held nothing back from me. But he did little talking about Mary.

He has told me lots about his courtship since then. Mary's beauty was admired by many wealthy and important men. Peter's strategy was to play hard to get. Instead of flattering her he would tell her she couldn't dance. For a while she would not speak to him.

They had a chance to become better acquainted through a vaudeville tour sponsored by Jimmy Fidler. Jimmy took a group of young stars from the leading motion picture studios on a nationwide tour, and Peter and Mary were among them. Peter did imitations of Charles Boyer, the Barrymores, Basil Rathbone, Noel Coward and others. The *New York Herald-Tribune* said of him: "By far the best of the lot is Hayes. He has complete mastery over an audience."

My harsh disciplining of Peter really won him Mary, as it turned out. In that company of amateurs Peter was the only one with real professional training. On the train to Pittsburgh, in spite of herself, Mary began to respect him and then to love him.

Ten months after their first meeting, when Mary was back in Hollywood and he was on the road, Peter proposed to her by long-distance telephone. He talked so long and so exuberantly that she thought he had broken his lifelong record of never taking a drink. He agreed he would call her the following week, and he did, from Philadelphia. This time she

accepted him. But of all this I knew not a word at that time.

Between them they agreed on how to break the news to me. Peter would telephone me long distance and tell me that he and Mary had decided to get married. Then Mary would come over in person and fill in the details. Unfortunately it did not work out that way. The circuits to Hollywood were busy, and Peter's call did not come through as scheduled. Mary, of course, assumed that I had heard from Peter.

To make the tragedy of errors complete, it was a frantic night at the Lodge. The piano player was late. A couple of waiters had gotten into an argument. I was beginning to feel the absence of Peter's helping hand. I was almost dizzy running from the kitchen to the dining room, from the dining room to the bar, from the bar to the mike.

When I sat down to catch my breath Mary Healy joined me. Without warning or preamble of any kind Mary said, "Of course you know Peter and I are going to be married?"

It was like suddenly being struck a tremendous blow on the head. From way off I could hear her words again and again in my mind. Then, still far off, I could hear my own voice saying, "No, I didn't know."

"You won't have to do a thing," Mary said. "Everything has been arranged."

Long afterward it occurred to me that perhaps Mary and Peter were trying to spare me work and responsibility. At that awful moment, however, I felt unneeded and unwanted. That strange voice that was mine answered Mary, "That's nice. You don't need my help then."

THIS is a painful, confused part of my life to recall. I don't remember the details of it too well. I wish I could forget it completely, or better still I wish I could will that it never existed. While Mary prattled on eagerly about the wedding invitations that had been engraved, the white gown that she had ordered and the reception that her friends were staging at a palatial Hollywood estate, I felt as I did on the dreadful day I had learned about my baby's desperate illness. In a way this was worse. This was not fate that crushed me. This was something Peter himself had helped to plan. I had thought my son did not have any life that I didn't know about. But this, apparently, was something that everybody knew—except me.

Even while Mary was telling me the news I had to rush off into the kitchen to see whether the steaks were on the fire, backstage to see how the show was going, and out front to greet my customers with hearty laughter, a joke and inquiry about their families. Everything depended on me—the lights, the food, the serving staff, the happiness of my guests—everything, I felt bitterly, except my son and his wedding.

When I returned to my table Mary was waiting to tell me more about the wedding plans. Innocently she said, "We hope you will be there."

That did it! That was the final thrust that put an end to my sanity. I stormed. I raged. I don't know what I said to her or how she took it, whether she stayed or not.

Then, at last, Peter's telephone call came through. When he saw how things stood he flew right back to Hollywood.

I tried to talk calmly to Peter. He was too young, I said, forgetting that I had been only fifteen when I ran away from home to get married. They should have taken me into their plans, I said, forgetting that I had kept my

(Continued on page 114)

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(Continued from page 113)

marriage a secret from my mother for two weeks. It wasn't that I objected to Mary Healy. I disapproved of Peter's marrying anyone at that time. I guess. He was so tied up with my life and my work that I did not see how I could go on without him. Peter, of course, felt I could. Besides, he did not want to wait.

"If I lose Mary," he said. "I don't want anybody else, not ever. Don't ask us to change our plans."

"Carry on your plans without me, then," I shouted. "I won't be anywhere around."

I made my decision in violence, and my foolish pride would not let me retract. Mad though I was, I realized how scandalous it would be for Peter's mother not to be present at his wedding. Everybody in Hollywood would talk about it. So I said, "If you don't want this to be a horrible thing in the papers, call Mary and marry her right now. Go off someplace and get married."

I telephoned a jeweler and had him send a wedding ring over. And then I made them leave. They were married in Yuma on a rainy day, December 17, 1940. Three days later they had a second ceremony in church, with Arline Judge and Irving Foy standing up for them. I did not attend either service. Thus I deprived Mary—lovely, good, sweet Mary—of the kind of wedding that every girl dreams about. I deprived my son. Worst of all, I gave myself a memory I can never erase.

PETER and Mary returned to the Lodge after a ten-day honeymoon. I acted as though they were not there. Every night I looked past their table, went about my duties with almost insane energy. In between my various jobs I would rush to my room behind the restaurant, fling myself on the bed and cry until my head ached and my face was swollen. My friend Connie Lupino, Ida Lupino's mother, told me the things I did not dare tell myself.

"You are a selfish, domineering, possessive woman," she said. "What right do you have to interfere with the happiness of two fine, young, devoted people? You don't own them. You're lucky to have a girl like Mary for a daughter. If you weren't so miserably self-centered you'd realize that you are wrecking their marriage."

That night at the Lodge I permitted myself to look across to the table where Peter and Mary sat. The expression on Peter's face was cold, almost hostile. Mary stared off into space. When they did speak I could sense, without hearing, the unfriendliness of their words. It was obvious that they were quarreling and that they had been quarreling for some time. The food on their plates was untouched.

When I went back into my room Peter followed me and seized my wrist. "I want to talk to my mother," he said.

I waited. "You were right," he went on. "My marriage was a mistake. I can't get along without you, much as I love Mary. There will never be another woman for me but Mary. But you are too much a part of my whole life. I've explained it to Mary. She understands. We are going to have our marriage annulled."

All at once I saw the awful mischief I was doing to the one human being I loved more than anything in the world. For a moment it shocked me speechless. Then my reason snapped back into place.

"You darned idiot," I said to him, as well as to myself, "who do you

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think you are, anyway? You should thank heaven that Mary loves you. She could have her pick of all the men in Hollywood, but you're the one she loves. Now you go bring her in here. I want to talk to her, if she'll let me."

When she came I asked her to forgive the great wrong I had done her—and I have been asking her ever since. I told her I was a distracted, bitter old woman who had lost the sight of romance. Mary said nothing. She just sat with her little head bowed down. I guess she had never come up against a woman like me.

A little while later, to my great happiness, both of them came back to work at the Lodge. Peter developed Mary's talent, wrote for her, produced for her, directed her every move. He hammered her into shape as I had done with him, but he was gentle and patient where I had been harsh and intolerant. He taught her all I had taught him about timing and enunciation. She has a beautiful voice, great beauty and intelligence. Today she is a star in every sense of the word.

At first Peter and Mary had their individual careers, but now they are never apart, either personally or professionally. They have the kind of life you don't find very often. They worship their two children, a little boy and a baby girl. When they are not playing with the children they are working, trying out new material, rehearsing it on the little stage they have built at one end of their living room, recording their voices on a wonderful wire recorder. They have a comfortable, informal house in Westchester County, New York.

I have a small apartment in Manhattan, with a terrace overlooking the East River, where Peter and Mary can relax between rehearsals. Peter insists on sending me a check every month. Few sons have been as generous with their time and money as Peter has been to me, and few daughters-in-law would encourage them to be.

I DON'T know what words to use when I talk about Mary and myself. She is so ethereal, so relaxed, with never a distortion on her lovely face. She is as kind and good as an angel.

I told Mary, on that night I sent for her after the wedding, "I made a great mistake, and I am very, very sorry. I'll try to be a different kind of woman." But I'm afraid I am still the person I was. I still have my temperamental nature and my impatient ways. I wish I didn't have, but the old habits cling.

There are a few things I have learned, however. I know now that you can't buy your child's life with sacrifices. If you give up your life to your children it is inevitable that you will demand their lives in return. You will be utterly dependent upon them for your happiness. I broke away from my parents, Peter broke away from me. His children will break away from him in a way that is natural and healthy.

My weaning is not yet complete. I have not yet grown used to the thought that Peter is independent. I know that my home is not with him, but I am not yet convinced that his home is not with me. I still have to find happiness by myself, and I am convinced that I shall find it only in work. But what kind of work and where, I do not know.

And the money I may make—I'd like to put it all away for Peter and Mary and their children, just in case. My mind knows there is no logic in that—but my heart, as I said, remembers always that pale, thin face flattened against the window of a moving train.

THE END





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## FOREVER YOURS

Continued from page 28

"It better be. You're my two favorite people, hon."

Like that man long, long ago—something about day by day in every way. Keep saying it is going to be all right, and maybe it will be.

Mel was taking Fridays off, and he would leave Utica at five every Thursday night and get to the cottage at about six-thirty. On Mondays he would leave at seven in the morning. By mutual agreement he brought no one up with him. Because this was a summer for mending a marriage.

WHEN it was dark and she couldn't see his face, it was easier to talk. The nights when they sat on the small screened porch overlooking the lake were the best nights. Then she could keep her voice calm. "I don't want to be Victorian about it, darling. Mostly it's a feeling of something very special having been lost. I'm not just trying to hurt you when I say that. There's pride involved. I mean, as a woman I want to be enough for my husband. I don't want him snuffling around for something he thinks I can't provide."

"Snuffling," he said mildly. "Quite a choice of words. I went off the beam, Carol. We start with that. But it wasn't a case of looking for something. I've explained all that. We were afraid of what a jury might do to our case if she got to the stand. I went over to Syracuse to sound her out on an out-of-court settlement. You see, I started out with the idea of being as charming as possible. It meant money for our client if I could sell her the idea. It was just one of those fatal coincidences that the ice storm hit just as I got to her house. Only a fool would have tried to drive back down that hill into Syracuse. This isn't an excuse, either, but being isolated like that—no traffic moving, the wires going down and candlelight—without electricity her furnace wouldn't work, and I built a big fireplace fire—"

"I don't want to hear any more," she said harshly.

"I just want to say that even though I've never thought of myself as exactly a tower of strength, Carol, I never thought I'd get into... a deal like that. You see, you always have been enough."

"But it wasn't only that, Mel. You know that."

She heard his tired sigh in the darkness. "That's the worst part, the part I want you to find the strength to forgive—that I let it go on. The damage had been done. I guess that's the way I rationalized it. That's why I kept going back, telling Helverson that I was getting closer and closer to talking her into a settlement. Then Grace saw us in a bar in Syracuse when I was supposed to be in Albany... It all sounds so—so trite."

She spoke eagerly. "That's just it. Trite. Small. Nasty. The sort of thing that happens to other people, not to us. We've been married nearly nine years, Mel. I used to hear gossip about other couples, and it would always give me a little selfish, warm feeling. I knew our marriage was good and we'd never get—into a mess. What would have happened if Grace hadn't seen you?"

"That's where the timing was really bad, because by then I had begun to take stock and see what I was doing to myself and to you. The woman wasn't worth it. She'd begun to get on my nerves. It would have been the last time, in any case."

"And you wouldn't have mentioned it, would you?"

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"No," he said flatly.  
"Maybe that's the part I can't forgive so easily, darling. Because, you see, even before Grace came to me, panting with her news, I knew something was wrong with you. You'd gone away from me. You were on the other side of some strange wall. I thought it was business worries, or some troublesome case. I didn't want to pry. I thought you'd tell me in your own time."

He reached out in the darkness and found her hand. "The important thing is to get over it—somehow. Rebuild trust and confidence."

"And love."

"Love is still there. You know that. Carol. A thing like this smashes your pride, but it doesn't kill love."

"I hope you're right, darling."

"Do you see how helpless I am?"

What a stupid thing to say: "Dear, it won't happen again." I know it won't, but it sounds so asinine to try to say it."

After a while she said. "There are times every day when I forget it. I really do. Then something always brings it back. I get—pictures in my mind—of you and her. It's like a madness. I can't stop thinking then. I can't turn my mind away from it. I hate you then."

"We're getting somewhere, talking it out this way. We are, Carol."

"Or are we just stirring it with a stick?" she said, almost sullenly.

"I forget it too—usually while I'm working. Then I remember. And I feel so helpless, because the one thing you can't do is wipe out the past. I hope we're adults, Carol. We can live with the fact, and live in bitterness toward each other, or we can find each other again in the old way. In the good way."

"I'm trying, Mel," she had whispered. "I'm trying so desperately. But she's still trying to get in touch with you, isn't she?"

"Letters and phone calls. I tear up the letters unread, and hang up on the calls."

"She frightens me."

"Don't let her frighten you. She has no weapon to use. None at all."

During most of July, whenever they talked about it, they seemed to go back over the same ground, repeating the same thoughts yet using different words, different expressions each time.

When she was alone, Carol dealt with herself firmly. You have a good husband. He loves you. He is good with Donny. You've placed too much importance on physical faithfulness. The wish is the deed, hence every man is, in his own sense, an adulterer. If you keep punishing him, you'll lose him. And the fact of losing him would make this minor loss seem petty indeed.

They had happy times some weekends. Too happy, it seemed. Gaiety had a thin edge of hysteria, and once, in the midst of laughter, her tears came and he could not comfort her.

It was the first Tuesday in August that Carol walked to the store, phoned Jeana and asked her to go over to the house and get the blue cream pitcher from the sideboard. Mel could have brought it up just as well, she knew, but she didn't want to explain to him why she wanted it. It had been part of a set given to her great-grandmother on her wedding day. Only the small pitcher was left.

Carol knew that her reasoning was more emotional than logical, but the rented cottage was bare of any possession which could give her a sense of family, a feeling of continuity. And somehow she wanted to have something physical near her to make her



think of the line of family, of the other marriages that had survived, though they must certainly have been rocked by similar crises.

Jeana brought the pitcher and, mercifully, asked no questions. Carol unwrapped it and set it on the mantel over the fireplace, stood back to look at it. And then, unbidden, the thought came: *That woman had a fireplace.* But somehow the idea was not quite as shattering as it once might have been.

Donny had passed the swimming test and he was permitted to swim to the big float. She stood and watched him churn his way out, struggle up over the edge of the float, and then stand proudly and wave back at her. The way he stood, the way he carried himself were so much like Mel.

On the way back to the lake Jeana asked the usual question. Carol said quietly, "I think things are better, Jeana."

"That's better than the big brave smile I usually get, hon."

"Was I that transparent?"

"You were being the brave little woman. It didn't fit."

Carol smiled. "Jeana, I'm taking advantage of you, but can I ask you to do me a big favor?"

"I'm just a beast of burden. Good old Jeana. What is it, kid?"

"Mel's birthday is a week from Friday. August sixteenth. I don't want to go into town yet, but I do want to give him something special."

There was mail. A letter from her aunt in Cleveland. A letter for Mr. Melvin Dennis. A squarish envelope. A birthday card, she thought, taking it out of the box. As she walked out of the post office, she saw the Syracuse date stamp. She stopped in the doorway, her mouth suddenly dry. A woman humped into her and mumbled an apology. Carol moved slowly out into the sunshine. The handwriting was rounded, feminine. It tilted backward. She could detect in that writing a sensuality and a fearful determination.

She had never seen that woman's handwriting, yet she knew at once that it was from her. A birthday card sent, with sublime insolence, to the lake where that poor little wife of Mel's would be certain to see it and take note.

As she walked back toward the cottage, sick at heart, it seemed a vast betrayal that Mel should have told her his birthday. It was another evidence of treachery. There was no return address. The envelope was a pale gray-blue. The address was written in green ink.

Back at the house she went straight to the mantel and took a perverse satisfaction in placing the card on top of her gift to him, weighing them both down with the little blue pitcher. She paced through the small cottage restlessly. It had been such a desperate struggle and now, in an instant, she was back where she had been in March. She had to start all over

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- Does he sometimes make you cry?

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"And you want me to buy it."

"Would you? You could bring it out next Wednesday. I want to get this out of my own money. Arrange it at the travel bureau. They must have some kind of gift certificate. If they don't, they can write a letter. Presenting Mr. Mel Dennis with two round-trip air tickets to Bermuda."

Jeana whistled softly. "You're really going overboard, aren't you?"

"Maybe it's corny, but we honeymooned there. Have them fix it so we can take the trip whenever Mel can get away from the office."

Jeana reached over and patted Carol's knee. "Kid, I think things are going to be okay."

"On his birthday we'll both drive over to see Donny. Get something for Donny to give him too. Use your own judgment on that. A good pipe, maybe."

The day before Mel's birthday, Carol opened the envelope from the travel bureau half a dozen times. Finally she put it on the mantel, using the blue pitcher as a paperweight.

After she washed her lunch dishes, she walked the two miles into the village for the mail. Some of the sickness seemed to be leaving her. She felt trim and young and in love. It was something you could get over, if you were an adult.

again, and she doubted that she had the strength.

At a later time than usual, she began preparations for dinner. She worked with casual, unthinking efficiency, and she felt dead inside. It was easy to say that Mel could not help it if she sent him a card. But the card was physical and tangible. As tangible as and much more immediate than the blue pitcher.

She thought of steaming open the envelope and resealing it. It would be more satisfying, however, if she did not know in advance what tender little birthday sentiment was enclosed. Her gift to him now seemed silly, pointless, a gesture with no meaning. He could jolly well use the tickets and take that woman to Bermuda.

A LITTLE after six-thirty she heard Mel's car pull up behind the cottage, heard the slam of the car door, heard his whistle.

As he came into the kitchen, the screen flapping shut behind him, Carol knew she could not give him both envelopes at once. She ran to the mantel and, in her haste to grab the larger envelope and get it out of sight, the blue pitcher slipped, fell to the hearth and shattered. She stared down at the pieces and could not speak or cry out.

(Continued on page 118)

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(Continued from page 117)

Mel came to her and said, "Hi, darling. Break something? Say, that was the antique pitcher, wasn't it? Didn't know you had it up here. That's a shame."

He turned her, his hands on her shoulders. His eyes were warm. "How are you, honey?"

"Dandy," she said, barely moving her lips.

She saw the warmth fade from his eyes in a way that had become too familiar since March. He dropped his hands from her shoulders and started to turn away.

"This came for you," she said, holding out the gray-blue envelope.

He took it casually, pried it open, while her breath caught in her throat. The envelope contained a letter. He glanced at it, then handed it to her, saying, "Your department. I guess."

For a moment she could not read the message. Her eyes didn't seem to focus properly. "Dear Mr. Dennis: I have arranged to have the new porch furniture delivered to the cottage on Wednesday of next week. If it isn't convenient for you or Mrs. Dennis to be there that day, please leave the keys with—"

She had forgot completely that the owner of the cottage lived in Syracuse. She turned blindly toward the bedroom. From far away Mel's voice said, "Is something wrong?"

Carol went into the bedroom and shut the door. She lay across the bed, and the room slowly darkened as daylight faded.

Mel tapped on the door. "You all right?"

"I'm all right," she said. After that he left her alone. It was easy to say,

"I was mistaken. It wasn't from her, so everything is all right." But there was the more important truth that even such a little misunderstanding could destroy all the hard-won confidence, the new emotional security. She knew that she would have to face the fact that all rebuilding was being done on a tragically slender base. Perhaps in time security would become rooted more solidly. There was nothing else to hope for.

She turned on the lights, repaired her make-up and went out into the living room. Mel was standing at the mantel. He turned and gave her a surprisingly young grin and backed away from the mantel.

"Take a look, baby."

There on the mantel was the little blue cream pitcher, miraculously whole again. She stared at it, then looked over at the table, at the newspaper spread under the lamp, at the tube of glass cement.

"You fixed it!"

"Hey, don't go too close. If you stand right here and squinch your eyes a little, it looks just as good as new."

She stood beside him and found his hand and held it tightly. If you stood back, and if you squinched your eyes a little, you'd never know that it had been shattered, never know that it had been fragments spread at your feet.

Carol gave him the other envelope. "This came for you too, darling." As she hurried toward the kitchen she heard him tear open the envelope. She stood in the dark kitchen for a moment, her eyes brimming, waiting for his exclamation, waiting for him to come to her.

THE END

## FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS ONLY

Continued from page 37

"Silly," Shirley said. "That has nothing to do with Mother. . . Mother never makes anyone do anything. She just makes them want to do it. And when we were good she was enchanted with us. That made us feel enchanting—"

"You are enchanting."

Shirley looked at him, loving him. "I can remember feeling that I would surely burst. Feeling that my body could not hold my love and joy."

"And when you were boring and banished, did you feel as if your body could not hold your pain?"

"Yes," Shirley said, remembering.

Bob's foot pressed down hard on the accelerator and the car shot ahead. After a while he let up on the speed and took one hand off the wheel and covered hers. "Poor little Shirley," he said.

"Oh, but I had a wonderful childhood, a wonderfully happy time. When I was ready to be good, I would come flying back into the room and fling myself on her and cry, 'I love you.' And she would look at me with an adorable comic look, and take me by the hand. 'Let's go see how much Shirley loves me,' she would say, and we'd go and inspect the bed that hadn't been made or the toys that I wouldn't pick up or the clothes that were muddled. And I would dash at the bed or the toys or the clothes and in a few minutes the job would be done, and then Mother would say, 'Why, look how much Shirley loves me!'"

"When you were older," Bob asked, "were you ever—boring?"

"Oh, I had some silly ideas about clothes and make-up and how late I should stay out. And there was a se-

cret club in high school that I wanted to belong to. But Mother was always right, of course."

"Supposing she hadn't been?"

Shirley laughed. "Wait until you meet her. The women we had wash and iron or sew for us, or the men who worked in the garden would do anything for Mother. They never complained about the work or the hours or the conditions. 'We won't talk about it,' Mother would say. 'I like having you work for me and I hope you like working here, but if you don't like it, you must go, of course.' Nobody ever left of his own account, because Mother was such a charming person to work for, and Father did pay good wages."

Bob threw back his head and shouted with laughter. Shirley laughed too, but with a quizzical expression, as if she were surprised that she had been so funny.

"Tradespeople never talked price to her," she protested.

"It seemed kind of vulgar," Bob said.

"Yes. They always did more than they said they would, too. Everybody used to marvel how much work Mother could get done."

"It was worth it, just to be allowed to work for her," Bob said.

"That's what they said," Shirley said humbly. "Mother is very tender-hearted. She can't stand being in a sick room or going to a funeral, but she does lots of good in her own way. She won't allow people to talk about their troubles. She makes them change the subject and be amusing, and afterward they say that they forgot their problems for a little while."

"But they still had them—the problems," Bob said.

"Of course." A small frown pulled at Shirley's forehead.

Bob smiled at her. "Don't worry, honey. There are some people so

(Continued on page 120)





JACQUES LOWE

if your child is

## HARD OF HEARING

by Dr. David I. Frank

### 1 My 7-year-old has recently become deaf. Is there any hope of recovery?

About 90% of impaired hearing in children can be remedied. Early detection and immediate treatment are important; delay can cause permanent impairment. Unless a serious illness or head injury caused your child's loss of hearing, chances for improvement of hearing are good.

### 2 What are the usual causes of impaired hearing?

In the outer ear: wax, foreign bodies, growths or chronic infections — all correctible. In the middle ear, where most remedial causes occur: an abscess or a swelling from an infection. Allergies also cause swelling. Diseased tonsils and adenoids, sinus infections, nose obstruction may be other removable causes. Inner-ear damage is usually most serious, may have been caused by head injuries, drugs or infectious illness. It may also be congenital.

### 3 Is it possible that "wonder drugs" may sometimes cause deafness?

Promiscuous use of sulfa, penicillin and so forth can indirectly cause hearing damage. These drugs do reduce danger from infections, but if an abscess of the middle ear is present, it must be incised. The absence of pain and fever, due to a "wonder drug," may not mean the infection has cleared up. Relying on the drug without getting your doctor's advice can be dangerous.

### 4 My child's school provides routine hearing tests. How are they done?

A phonograph-record group audiometer is used as a screening device.

Those children who have failed to meet the minimum hearing requirements are next tested individually with a pure-tone audiometer. If the latter examination confirms the presence of impaired hearing, the parents are advised to consult an ear specialist or ear clinic. Failure to heed this advice may seriously impede the possibility of a cure.

### 5 What will the ear specialist do?

Get a complete history of past illnesses, accidents, allergies, family deafness; examine his ears, nose, throat, sinuses, adenoid region, mastoids; take an audiometric test, a tuning-fork test, perhaps a mastoid X-ray. Your doctor is then able to diagnose and treat your child accordingly.

### 6 Could my little girl's hearing troubles be due to allergy?

Allergies may cause swelling in any part of the hearing apparatus and thus interfere with proper reception of sound. If adequate treatment is not instituted early, the swelling will become permanent and so will the hearing impairment.

### 7 Is my 2-year-old, deaf since birth, too young for a hearing aid?

The average two-year-old cannot be fitted, but every attempt should be made to do so. Winning the confidence of the child by presenting the hearing aid as a game may occasionally permit for success, which will mean all the difference in his learning to talk properly. If a small degree of sound can be transmitted through the aid, the child will benefit greatly because stimulation of speech is thus accomplished.

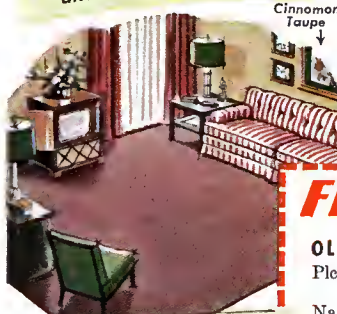
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(Continued from page 118)

bright and gay and carefree that they shouldn't be touched by darkness."

Shirley looked relieved and grateful. "That's the way everybody feels about Mother."

"If it helps to stick your head in the sand, go ahead and stick your head in the sand. If it is easier to shut your eyes, why shut your eyes." Bob sounded a bit angry.

"I want you to love her," Shirley said.

"If she's as nice as you say she is, there's no doubt about it, is there? I'm ready to be bowled over."

"I want you to know how much everybody thinks of her, how wonderful she is. Why, do you know, I can honestly say that I've never seen Mother angry—with anyone, or anything."

Bob took his eyes off the road. "Are you like her?"

"Oh, no," Shirley was serious. "I have a vile temper."

"Like a kitten," Bob said.

"I can get madder than anything over a bus that won't come or a bottle top that sticks."

"I'm glad," Bob said.

Shirley made a little mouth at him, but she moved over closer. He tilted

Daddy couldn't wait to marry her. He would have had to take graduate work to teach, so he went to work in the bank."

There was a silence between them. "I suppose I could sell insurance, or clerk in a store," Bob said.

"Bob!"

He wouldn't look at her. "Or we could wait, of course. That would give you a chance to finish school."

"I don't want to wait!"

She was tense and white, and suddenly he felt as if he had been whipping a child. He stopped the car and took her in his arms.

"Are you sure?" he demanded.

She was crying now, and smiling.

"This has to be the way you want it," he said fiercely.

"This is the way I want it," she said.

After a while Bob started the car again. "Tell me about your brother."

"Oh, Richie's just like Mother—handsome and blond and gay. He's in advertising and doing very well."

"A good business for him, I would say."

"It's exactly right," Shirley agreed.

"Will they all be there to pass on me?" Bob asked.

it would be boring to have her daughter marry a man who can't support her, who's still in school?"

"Darling—" Shirley tried to interrupt but he wouldn't let her.

"I'm a pretty dull fellow. Suppose your mother finds me boring? Suppose she asks me to leave the room?"

"Silly!" Shirley cried. "How could she?"

Bob set his jaw. "All right," he said, "let's go in." He squeezed her hand tightly. It felt small and cold.

Bob needn't have worried about boring Anita Wrenn. Anita was enchanted with him and enchanting to him.

"Darling!" Anita cried to Shirley, but she was looking up at Bob. "You didn't tell me he was so handsome."

"But I did, Mother," Shirley said happily.

"Well, if she did," Anita said to Bob with charming indulgence, "I thought it was the natural exuberance of love. I didn't think you could possibly be so good-looking."

Bob wasn't used to such extravagant talk. It should have embarrassed him, made him self-conscious, but somehow it only made him feel good-looking.

"You are exactly what I expected," he said.

"And what did you expect?" She raised her lovely eyebrows in delighted surprise.

"Shirley said something about wings."

Anita turned to her daughter. "Why, that's lovely! Did you, darling?"

"I don't think so," Shirley answered honestly. "Bob thought of that himself."

"Well, it's lovely anyway—though I don't know exactly what it means," she ended roughly. "Now, meet the rest of the family."

Bob couldn't think of Anita as Shirley's mother. He couldn't think of her as Mrs. Wrenn, even. She was Anita, blonde and tall with a lovely, pliant figure, like a portrait. Herbert Wrenn didn't seem like Shirley's father, either, but for a different reason. He just didn't seem to be the head of the household. In a vague way he didn't even seem a part of it. He came forward with friendly warmth when Anita gave the word, and Bob liked him right away, but he was like a privileged full-time guest.

Anita didn't treat him that way. Her manners were too exquisite to suggest anything like that. No, Herbert Wrenn treated himself that way. It was as if he had picked this bit part for himself, knowing himself to be no great actor but wanting to be in the play.

Richard was the other star of the family. Between them, he and Anita tossed the conversation back and forth lightly and expertly.

Bob was merely one of the audience. So far he had no exact role. He knew what part he wanted, of course. He wanted to marry Shirley. But he was trying out. Anita would do the casting.

When the maid announced dinner, Anita linked her arm with Bob's. "You're going to sit next to me and tell me all about yourself," she said. "I want to hear everything."

"There's not much to tell," he said, but that was the wrong line.

Anita looked disappointed. No, not disappointed exactly. But her attention, that had been buoying him up, seemed to waver the merest trifle. Not noticeably, but there was a difference in the brightness of the approval in her eyes, a subtle change in the flattery of her smile.

(Continued on page 124)

## Designs for Betsy McCall



and her father and mother, her cousin Barbara McCall, and Nosy, her dog—McCall's paper-doll family—are available in color on sturdy cardboard.

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his head to touch hers for a moment, and she put her lips against his cheek. "Why are you glad that I get mad?"

"It would be pretty boring to live with someone who never got mad." He sounded grim.

"Oh, but Mother is never boring," Shirley cried. "I've just been telling you. That is what she lives by—not to be boring."

"Not to be bored!" Bob said.

"Well..."

Bob shifted his position. "What about your father?" he asked. "Don't I get briefed on him too?"

Shirley laughed. "Oh, Father idolizes Mother."

"We're talking about him, not her."

"Well, he's not beautiful, like Mother, but he's nice-looking, if you know what I mean. I'm supposed to look like him."

"Now you're fishing!"

Shirley stared straight ahead through the windshield. "Do you think I'm pretty, Bob?"

"I think you're beautiful!"

Shirley drew a deep breath. Then she smiled radiantly. "Daddy works in the bank, you know, and when he's home he's usually got his nose in a book. Mother calls him the absent-minded professor... Sometimes I wonder if he wouldn't have been happier teaching."

"Did he want to teach?"

"I think so. He met Mother in college—they were both graduating, and

"All of them," Shirley nodded emphatically. "Including Aunt May, Mother's sister."

"Is Aunt May like your mother?"

"Oh, no!"

Bob turned his head to look at her. "I'm trying to think how to put it," she said. "Aunt May has never married. She has no one but Mother. I can remember when I was a very little girl having Mother remind me to be nice to 'poor Aunt May.' I thought that was her name and I called her that. The name has stuck."

"Aunt May must love it."

"Well, it was dreadful of me, but Mother is so wonderful about things like that. She didn't try to cover it up, for it couldn't have been. She picked it up and made a joke of it, and now it's an expression of our love. Mother has done a lot for Aunt May."

"And Aunt May adores her."

"Of course... We're almost there, Bob."

Bob grimaced.

"Darling, you aren't scared, are you?"

He cleared his throat. "You wrote about our plans, didn't you? That we want to get married right away?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did she approve?"

"Well, she didn't say specifically, but she wrote that she was dying to meet you."

"Suppose your mother won't talk about it, Shirley? Suppose she thinks





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## hairdos for sister starlets

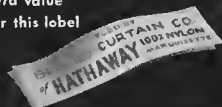
*Gigi Perreau and her younger sister Janine both are pretty, animated youngsters... but there the resemblance stops. Gigi is the casual, outdoor type; Janine looks like a pixie. Joan St. Oegger, famous movie studio hairstylist, designed these play and party hairdos to fit their types. Try them on your little girl*

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Gigi's everyday hairdo is combed straight back, parted in the middle. Sides are brushed high, anchored with barrettes. This secure hairdo stays in place even through Gigi's violent activities . . . she's a great tree climber, always runs at top speed



Janine Perreau, Gigi's sister, has fine, flyaway blonde hair. For parties, her bangs, which control wisps at the temples, are fluffed out. Side sections are brushed to the back, fastened with a bow. Back ends curl softly forward to frame her small face



Janine wears braids for everyday. Starting from a center part, side hair is braided from the crown back to the ear. Then back hair is parted down the middle and sectioned in four locks. Top braids make the third section of her ribbon-tied plaits



## New acetate fabrics make ideal clothes for youngsters

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Perky brother-and-sister outfits by Hi-Line are made of a Dan River acetate-and-rayon plaid and flannel (top picture), a hardy nubby weave by Burlington (below). All are under \$6.

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(Continued from page 120)

Bob searched for something to say. Like a small boy, he wished for a moment of glory to relate. He wished he could tell her that he was very rich or very smart or very good. Maybe being very poor would be just as good.

"I come from poor but honest parents," he began to narrate mockingly.

Anita widened her eyes. But this is going to be fun, she seemed to say.

"My father was a farmer, my mother was a farmer's wife and I was a farmer's son."

"What did you grow?" Mr. Wrenn asked.

"Acts of God," Bob said seriously. "Droughts, floods and grasshoppers."

Anita clapped a small hand to her mouth and looked around the table, drawing out their appreciation, like a good master of ceremonies. "But he's wonderful!" she cried.

"I understand you're going to Davis Agricultural College," Mr. Wrenn said. "What are you specializing in?"

Bob looked at Shirley across the table. "He's asking for it, isn't he?"

Anita leaned forward. "Now what do you mean by that?"

"Shirley knows that I talk about my specialties at the drop of a hat. Did anybody drop a hat?"

Anita laughed infectious. "I heard one drop," she said. "A little tiny one."

Bob turned to her. "It takes a great big one," he said. "Our lives depend on agriculture."

She raised her eyebrows in alarm. "You are a serious young man, aren't you?"

"About things like soil conservation and crop rotation and animal husbandry—that the world turns on."

"Animal husbandry!" Anita said comically. "What a lovely expression!"

Her eyes, blue and shimmering, were fastened in anticipation on his face. Her mouth was curved in ready appreciation before he spoke. How could he be serious? How could he be dull? We won't talk about that, he thought, and set himself to be light and amusing about his ambitions, his dreams. He dug up some classroom jokes about the grosser, unromantic aspects of farming. And then there must have been a bit of the ham in him, because under Anita's guidance he found himself glamorizing the farmer a bit. Anita, when she could tear her eyes away from him, would look around the table in pride as if Bob were something she had accomplished. And in a sense she had.

SUDDENLY Bob knew that he felt enchanted and enchanting. His body felt too small for the joy and exhilaration within it. He understood Shirley now. He looked across the table at her. Her little heart-shaped face was sober. She looked like a little brown moth, he thought lovingly, soft and shy. He smiled at her until she smiled back.

Mr. Wrenn had withdrawn, as if he had his nose in a book. The absent-minded professor, Bob thought indulgently.

When the maid bore in the dessert, cherries jubilee flaming with lighted brandy, Anita tapped with her spoon on her glass for attention. "This is your official engagement dinner, darlings," she said, and blew them each a kiss.

"Couldn't we make it our wedding dinner too?" Bob said, emboldened by his success. "There isn't much time."

Mr. Wrenn came out of his preoccupation and smiled affectionately. Aunt May leaned over and kissed Shirley's cheek. Richard stood up and shook hands with Bob.

"We'll have a wonderful big engagement party before you go back to school, Shirley," Anita said. She couldn't have heard Bob. "We'll make up a list right after dinner. What fun!" Her eyes sparkled.

Bob looked at Shirley. It was silly of her to be afraid, he thought. Anita was such a charming person, so sweet, so gracious, and she so obviously was pleased with him, and he was such a handsome fellow, they had nothing to worry about. He was going to speak, but Shirley shook her head at him.

"If we make up the list immediately and get the invitations out and have the party your last weekend here," Anita said. "We can gather together the whole clan."

"On the other hand," Richard said. "If we delay a bit and misplace some of the invitations, there'll only be time to invite the people we like best."

"Shame on you," Anita chided him, but she was bubbling with laughter. "All our relatives are lovely."

"Even those on Father's side?" Richard asked impudently.

"Naughty boy!" Anita shook her head at him but she obviously found him a very amusing naughty boy. She blew a kiss at her husband, and he smiled back fondly but as if he hadn't been listening.

"All Father's relatives are forgetful and absent-minded," Richard explained to Bob. "They're likely to show up in bedroom slippers or odd-matched socks or no tie."

"Richard must not give the wrong impression," Anita said with great dignity. "There's only Charles and Warren who are the least bit absent-minded. And Warren only wore bedroom slippers once, that was at our wedding. He was best man."

Everybody screamed with laughter.

"What about Sidney?" Richard demanded. "Can you honestly say he isn't absent-minded, too?"

"Sidney is only eccentric," Anita said outrageously. "And he's really as much my relative as Herbert's."

"Sorry, old man," Richard said to Bob. "but you might as well know what you're getting into."

"That's not fair, Richard. Bob will love all of them," Anita said. "And if they get boring, why..."

"We'll banish them," Bob supplied. Anita clapped her hands like a queen. "Exactly."

THEY had coffee and cheese and crackers in the living room. As soon as everyone had been served Shirley leaned forward, "Mother..."

"Yes, my darling," Anita said. "The list! We must make the list. Herbert, would you know where there are paper and pencils?"

He looked at her as if he hadn't quite heard. She smiled appreciatively at the others, and dropped a light kiss on the top of her husband's head. "No, of course you wouldn't, dear. Don't bother. We'll be sure to invite you."

"When are you to be married, dear?" Herbert Wrenn asked Shirley.

"Engaged, Herbert," Anita corrected. "We're making a list for the engagement party."

"No, Mother," Shirley said.

Anita was at the desk flinging out papers and pencils.

"Mother, did you hear me?"

"No, dear."

"I wrote you about it, Mother. I told you that Bob and I wanted to be married this week."

"This week? But how can you?"

"Oh, I know it couldn't be a big wedding, but we don't want anything big, do we, Bob? We just want to be married and have you and Daddy and Aunt May and Richard with us."

(Continued on page 130)



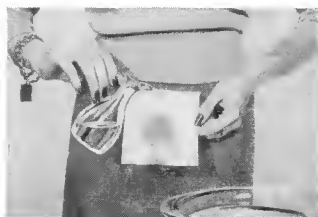
# How to make your hair healthier-looking, more beautiful in just 1 minute

by Charles Antell  
Hair Beauty Adviser

● "Help! Help! What can I do for dry hair?"  
Every mail brings a swarm of such pleas. So ladies, here's your answer—a hair beautifying, hair curling secret you'll use for the rest of your life!

## 1. "My hair is too dry, too fine, too brittle. How can I make it manageable?"

Tut, tut! You didn't complain when you wore pigtales. What's happened to your hair? Did it suddenly go berserk on your last birthday, or 'fess up—have you been toasting, roasting, bleaching, drying and frying it for years? Don't answer if it incriminates you. And don't tell me oil treatments can't work. Dry hair needs them desperately. So basically they're right. Only one thing wrong—you use the wrong oil. And I'll prove it—



2. Your hair's not a salad—so why pour on olive, vegetable or mineral oil, or any hair product made with these oils. To see what they do to your hair, pour a little on a sheet of paper. See how it greases and stains???



5. Now ladies, watch closely! I dip the two pieces of paper in water and look what happens! The water runs off the paper treated with olive oil. It's limp and straight. But the second paper which I treated with Formula 9, curls up! Beautiful, natural, lustrous curl!



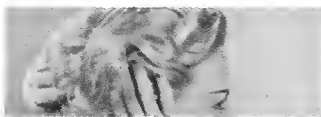
9. For curls galore! Set your hair at night this way: First rub a little liquefied lanolin directly into the hair, especially the tip ends. Then put up in curlers or pins. Now here's the important part:



10. Before going to sleep, dampen the hair around each curl! Sleep on the damp curls. In the morning, your hair will be dry. Take out the pins and brush thoroughly. To make the setting still deeper, longer lasting, apply Formula 9 again. You'll be amazed at the beautiful long lasting curls this makes.

3. You're an animal, not a vegetable! So don't treat your hair like a lettuce leaf. Such oils simply can't be absorbed by the hair and scalp. And if they can't be absorbed, they can't do any good.

But dermatologists say there is one oil that does penetrate, is absorbed by the hair and scalp. It's lanolin—an animal organic oil from the woolly hair of the sheep. And now Charles Antell has refined the rarest quality lanolin and compounded it in famous Formula 9.



7. To overcome dry, brittle unmanageable hair, do this: Take a little Formula 9 on each of four fingertips. Liquefy by rubbing hands together. Lower the head and massage the lanolin directly into the scalp from back forward, from bottom to top. Do that until your scalp tingles and glows. Then look how beautiful, silky and manageable your hair is!



4. Look what the sheep does for you! On another piece of paper, rub some Lanolin Formula 9. Lo and behold it doesn't stain or discolor. It adds sheen and lustre! And does the same to your hair! And because it's absorbed, your hair is left shimmering with highlights, perfectly manageable.

8. Next, to put life in the ends of your hair (a must after permanents), take more Formula 9 on your fingertips, liquefy it and rub it in the ends all over your head. Do this for at least 30 days and see how this stops cracking, splitting, broken ends. Your hair will be longer, thicker, healthier, and your wave or permanent more beautiful than ever. You won't be able to stop admiring your own hair!

Ladies—Here's what I'm promising you.  
Here's my amazing offer:

To get you to purchase Formula 9 right away, we make you this money-saving Combination Offer of the regular size (90 days supply for two people) plus a big bottle of lanolin Shampoo of the bargain price of \$2.

And here's what I'll do for you: Use Formula 9, as directed, for 30 days. It MUST work... it MUST give you healthier-looking, more beautiful hair, improved in every way or here's more than your money back! Keep the shampoo as a gift from Charles Antell. Return the Formula 9, or jar, and we return your \$2 without question.

But act quickly! To get this supervalue combination go to your nearest drug, chain, or department store and get Formula 9 today.

During this introduction, the giant DOUBLE size of Formula 9 and Shampoo is only \$3. Or separately: Formula 9—89c and larger sizes, plus tax. Shampoo—59c and larger sizes. Formula 9 also in liquid form for those who prefer liquid to cream—98c, plus tax.

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FORMULA 9  
and SHAMPOO



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Fly away in a navy blue dress of sheer wool. The tweedy red jacket is lined with printed silk surah to match the bow on the dress. Take out the square yoke on the dress and have tea in your short-sleeved afternoon frock. By Leonard Arkin. About \$80. At Best & Co., New York

Land smoothly in a molded jacket, and a straight fringed stole over a sleeveless sheath dress. Abandon the jacket for dinner, elegant as a de luxe flight. Fabric is gray worsted jersey with no-muss virtues. By Holmes of California. Dress and jacket about \$75, stole about \$17. At B. Altman & Co., New York

# Travel right...

## Travel light

*On a business trip with your husband or an on-the-town city vacation, you'll love these clothes that can change like magic from travel and shopping to dinner and dancing*



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by Nancy Wiener

Check in for your flight in a dress with a detachable cotton dickey and a little bolero. Shed bolero and dickey... there's a cap-sleeved party dress. Fabric is gray alpaca faille of cotton, acetate and rayon. By Youth Guild. About \$30. At Bloomingdale's, New York



PHOTOGRAPHED BY TED CRONER AT PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS



See the sights in rayon shantung print (left) with a black faille jacket that does double duty. An R & K Original. About \$23. Or choose a fitted jacket of Paris-blue spun rayon over a sleeveless one-piece dress with a white silk-and-acetate top, brilliant pink cummerbund, gay as a tourist plane flight. By Colleen Originals. About \$35. At B. Altman & Co., New York

HATS BY DANI  
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LUGGAGE BY WHITE STAR





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ingredients, soothes and softens rough, chapped hands overnight—and used daily, keeps them smooth no matter what! Like an "invisible glove," it holds in softness, keeps out dryness.

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## INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE

## Where To See the Fashions on Pages 42 and 43

- ALABAMA**  
Birmingham, Kessler's  
Mobile, C. J. Gayler & Co.
- ARIZONA**  
Phoenix, Goldwater's  
Tucson, Horn's
- ARKANSAS**  
Ft. Smith, Tilles, Inc.  
Little Rock, Pfeifer Bros.
- CALIFORNIA**  
Bakersfield, Egger's  
Berkeley, Wallace & Wallace  
Fresno, Strauss'  
Long Beach, Bobby Sportwear  
Los Angeles, Silverwood's  
Oakland, Westbrook Women's Apparel  
Pasadena, Helen Smith  
Sacramento, Bon Marche  
San Bernardino, Roskins  
San Diego, The Marston Co.  
Stockton, Katten & Marengo
- COLORADO**  
Colorado Springs, Kaufman's  
Denver, Gano Downs
- CONNECTICUT**  
Danbury, Lillian Garber  
Hartford, Sage Allen  
Waterbury, Grieve Bisset & Holland
- DELAWARE**  
Wilmington, Kennard Pyle Co.
- DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**  
Washington, Lansburgh Bros.
- FLORIDA**  
Jacksonville, Levy's  
Miami, Hartley's  
Tampa, Keveral's
- GEORGIA**  
Albany, Churchwells  
Atlanta, Davison's  
Columbus, Kiralfy's  
Macon, Davison's  
Savannah, Fine's
- IDAHO**  
Boise, Brookover's
- ILLINOIS**  
Bloomington, W. H. Roland  
Champaign, F. A. Robeson Store  
Chicago, Morris B. Sachs  
Chicago, Meis Bros.  
Decatur, Linn & Scruggs  
Elain, Joseph Spies Co.  
Evanston, Bramson's  
Oak Park, Bramson's  
Springfield, Altman's
- INDIANA**  
Elkhart, Ziesel Bros.  
Evansville, The Wells  
Ft. Wayne, Fishman's  
Indianapolis, Wm. H. Block Co.  
Lafayette, Lorb's  
South Bend, Millady Shop  
Terre Haute, Meis Bros.
- IOWA**  
Cedar Rapids, Newman Mercantile Co.  
Davenport, Scharff's  
Des Moines, Wolf's  
Sioux City, Fishgall's
- KANSAS**  
Kansas City, The Leader  
Topeka, Harry Endlich  
Wichita, Lewins
- KENTUCKY**  
Lexington, Perkins, Inc.  
Louisville, George Moore  
Paducah, Watkins, Inc.
- LOUISIANA**  
Baton Rouge, Ahott Wimberly Department Store  
New Orleans, Mayer Israel  
Shreveport, Rubinstein Bros.
- MAINE**  
Augusta, Chernowsky's
- MARYLAND**  
Baltimore, Hutzler's  
Cumberland, Rosenbaum Bros.
- MASSACHUSETTS**  
Boston, C. Crawford Hollidge  
Lowell, Macarney's  
New Bedford, Lloyd's  
Springfield, Albert Seliger, Inc.  
Worcester, Richard Healy Co.
- MICHIGAN**  
Detroit, The Ernst Kern Co.  
Kalamazoo, Mahoney's
- MINNESOTA**  
Duluth, Bruen-Dennis  
Minneapolis, The Dayton Co.  
Rochester, E. L. Lyman Co.  
St. Paul, Scheueman's
- MISSOURI**  
Kansas City, Emery Bird Thayer  
St. Joseph, Hirsch Dry Goods Co.  
St. Louis, Scruggs Vandervoort Barney  
Springfield, Savage Juliette Shop
- MONTANA**  
Billings, D. J. Cole Co.  
Butte, Emil Marans
- NEBRASKA**  
Lincoln, Magee's  
Omaha, Herzberg's
- NEVADA**  
Reno, Vanitie Dress Shop
- NEW JERSEY**  
Asbury Park, Abrams  
Atlantic City, Grammercy Dress Shop  
Camden, Lester's  
Elizabeth, R. J. Goerke  
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.  
Passaic, The Strand Shop  
Paterson, Shayne's
- Trenton, Nevius-Voorhees**  
**West New York, Gail Brown**
- NEW MEXICO**  
Albuquerque, Kistler Collier
- NEW YORK**  
Albany, Sherry's  
Binghamton, Hills, McLean & Haskins  
Brooklyn, Martin's  
Buffalo, The Wm. Hengeler Co.  
New York, B. Altman & Co.  
New Rochelle, Rosalie Sportswear  
Niagara Falls, Jenns Bros.  
Poughkeepsie, Poughkeepsie Up-To-Date  
Rochester, Stoley, Lindsay & Curr  
Syracuse, The Adlis Co.  
Utica, Doyle Knower Co.
- NORTH CAROLINA**  
Albemarle, Rife's  
Asheville, Bon Marche  
Charlotte, Purcell's  
Greenboro, Brownhills  
Raleigh, Ellisberg's  
Salisbury, Purcell's  
Winston Salem, Arcade Fashion Shop
- NORTH DAKOTA**  
Fargo, Herbst Department Store
- OHIO**  
Akron, Birnbaums, Inc.  
Canton, Kobacker's  
Cincinnati, H. & S. Pogue  
Cleveland, Engel-Felzer  
Columbus, Roberts  
Dayton, Elder & Johnston  
Portsmouth, Atlas Fashions  
Toledo, Lamson Bros.
- OKLAHOMA**  
Ada, Stevens  
Enid, Garfield's  
Oklahoma City, Halliburton's  
Tulsa, Vandever Dry Goods Co.
- OREGON**  
Eugene, Kaufman Bros.  
Klamath Falls, LaPointe's  
Portland, Lipman Wolfe
- PENNSYLVANIA**  
Allentown, Hess Bros.  
Altoona, Brett's  
Easton, Sigal's  
Erie, Trask, Prescott & Richardson  
Harrisburg, Feller's  
Hazleton, The Leader  
Johnstown, Closser Bros.  
Lancaster, Garvin & Co.  
McKeesport, Cox's  
Philadelphia, Oppenheim Collins  
Pittsburgh, Frank & Seder  
Scranton, Beverly, Inc.  
West Chester, A. P. Speare, Inc.
- RHODE ISLAND**  
Newport, Wm. Leys Dry Goods Co.  
Pawtucket, Shartenberg's  
Providence, Cherry & Webb  
Woonsocket, McCarthy Dry Goods Co.
- SOUTH CAROLINA**  
Anderson, Gallant Belk  
Charleston, Davison's Fashion Shop  
Columbia, Haltiwanger's  
Greenville, Meyers Arnold  
Spartanburg, Belk-Hudson Co.
- SOUTH DAKOTA**  
Aberdeen, Olwin Angell  
Sioux Falls, Shriver Johnson
- TENNESSEE**  
Chattanooga, Lovemans, Inc.  
Knoxville, Miller's  
Memphis, Levy's  
Nashville, Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
- TEXAS**  
Abilene, Marcus  
Austin, T. H. Williams  
Brownwood, Knobler's  
Corpus Christi, Buttrys  
Corsicana, J. M. Dyer Co.  
Dallas, Titcher-Goettinger Co.  
El Paso, Popular Dry Goods Co.  
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- VIRGINIA**  
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Lynchburg, J. R. Miller Co., Inc.  
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- WASHINGTON**  
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Olympia, M. M. Morris  
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Seattle, Mills & Malan  
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- WEST VIRGINIA**  
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Clarksburg, Watts Sartor Lear  
Martinsburg, M. Cohen & Sons  
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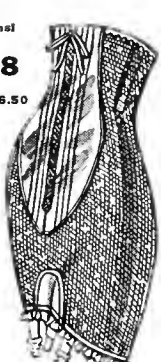


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**SENT ON APPROVAL!**

(Continued from page 124)

"Darling, how delightfully romantic!"

"Isn't it," Shirley said happily.

"And impractical," Anita's voice was final.

"I don't think you understand, Mother."

"I'm sure I don't," Anita made a little face like a saucy child.

"I wrote you that Bob goes to Davis next semester, and I want to go with him," Shirley's hands had clenched tightly, and with an effort she relaxed them. She forced herself to be light and gay. "I'll have to marry him, if we want to be proper."

"You must be completely out of your minds," Anita said gaily.

"We're in love," Bob said.

Anita looked honestly disturbed.

"But you're not through school yet."

"No," Bob said.

"We've got it all planned, Mother."

Shirley said breathlessly. "I wrote you. I'm going to work while Bob finishes, and then—"

"And then she's never going to work again," Bob said.

"Aren't they sweet?" Anita turned to the others. No one answered.

"I don't care about finishing school," Shirley said.

"But I care," Anita said lightly.

"Your father and I care."

Mr. Wrenn cleared his throat.

"I can always finish," Shirley said earnestly.

"You can't always finish as Shirley Wrenn," Anita's glance was playful.

SHIRLEY looked bewildered. "But I want to be Shirley Phillips," she said shyly.

"And you will be, my darling. Just leave it to me. Everything will be better my way. We'll have the engagement party as we've planned. And we'll ask only the people you want." She smiled as if this were a large concession.

"Then you'll be an engaged girl. There is nothing so wonderful as being an engaged girl. You'll go back to school, and there'll be parties and showers—" She broke off and hugged Shirley impulsively.

"You'll have such fun!"

"But I don't want to be an engaged girl. Mother. I want to be a married woman."

A strange expression congealed Anita's mobile face for a moment, then with a gay little laugh she threw it off. "Now for the list."

She drew Shirley down beside her. With a flourish she picked up a sheet of paper and headed it, "Engagement Party." Then she poised her pencil expectantly and looked up at Shirley. Shirley's face was white and set.

"I'm going to be married, Mother," she said softly.

"We won't talk about it," Anita said with sweet stubbornness.

"We have to talk about it, Mother."

Anita shook her head. It was a bewitching gesture. She might have been flirting with a lover. "No, no," she cried. "We won't talk about it."

"Mother!"

Anita put her hands delicately, charmingly, over her ears. Her eyes laughed at them all. "I can't hear you," she professed audaciously.

Shirley turned to Bob. Her eyes were enormous. Bob's jaws ached with his effort not to speak.

"Bob and I want to be married this week," Shirley said desperately. Bob wondered dully if she were aware of the change in her choice of words, from "going to be married" to "wanting to be married."

Anita heard it. Anita took her hands down from her ears slowly. She looked crushed. She looked pitiful. This would be the pinch, Bob knew.

## UNWANTED HAIR?

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"You don't love me," she said.

"I do. Mother." It was a cry.

"Then show me," Anita said enticingly. "Give up this foolish, impossible idea."

Immediately Bob thought of the toys lying on the floor, the rumpled clothes, the unmade bed. *How much do you love me?*

"But why, Mother? Why is it foolish and impossible?"

"Because when my only daughter gets married, I want her to do it right. I want her to do it as I never had a chance to do it." A certain rigidity had come into her voice and bearing, but she smiled sweetly as she finished, and Bob felt his eyes stinging. Oh, she was good, she was expert! He thought that he would not, could not look at Herbert Wrenn, but he did. Herbert Wrenn had retired so far, had withdrawn into himself so completely that he could hardly be said to be there at all. She was talking about his wedding too.

"We can make this a lovely wedding, Mother," Shirley cried, "even if there isn't much time. Not a big one, but a beautiful one—"

"Of course we can," Aunt May said breathlessly.

"Be still!" It must have been Anita's voice.

Richard rose quickly. "You'll excuse me, everybody. I'm sure, for running out. What do I know about weddings?" He smiled charmingly and deprecatingly, and Bob wanted to hit him. At the same time he could not rouse any anger against Anita. All he could feel was that they were all being beastly to her.

"No more than Shirley knows," Anita said impishly.

Richard kissed his mother's cheek lightly. They heard the door close behind him.

Shirley said slowly, "I know this much about weddings—they aren't the fuss and the show. Weddings are getting married. Daddy—"

"You are foolish and stubborn," Anita looked prettily distracted.

Herbert Wrenn did not rouse.

"Then I'll be foolish and s-stubborn about my own wedding."

"You won't, my darling. I won't let you."

Shirley's eyes were downcast. Her lips moved. Bob thought he knew what she was trying to say. He would her to say it aloud.

Anita pushed back the hair from her forehead. It was a lovely gesture. A pathetic gesture. It was long-suffering and reprimanding. Bob wondered if they would be sent out of the room. He wondered how grown people acted when they were asked to leave the room. He wondered if he would be able to walk.

But it was Anita who stood up. Tall, graceful, dignified, noble, though what she was doing was none of these. "You have given me a headache," she said. She was really suffering. "I will have to go and lie down."

As she walked to the door, Bob thought. How could she come back? Only on Shirley's pride. Shirley would go upstairs and protest her love. How much do you love me? Anita would take her hand and show her her stubbornness, her selfishness, and Shirley would vow that she was right, and Anita would shine on her again. See how she loves me? Anita would declare proudly, proud for Shirley. And Shirley? Bob had to act.

"Maybe we should wait," he said harshly.

Anita turned around, radiant and lovely, warm and loving. Like the sun, Bob remembered. Who is strong enough to take himself away from the light? Not a little brown moth.



Herbert Wrenn looked sadder and older. Bob stared at Shirley. Aunt May said in a tight, desperate voice, "Oh, no!"

Anita was still smiling. "Poor Aunt May," she said, "you don't know anything about weddings either."

Herbert Wrenn moved sharply. It was almost as if he wanted to distract attention from Aunt May, whose face was stained with a jagged, scarring redness.

"Anita," he said, "is there any good reason why the children shouldn't be married as they want to?"

"I've been telling you," she said. "I don't want them to." A tender flash of smile took the audacity out of the words.

"It's their wedding," Herbert Wrenn said heavily. "It is dangerous to meddle in lives."

"You call it meddling!" Anita's voice trembled. "You know how I abhor scenes. I have tried to keep this evening pleasant—Bob's first in our home. I am going to say one thing more and then I don't want to talk about it again. Shirley is my only daughter. Naturally I am concerned for her welfare, even if her father isn't. Bob is very handsome and very amusing, but he can't support her." She spread her hands apologetically. "You have forced me to say it. I will not give my consent to an immediate marriage. Am I an unnatural mother?"

She was waiting expectantly and graciously for their denial. Was she right, Bob wondered. She sounded right. But he and Shirley were in love!

Then Aunt May spoke. "You are," she said softly.

AT FIRST Bob didn't understand, and he could see that Anita wasn't prepared for it.

"You are an unnatural mother," Aunt May said.

"Poor Aunt May," Anita crooned. "You shouldn't have been included in this family scene. I know you want to be excused."

Aunt May shook her head. "I belong to this particular family scene in a special way. You don't want to talk about Shirley's marriage, but I do." She paused. "Unless perhaps you will change your mind."

Anita laughed. It was her same gay, musical laugh, but the cords of her neck were taut. She turned to Bob. "Richard warned you that Herbert's relatives are queer. I guess I should have warned you about mine."

"Listen to me, Shirley," Aunt May said, but her eyes were glued to Anita's. "Get married, Shirley, because your mother will never give her consent. She'll allow you to become engaged, but there'll always be some excellent reason why you shouldn't marry."

"Go to your room, May," Anita said softly. "You may come back when you are feeling more like yourself."

"That's what she did to me," Aunt May went on. "Get engaged, she said, if you must, but don't marry just yet. She'd be so lonesome if I married first, she said. Give her time at least to get used to the idea."

"May, you forget yourself! You forget who you are and where you are," Anita's face was like a mask.

"Engagements don't mean anything to your mother, Shirley," Aunt May's eyes hadn't wavered. "Don't let her fool you. She broke mine."

"If you persist in this stupidity, May, you will leave this house and never return!"

Their voices without rising were growing to an unbearable intensity, like an orchestra which builds a

mighty crescendo that can only be relieved by the clash of cymbals.

"She broke my engagement," Aunt May said. "and then do you know what she did, Shirley?"

"Shut up, you fool!" Anita's voice snapped like a whip.

"She married the man I was engaged to."

The appalling accusation seemed to strip Anita of all dignity. A torrent of abuse spilled from her lips. Insult heaped on insult. Her rage poured over all of them, and over herself. The lovely, poised face was shattered. The charm could not even be recalled.

No one watched Anita leave the room except Aunt May, who stood and faced her. Everyone sought a private place to look. The only name that Bob could put to his feelings was guilt.

Herbert Wrenn said, "You mustn't forget that she is your mother, Shirley."

Shirley made a wordless sound. Aunt May took a step forward and stopped. Then she followed Anita to the door.

"You don't have to, May," Herbert Wrenn said. "You don't have to."

May nodded. "She needs me," she said. "I do have to."

Shirley ran to the foot of the stairs. Bob started after her, then he stopped. She had to do this alone.

"Mother," Shirley cried, "come back. Come back! Mother, we want you to be with us."

There was no answer from Anita.

"But whether you are or not," she added clearly, "we are going to be married."

Anita continued upstairs. Shirley looked young and vulnerable, but she also looked like a woman.

"I'm not being a naughty child this time," she said to her father. She met Bob's eyes. "We can drive to Las Vegas tonight."

Bob promised her silently that she would not be sorry. He told her silently that he worshiped her.

Shirley went upstairs to get a bag, and Bob sat with Herbert Wrenn. It came to Bob that Shirley's father would miss not seeing her married.

Shirley came down quickly, and Aunt May followed her. She slipped a small, tissue-wrapped package into Shirley's coat pocket.

"From Mother?" The words flashed out.

Aunt May shook her head. "Something old," she whispered. She hugged Shirley fiercely.

"Did she say anything?" Shirley asked.

"Not about you, dear. She said we wouldn't talk about that." She smiled faintly. "She asked for your father."

"Be happy," Herbert Wrenn said to them.

Bob turned the car around, then stopped to take another look at the house. "Will we be able to go back?" he asked.

Shirley sat up very straight. "We won't talk about it!" she said, and then she looked at him, stunned by what she had said. "We will talk about it," she cried. "We have to talk about it. Not talking is the one thing that I can't stand."

She burst into tears. Bob took her into his arms and held her. After a while she grew calm.

"Mother will be angry for a long time," she said. "I know. She will be angry and refuse to see us. But eventually she will forgive us."

She paused, listening to her words, and they smiled at each other.

"I'm sure she will," Bob said.

"She will, because she needs us," Shirley said softly. "Poor Mother."

THE END

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by Peggy Bell

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*Neck muscles tense? Drop your lower jaw and massage around hinge in front of ears. Then yawn widely. Face and neck muscles relax, tension in trunk muscles is released*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

*Tired all over? Lie down and stretch first one leg, then the other, pushing with your heel against an imaginary wall. Feel the stretch from ankle to waist*

*Restless sleeper? Sit on bed with knees pulled up to chest, head bent down. Then lie down on your back and take several deep breaths that start from the lower abdomen*



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**SUMMER  
INTERLUDE**

*Continued from page 46*

porch, powered by her almost terrifying energy—and, behind that, the pleasant insistence of waves pounding up the beach.

"Let's stop right now," she called, "and have tea and bread and butter and cake." She liked the sound of the fare, very Jane-Austen and unhectic. "I'll put the kettle on."

Mrs. Jones appeared in the doorway, her large florid bulk supporting the weight of her emphatic personality. "I don't like to be stopped in the middle of a job," she said crisply. "Porch is dripping."

"The sun will dry it."  
"You've already given me my lunch." Her tone suggested that too many meals led to immorality.

Leda ventured an explanation. "All my eating is so controlled at home. I think I must have eaten *miles* of cottage cheese last year. This is a holiday. Do let's stop and eat jam." She had a charming smile. It gave her long, patrician face unexpected planes which suggested youth and passion and humor.

Mrs. Jones shrugged. "You can call me when it comes to a boil."

She was gone then, reducing Leda's pleasant little charade to the foolish cravings of a middle-aged woman. The next day-woman I hire, she thought, will be Irish and spooky. She found some cups near the back of the cupboard that were pale pink. The touch of them, the indolence of the color, pleased her. They would defy Mrs. Jones's beefsteak coloring; they would subdue and frighten her.

The tea party was only half-successful. Mrs. Jones remained cautious

and untempted by the heavily buttered bread. Her cup might have been hemlock. The game came to an end. The afternoon sun haloed the sugar bowl, full of sandy primroses. Suddenly the finicky cleanliness of the house seemed oppressive.

"I'm going to the beach," she told Mrs. Jones. "You can just stack these things and go along."

"Well, I would like the early bus."

"Take it, by all means." And come again some other day; the words chased through her head nonsensically.

She put on her bathing suit and a woolly, unbecoming robe. The little handkerchief of white beach in front of the cottage was private and she could enjoy the luxury of her old bedroom slippers and an unfashionable bathing cap. It was lovely sitting in the warm sand, her toes dug in like a child.

The silence seemed very long, filling an afternoon that could go on forever, empty, serene, warming. "Ahh," she said aloud. "mm . . ."

LATER she opened her sun-dazzled eyes and peered delightedly at the little jewel flashes in the sand, a thousand reflected fires. It was through them that she first saw him.

She sat up slowly, feeling slightly betrayed. Suppose he had been here all along, watching her. Where had he come from? He seemed very tall, even sitting as he was, hunched over, staring at the water. Then she saw that he was young.

"Hello," she called.

He turned. She was intensely surprised by what she saw. He was not as young as she had thought but young enough to allow the nervous forces in him full play. His mouth was wry, his eyes dark and alive.

*(Continued on page 133)*

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*Tiny bows of nylon velvet ribbon tacked on with nylon thread, ankle tied with ribbon*



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or a fine new suit...  
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by Barbara Hodgkins



9273

FABRIC BY BOTANY

Short, flared topper has a pointed collar, a yoke round in front, pointed in back. Handsome over this slender wool skirt with set-in banded pockets. Coat No. 9274; skirt No. 9276

Another topper, this time with a shawl collar and shaped patch pockets, set low on the body...good over dresses or with a skirt. No. 9273

9276

9274



Back views last page. More McCall's patterns page 140



Tailored suit for half-sizes has a slenderizing, long-line jacket with patch pockets turned back in points. Skirt back is cut in three gores. No. 9264

Suit with double buttons at the waistline, long revers, slim skirt...looks like Easter when made of faille, gabardine or rayon suiting. No. 9248

Consider contrast fabrics for this suit...tweed skirt, collar, cuffs and pocket flaps, a flannel jacket. Very Rue de la Paix. No. 9247

Spring suit for juniors has a hip-length jacket to wear belted or loose, raglan sleeves, a narrow skirt. We like it in checked flannel. No. 9250



9250



9248



9247



9264



FABRIC BY MILRIDGE  
HAT BY EMME  
BAGS AND BELTS BY ROGER VAN S  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARMEN SCIAVONE  
DRAWINGS BY DILYS WALL



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(Continued from page 134)

"Hello," he said. "Sleep well?" His voice was young and self-possessed.

"I wasn't asleep," she said amiably. "In fact, I distinctly saw you trespass."

"Next time I'll get myself parachuted in."

"Next time?"

"I get it. You really mean that fence." He grinned at the sagging driftwood railing which enclosed the beach.

"It's there," she said ruefully. "I do think I ought to support it."

"Even if we were introduced?"

"We're not."

"Nothing simpler. I'm Alex Brawne—with an 'e.'"

"You're very specific," she said, amused.

"People make jokes. Brain over Brawne."

"Oh, dear."

"What would I call you in case of fire?"

"I'm Leda Taylor." She waited a moment; a tentative silence fell between them. She sighed. "You see, names don't help a bit. I'm really very bad about strangers."

"Who's your best friend?" he asked abruptly.

She looked at him, startled. "That's a strange question."

"You have one, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well?"

"Myra Cane."

"All right. You go to Myra's some afternoon around five. She takes you by the hand and leads you across the room. I'm standing draped in the doorway, glass in hand. She says, 'Alex, darling, this is Leda. Leda, Alex is one of our most promising illustrators. Talk about pictures, you two.' We stand there a minute. You say, 'I've seen your stuff. It's terribly good.' You haven't and I know it. I say, 'You're a liar.' You say, 'Really, you're very impertinent.' I say, 'Well, have you seen my work?' You say, 'No.' Big joke. I ask you to dinner . . . You say, 'I'm very bad with strangers.' He propped himself up on his elbow and looked at her solemnly. "Would you eat dinner with me?"

"Myra Cane is seventy-two years old and a Bostonian. She does not receive men under sixty-five."

"Then you do eat alone."

"Three times a week I dine with my fiancé."

THE flippant lilt went out of his voice. "I really stepped into that one."

"I'm sorry, except that there's really no way of letting anyone know one is engaged, is there?"

"You ought to wear a placard."

"There's never been any need. I'm rather proud of my settled look."

"What are you doing here alone?" he persisted.

"I work very hard for my living. I'm resting."

"What do you work very hard at?"

"I'm with the Fenmore Advertising Agency. I'm an Account Executive for Marvelous Cosmetics. You know—'Live Marvelously.'"

"Is that advice?"

She smiled. "Copy."

"Who does your layouts?"

"Becket Scott."

"I'm better," he said complacently. He stood up. "I've got some stuff with me. I'd like to show it to you. At dinner. Can you cook?"

"Expertly."

His face registered approval. "Could you bring yourself to cook for me in the face of my trespassing and your fiancé?"

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She hesitated a moment. "I do hate to eat alone. On the other hand I hardly know you."

He considered the problem. "Do you have a movable kitchen table?"

She nodded.

"I'll set it up on the porch. Result—we present ourselves to the chaperonic view of the neighborhood. Is there such a word?"

"No," she said. "And, besides, there aren't any neighbors."

"Don't forget the lowly gulls," he said. "Their eyes are ever on us."

"You're a fool."

"How about it?"

SHE gave in; he was so young and ingenious. She smiled as she moved around the kitchen getting the meal. He would be divine for Cenci. She'd tell the girls that there was nothing on the horizon but the sea, and then, out of the blue, she would produce this perfect young man. His raffish charm would certainly beguile Carol's nine-year-old heart, and as for Cenci—oh, she'd keep this young man on ice for her Cenci.

He was back before the potatoes were baked through. He came into the kitchen carrying a portfolio and a bottle which protruded from a brown paper sack. "This," he said, holding the bottle aloft, "is May wine. It bridges many gaps." He set it on the drainboard, patted it fondly and went about moving the table to the porch.

She found herself admiring his easy grace, the way he established a mood of familiarity. She liked the presence of comfortable men. She began to look forward to dinner. It was simple. She had done chicken in a casserole and there was salad and fruit in a basket. He ate enormously and with flattering concentration on the food. Afterward he lit a pipe, put his feet up on the rail and for-had her to do the dishes.

"I want to talk about myself," he said.

She sat back with a sigh which was almost motherly. "I'm quite sure you do."

"I'm in the difficult age," he said. "I'm too young to retire and too old for what I'm doing with my life."

"And what are you doing with your life?"

"Working at half my bent. Goofing off. Looking for something or someone to give me a hotfoot—a reason."

She looked at him with a sense of gathering impatience. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Are you talented?"

In answer he shoved the portfolio across to her. She opened it. His drawings were light and skillful, with an air of careless sophistication and a faint piquant trace of cynicism.

"You are," she announced. "And you're young and you're not too unattractive. Stop me if you've heard this before."

"I have heard it," he said calmly, "but you don't make it sound like a compliment."

"I just don't understand you," she said.

"This was the summer of my discontent," he said, "up till today. Leda, I like you. Are you sure you're engaged?"

"Quite sure. He's a very nice man. We're going to be married in the fall."

"And I was sure you were down here brooding over some grossly mismanaged love affair. You've let me down. You're not neurotic."

"I'm far too old for that sort of thing," she said firmly.

(Continued on page 141)



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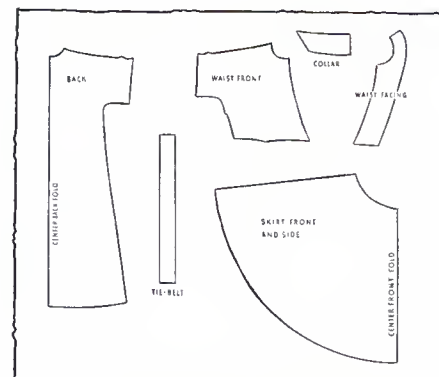
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9261



The entire back of this tie-on dress is cut in one piece... bodice, skirt and sleeves. The front of the skirt is a wide apron, attached only to one-half of the surplice bodice. It wraps to tie at center back. We made the dress of a crush-resistant acetate-and-rayon fabric

FABRIC BY CELANESE  
PHOTOGRAPH BY CARMEN SCHIAVONE

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(Continued from page 138)

He looked at her, startled. "Old?" "Yes, don't back away from the word. I'm almost old enough to be your mother."

"Was that designed to put me in my place?" he asked gravely.

"Heavens, no!"

"That's good, because it wouldn't work."

For the first time she felt a stab of embarrassment. "Let's talk about something impersonal."

"That's a waste of time. Were you married before?"

She relented. "Yes. He died."

"I'm sorry. And you've been alone since?"

"Alex," she said patiently, "I'm really not eligible for this kind of conversation with you. I think you're . . . flirting with me. I think you're doing it because nothing else occurs to you."

"I would like to fall in love with you," he said.

Leda shook her head. "Now you've spoiled everything," she said, genuinely upset.

"Why?"

"Because now I'll have to take a firm tone with you. Put you off. Send you packing."

"Why?" he asked again. "I didn't say I would fall in love with you. I said I would like to."

"It's the same thing, really. Anyway it makes our being together improper." The word came out of her mouth with difficulty.

"Yes," he said, as if he had just reached a monumental decision, "you're the answer. You're the kind of woman I need." He knocked his pipe out and prepared to refill it. "You're beyond coyness . . . you're still conscious of your honor . . . you're quite touching, as a matter of fact."

"Go away," she said. "I mean it. I do mean it."

"The trouble with most women," he went on imperturbably, "younger women, since you insist on the distinction, is that they have sharp edges. Would you care to see my scars?"

"I would not."

"Then drink a glass of May wine with me and afterward we'll take a stroll on the beach."

"It's out of the question," she said, brushing the crumbs on the cloth into neat little mounds.

"You should," he said. "We'll dig a hole in the sand and I'll bury my hopeless passion for you in it."

She rose and gathered the dirty dishes. "I'm going to take these into the house," she said, "and when I come out again I fervently hope that you will be gone."

She took up the china and went indoors. When she came out for a second load he was gone, but her wine glass stood full to the brim. She took it up and peered nearsightedly into the soft dark. For no reason whatever, she felt as though she might laugh. Or cry.

SHE slept late next morning. The sheets were bundled together in the intensely personal nest she made of her bed, and the house was empty of all sound except the faint humming of the refrigerator.

"I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother," called a masculine voice from under her window. "The tide's right for swimming. Did I wake you?" The brightness of his voice was a challenge to her aching reluctance to stir out of bed.

"I've been up for hours," she lied.

"I brought you a present," he said. "Stick your head out the window."

She moved the blind aside cautiously and peeped out. He was hold-

ing a fishing pole in one hand and a messy-looking tin can in the other. He looked like a dissolute Huckleberry Finn. "Sport of kings," he said. "Care to try it?"

She smiled in spite of herself. "I'm sure there are lots of little boys in the neighborhood you could play with."

"You spurn me, then?"

She hadn't done anything like it in years but it suddenly seemed to fit into the patchwork pattern of their meeting. "All right," she said. "I'll come. But remember, you suggested it."

They found a cove that held the sea and the sun in a cup. There was a rock offshore that smelled of kale and salt where they cast their lines and sat down to wait. The Robinson Crusoe mood of the place washed over Leda. Suddenly it seemed that she was at the very beginning of her life; she felt curiously young and uncomplicated. Suppose, only suppose, that Alex were the only man in the world. She turned and looked at him with care. It was unnerving; the longer she looked at that profile, the less there seemed to be a man's land of thirteen years between them. He turned toward her. "Pull on your line," he said. "You've got another poor fish hooked."

### In a fog about fabrics?

Write for McCall's attractive new 32-page booklet, *How To SHOP FOR TODAY'S FASHION FABRICS*.

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Send 15 cents in stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada: 635 Queen Street East, Toronto 8, Ontario.

They brought in a mackerel. "My brother," said Alex, holding it aloft. "You didn't catch him, you lured him." He pulled his empty line out of the water and surveyed it unhappily. "I'm an also-ran," he said.

Solemnly she handed him the fish. "It's yours," she said, "to have and to hold . . . You can even have your picture taken with it."

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, and put a hand on her arm. The sun has cast a spell on this place, she thought. His fingers tightened. "Leda," he said urgently. As he bent toward her a voice came sounding across from the shore.

"Leda, hello!"

She squinted across the needle-bright water. The figure was familiar, the saggy tweeds, the shock of white hair.

"Jeff!" she shouted back.

Alex dropped his hand. "Your innamorato?" he asked.

They stared at each other. "Yes," she said. "He's surprised me."

"I'll go you one better. He *stopped* me." He grinned wryly. "I was about to kiss you."

"We must go back," she said hurriedly.

When they reached the beach Jeff was waiting, arms outspread like a

(Continued on page 143)



### If he asks you to a house party—

- ☐ Get it in writing ☐ Go as his guest

All your gang's going—and Tom's heckling you to come along. Trouble is (maybe because you're new in town)—somehow you've never met the hostess! Appear at her party as a "guest's guest"? Taint proper! A girl should have a written invitation. On problem days, Kotex invites you to be comfortable—with softness that holds its shape. You know, this extra-absorbent napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it; which means you can stay confident, whatever your party plans.



### Is this doodler showing signs of—

- ☐ The Zodiac ☐ Genius ☐ Warning

"Ain't he had no fetchin' up?"—this tablecloth Michelangelo? Seems bruising good linen doesn't worry him a bit. Be leery of such telltale traits. They're a warning sign: show he's inconsiderate. And when you're buying sanitary protection, sidestep telltale outlines—with Kotex. Thanks to those flat pressed ends there's no sign of a line! What's more, that special safety center helps prevent "accidents"—(hoists your poise!).

## Are you in the know?



### To glamorize pallid lashes, try a—

- ☐ Curling gadget ☐ Light touch ☐ Phony pair

Are your lashes too blonde to "register"? You can give them the plus they need—with a light touch of mascara. No beady look, please! Rub lashes with a Kleenex\* tissue after applying the winker-paint. And if you'd wink at "calendar" worries—choose Kotex—in just the absorbency you need. Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super!



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### How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

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9239

In the wardrobe designed for  
Neva Jane Langley,  
the reigning Miss America,  
are these two patterns for

*Shining  
cottons*

9242



The snugly fitted torso of this full-skirted dress is done with two rib-hugging set-in sections. Bracelet-length sleeves are unmounted, neckline has revers, no collar

Scallops edge the scoop neck of this pretty afternoon dress with tiny raglan sleeves, a six-gore skirt that's almost five yards wide. Bias sash is included in the pattern



FABRICS BY EVERFAST  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARMEN SCHIAVONE

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(Continued from page 141)

great courtly Teddy bear. He kissed her intently, then held her at arm's length. "Leda," he said, "home from the seas. You look like a kid."

"Thank you, darling," She turned, bobbing her head awkwardly toward Alex. "Jeff Maine. Alex Brawne."

"A pleasure," said Alex. "If you two will excuse me I'll go cook my fish." He shook hands with Jeff and strode away.

"Friend of Cenci's?" asked Jeff. "The girls aren't here yet. I'm expecting them on Sunday." She looked at him tentatively. "As a matter of fact, Jeff, he's a friend of mine."

"Good. I've been worried about you up here alone. You witch," he said, pulling her close to him. "I can't do a blessed thing without you. You've been gone a week and I'm climbing up the walls. Leda," he said softly, "when is the first possible moment you could marry me?"

"We'll talk about it," she said, patting his arm. "Anyway, I'm glad you're here." She sighed gently. "The young are so young, aren't they?" She grimaced. "My back aches and my nose is sunburned. Two days with that boy and I feel absolutely run over."

Jeff's gray eyes mocked her. "Time to separate the men from the boys," he said. He led her back to the cottage and deposited her in an easy chair. "Think about an afternoon at Elizabeth Arden's," he said. "and I'll give you the equivalent in a glass." She sank back into the chair and listened to the pleasant tinkle of ice. A few moments later he was back. "The fountain of youth," he said, handing her a tall frosted drink.

"Bernard Shaw did say not to waste it on the young, didn't he?" She accepted the glass and drank gratefully. He sat down on the arm of her chair. He was quiet. The sense of combativeness which had held her tense all day slipped away. "You're good for me," she said, taking his hand.

"I'm not here as a medicine man," he said sternly. "Or am I? Maybe you'd better tell me."

"What do you mean?"

"You and Brawne, maybe. I don't know. You're restless. More than I've ever seen you. I expected to find you fat and lazy, but you're all wound up." He put his arm around her. "You can tell old dog Tray," he said. "It's perfectly ridiculous," she said. "He's a youngster. It's letting down like this. I'm not used to it. I relaxed—and I shouldn't have."

"He's attractive."

"Yes, and he knows it." She sighed ruefully. "I don't really want to talk about him."

"Okay. Come sit here beside me and we won't talk at all."

They built a fire and found some records for the player. Jeff put pillows behind her back and sat on the floor near her. The fire made light and shadow patterns, warming and kind. In the soft reflected glow they seemed ageless, serene, like the figures of a frieze. Finally Leda roused herself to make dinner.

THEY had just finished the late meal and were back before the fire with their coffee when a blast of cold air from the door startled them both. Alex stood there. He had a barometer in his hand. "Sorry to bust in like this," he said, "but I thought you fellows ought to know. We're in for a blow—so if you have any hatches you'd better batten them down."

Jeff got to his feet. "Very kind of you," he said graciously. "Come sit down and I'll get you some coffee."

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Alex accepted promptly. When Jeff had disappeared into the kitchen he took up his place on the floor. "Ill wind?" he said in a questioning voice.

"No, of course not. I told Jeff how neighborly you've been."

"Did you tell him why?" She started to answer but Jeff returned with a cup for Alex. "It is getting rough," he said. "Do you have storm shutters?"

"Yes." Alex was on his feet instantly. "I'll do it," he said. "You keep the fire going." He strode out into the wind.

Jeff stabbed the fire ineffectually, coughing as the smoke blew back into the room. Already the wind had begun to rise. It sang around the house like an irritable cat, whining under the eaves and through the cracks.

"You know, all this is sort of cozy," Jeff looked at Leda impishly. "I like it."

"Jeff," she said thoughtfully, "what are we thinking of? You can't stay here alone in the house with me."

"You can trust my finer sensibilities," he said sincerely.

"I know, but people misconstrue."

"So?" Alex's voice could be heard bellowing a sea chantey on the front porch as shutters snapped smartly into place. "We could invite a third party," she said.

"Yeah." Jeff's attitude was not enthusiastic.

"I'm sure he'd stay."

"So am I."

"Well, can you think of anything else?"

"Yes, but, as you say—people misconstrue."

ALEX came in with all the bluff cheer of Santa Claus written across his face. "Look, you guys," he said. "I don't know how this is going to go down, but the truth is—I can't make it back across the reef. Could you put me up? With any luck this thing will blow over by morning."

"By all means," said Jeff with weary charm.

Leda frowned slightly. "There's just one problem," she said. "I've only one spare bed. Of course, it's a double one, but..."

"I'll just rack up on the couch," said Alex. "In the Army we learned to sleep standing up."

Jeff cleared his throat. "I couldn't think of it. You're a guest. As a matter of fact, we were going to ask you to stay. Please, I insist."

"Couldn't hear of it, old man," said Alex with a slight emphasis on the "old." "You need your sleep."

Jeff took it as a dismissal. "I am rather tired," he said apologetically. "Is there anything we ought to do? I mean in case this storm thing gets out of hand?"

"I think I can handle it," said Alex. "Good night."

Jeff paused defiantly. Then he tilted Leda's face up to his. "Rest well, darling," he said, and kissed her. Then he made a dignified exit.

Alex took up a huge log and tossed it onto the fire. "I'm not sleepy. How about you?"

"Not very."

Alex indicated a seat next to him on the couch. "Come here," he said. "I want to talk."

"You do," she said firmly, "quite a good deal."

"Lots to say. Lots to ask. What about him?" He motioned toward the door. "Maybe it isn't for me to say, but isn't he kind of conservative for you?"

"Maybe it isn't for you to say," said Leda.

(Continued on page 147)

**She Even Stumps This Expert!**

WHAT A FRAUD YOU ARE! YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN I DO ABOUT THE WAY TO FRANKIE'S HEART!

OH YES I DO, SUE! BUT BAD BREATH STUMPS EVEN ME! THE EXPERT FOR YOU TO SEE IS YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!

TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

**LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WORKED FINE FOR FRANKIE'S NOW MY VALENTINE!

**Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS DECAY!**

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!

**COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

**IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!**



# rabbit eye tests prove ZONITE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY

to body tissues in  
feminine  
hygiene



## Unmarried Women as Well as Wives Should Benefit by These Intimate Facts!

For years, modern-thinking women have realized that vaginal cleanliness is a *must*. It's just as necessary as brushing one's teeth or taking a bath. The big problem is what is *right* to use for a cleansing antiseptic douche solution. What product can a woman BE SURE is powerfully effective, deodorizing yet soothing and absolutely safe to body tissues? Any woman worried about this intimate problem should read these facts and find out WHY ZONITE is a perfect solution.

Developed by a famous surgeon  
and scientist

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. The first in the world to be *powerful enough* yet positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating*.

Scientists tested every known anti-septic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic for the douche of all those tested proved so powerful yet harmless as ZONITE. And ZONITE is *more* than an antiseptic-germicide. It is also an amazing cleansing and healing agent. Because of this, ZONITE may be used as

often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

### ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE completely deodorizes. It guards against infection. ZONITE kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but ZONITE *immediately* kills all reachable germs. It flushes out waste substances and leaves the vaginal tract so clean and refreshed. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Worth a fortune to feminine charm and health.

*Always use as directed.*

Tests made under methods developed  
in a government research laboratory

Tests of ZONITE's safety to body tissues were made to meet strictest scientific standards. ZONITE, as used in the douche, was put *twice* daily for three months into rabbits' eyes. *Not the slightest irritation appeared.* During the tests, Mr. Bunny lived like a pampered prince. He never had it so good all the while he graciously helped prove ZONITE is *absolutely harmless to him—harmless to you.* In fact, ZONITE is wondrously soothing.



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\*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada

## Where To See Betsy McCall's New Play Clothes

The Lurie-Pizer clothes shown on page 146, *Betsy McCall and the Cherry Pie*, may be seen at the stores listed below. All stores carry sizes 3 to 6x, most carry sizes 7 to 14. All clothes of Indian Head, in red or blue • **Short-sleeved jacket.** Sizes 3 to 6x about \$4; 7 to 14 about \$5 • **Pedal pushers** with elastic waist. Sizes 3 to 6x about \$3; 7 to 14 about \$4 • **Shorts** with elastic waist. Sizes 3 to 6x about \$2.50; 7 to 14 about \$3 • **Sun Dress** with cross straps, elastic waist in back. Sizes 3 to 6x about \$4; 7 to 14 about \$5 • **Sleeveless blouse**, white only. Sizes 3 to 6x about \$2.50; 7 to 14 about \$3 • **Red-white-and-blue cap.** S, M, L about \$2 • **Betsy McCall's own plate** and Romance fork and spoon by Holmes & Edwards. About \$2.75 for the set at silverware departments and most children's specialty stores.

### ALABAMA

Birmingham, Loveman, Joseph & Loeb

### ARKANSAS

Fort Smith, Sunnyside Children's Shop  
Texarkana, Dillard's  
Warren, Imogene's Fashion Center

### CALIFORNIA

Alhambra, Lieberg's  
Beverly Hills, Young America, Ltd.  
Culver City, Culver City Department Store  
El Monte, Youth Town  
Hollywood, Angel Kiddie Shop  
Los Angeles, The May Co.  
Manhattan Beach, Little Folk shop  
Modesto, Hamaway's Tots to Teens  
Montrose, Cozzettes  
North Hollywood, Rathbun's  
Pacific Grove, Holman's  
Palo Alto, Walster's  
Pasadena, Lieberg's  
Pomona, Marvin's Young Set  
Reseda, Kiddie Carnival  
Riverside, Rouse's Department Store  
San Diego, The Marston Company  
Santa Clara, The Merry Mart  
Santa Maria, Mary Doll  
Santa Monica, H. C. Henshey Co.  
Temple City, Lieberg's  
Van Nuys, Louisin's  
Ventura, Jan's

### COLORADO

Grand Junction, Jack & Jill Shop

### CONNECTICUT

Hartford, G. Fox & Co.

### FLORIDA

Coral Gables, Curlee's Department Store  
Fort Lauderdale, Young Lu's  
Jacksonville, French Novelty Shop  
Miami, Burdine's, Inc.  
North Redington Beach, The Peter Pan  
Orlando, Dickson-Ives Co., Inc.  
Palm Beach, Lullabye, Inc.  
Pensacola, Blazer Service  
Sarasota, Youthland, Inc.  
West Palm Beach, Lullabye, Inc.

### GEORGIA

Atlanta, Davison-Paxon Co.

### IDAHO

Idaho Falls, Lad & Lassie  
Payette, Youthwear  
Pocatello, Fargo-Wilson-Weils Co.

### ILLINOIS

Anna, The Bib and Tucker  
Springfield, Myers Bros.

### INDIANA

Indianapolis, L. S. Ayers & Co.  
Kokomo, Wm. H. Turner Co.  
Lafayette, Loeb's  
Marion, Queen City Store  
Muncie, Ball Stores, Inc.  
Vincennes, Gimbels-Bond Co.

### IOWA

Cedar Rapids, Graemer's  
Des Moines, Younker Bros.  
Dubuque, Stimpfers  
Marshalltown, Herman's  
Shenandoah, Brown's Specialty  
Sioux City, Younker-Davidson's

### KANSAS

Scott City, Zaring's

### KENTUCKY

Hartlan, Kregar's. "The Shop of Charm"

### LOUISIANA

Alexandria, Weiss & Goldring  
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.  
Opelousas, LaFleurs Tot 'n' Teen Shop  
Shreveport, Rubenstein Bros., Inc.  
West Monroe, Spencer's Children Shop

### MARYLAND

Baltimore, Hutzler's

### MASSACHUSETTS

Salem, Buddy's Tot to Teen Shop

### MICHIGAN

Allen Park, Bambi Shop  
Detroit, The Ertz-Kern Co.

### MINNESOTA

Faribault, Ochs Bros.  
Hibbing, Feldman's  
Hopkins, Wee Moderns  
Mankato, Sallet's  
Minneapolis, Powers  
Northfield, Perman's  
Rochester, Silliman's  
Worthington, Youth Town

### MISSISSIPPI

Natchez, H. F. Byrne Co.

### MISSOURI

Columbia, Turner's  
Kansas City, Emery Bird Thayer  
St. Louis, Scruggs Vandervoort Barns  
Sedalia, Rosenthal's

### MONTANA

Billings, Hart-Albin Co.  
Great Falls, The Petite Shoppe

### NEBRASKA

Fremont, Don Sie Tiny Togs  
Lincoln, Gold's of Nebraska  
McCook, J. M. McDonald Co.  
Norfolk, Style Shop  
North Platte, Children's Shoppe  
Omaha, J. L. Brandeis & Sons  
Wayne, Larson Department Store

### NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City, M. E. Blatt Department Store  
Newark, Kresge-Newark  
New Brunswick, P. J. Young Dry Goods Co.  
Nutley, Janette  
Passaic, Nadler's  
Plainfield, Rosenbaum's  
Ridgewood, Arnold's  
Trenton, Swern & Co.

### NEW YORK

Binghamton, Hills, McLean & Haskins  
Fulton, Prowda's Little Shop  
Liberty, The Juvenile Shop  
New York, Macy's  
Syracuse, E. W. Edwards & Sons

### NORTH CAROLINA

Wilmington, Lad 'N Lassie

### NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck, Tiny Town  
Jamestown, Tiny Town  
Williston, Gen. Hagan's Youth Shop

### OHIO

Cincinnati, Shillito's  
Cleveland, The Halle Bros. Co.  
Dayton, The Rike-Kumler Co.  
Toledo, LaSalle & Koch  
Warren, The Rappold Co.

### OKLAHOMA

Ada, Brown's Childrens Shop  
Altus, Petite Shop  
Lindsay, R. R. Williamson Co.  
Norman, Sooner Tot Shop  
Oklahoma City, John A. Brown Co.  
Tulsa, Brown-Dunkin Co.

### OREGON

Eugene, Wee Folks Shop  
Grants Pass, The Golden Rule Store  
Pendleton, C. C. Anderson Co.  
Portland, Meier & Frank Co.  
Salem, Jack & Jill

### PENNSYLVANIA

Easton, Eagle Youth Centre  
Johnstown, Penn Traffic Co.  
Philadelphia, Lit Brothers  
Pittsburgh, Gimbels  
Reading, Pomeroy's  
Upper Darby, Lit Brothers  
Williamsport, Brozman's

### SOUTH CAROLINA

Greenville, Ivy-Keith Co.  
Walterboro, Tiny Towne

### TENNESSEE

Jackson, Nolen's Kiddie Shoppe

### TEXAS

Amarillo, White and Kirk  
Arlington, Andy Pandey Children's Shop  
Bryan, Joyce's Togs 'N Toys  
Dallas, Sanger's  
Fort Worth, Stripling's  
Houston, Foley's of Houston  
Lubbock, Hemphill Wells Co.  
Marshall, Joe Weisman & Co.  
Midland, Hyde's Tot Shop  
Mineral Wells, Tot 'N Teen Shop  
Odessa, Dunlap Company  
Paris, Ayres'  
Wharton, Margie & Lee's Youth Center

### UTAH

Logan, C. C. Anderson  
Ogden, C. C. Anderson

### VERMONT

Burlington, The Old Bee Hive, Inc.

### VIRGINIA

Norfolk, Smith & Welton  
Portsmouth, Sears Betty & Bob  
Roanoke, Kiddie Korner

### WASHINGTON

Aberdeen, George J. Wolf Co.  
Bellingham, Circus Shop  
Everett, Bon Marche  
Northgate, Bon Marche  
Olympia, Miller's  
Port Angeles, Willi-Lou's Circus  
Seattle, Bon Marche  
Spokane, The Crescent  
Tacoma, Rhodes Bros.

### WEST VIRGINIA

Charleston, The Diamond

### WISCONSIN

Green Bay, Flatow's  
Sheboygan, Little Folks Shop

# Zonite

THIS IDEAL 'ALL PURPOSE' ANTISEPTIC-GERM-  
CIDE SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST



(Continued from page 143)

"Remember the May wine and the dinner on the porch and the day on the rock?" he said, making a soft and lovely litany of it.

"Well?"

"Just checking."

"Alex," she said, trying for the proper note of control, "I wish you wouldn't go on like this."

"Do you?"

"I've just said so."

"You have a good profile," he said. "Greek." He reached over and ran his fingers lightly across her face.

She stood up. "Good night. If you're chilly in the night," she added from the doorway, "there's an extra blanket in that chest."

"Cold comfort," he said.

She retreated hastily to her room.

BY MORNING the storm had cut loose. Every few moments the thunder rolled, a counterpart to the crashing of the heavy surf. The rain came down in a slanting curtain. Alex took one casual glance out the window and turned to face Jeff, who was huddled miserably by the fire. "We're going to get dunked," he said. "The breakwater's not holding."

Jeff rose stiffly. "I've always been for the rat's policy. If the ship sinks, by all means desert it. Where can we go?"

"There's a stone church on the bluff. Get your gear together." He turned to Leda. "Scared?"

"What a foolish question," said Jeff. "Of course she's scared."

"I am," echoed Leda gratefully. "Thoroughly."

"I'll get you out of this," said Alex. "Pack us a thermos and some sandwiches. You," he turned to Jeff, "better bring some blankets and chop some firewood in the shed. Better make it fast."

Jeff waited a moment in the center of the room. "You know," he said in a small voice, "I think I took cold in the night."

Alex received the tidings stoically. "We'll need that wood."

"I suppose so." Then Jeff turned and looked at him politely. "What for?" he asked gently.

"We're going to have to walk up there and we're going to get wet. Anything else you want clarified?"

"Not at the moment." He shuffled toward the shed. "I've never chopped wood," he said in an interested voice. He rubbed his hands together. "Can't be much to it."

They moved swiftly and were ready in ten minutes. Alex went toward the door of the shed. "Through in there?" he shouted at Jeff.

"I've cut myself," came a doleful voice through the door. "Hanged if I haven't."

Leda ran past Alex. "Is it very bad?"

"No. I don't think so." He came out, grappling with his neatly folded handkerchief. "I hate the sight of blood," he apologized. "Get sick at my stomach."

"No time," called Alex from the living room. "We've got to make a start."

They went out through the back door. The wind cut at them fiercely. The climb to the rise in back of the house left them exhausted and drenched. By the time they made the safety of the little church Jeff had gone pale. He fought for every breath. It was Alex who bolted the heavy door behind them. It was Alex who led them into the vestry room, who removed Leda's sodden shoes.

"Drink some coffee," he said. "I'm going to scout this place." Then he turned to Jeff. "Tuck her in," he said, and stalked off.

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Jeff put a blanket around her and then stared thoughtfully at the walls and windows of the room. "Charming place," he said. "Reminds me of a little church in the Alps." He clasped his hands behind him and rocked a little. His hair dripped and there were drops of water rolling down his face like tears. "I heard them sing Bach there," he said. "I've never forgot it. I had thought of taking you there."

"Sounds enchanting."

Alex was back. "We're okay," he said. Then he glanced briefly at Jeff. "Look," he said, "get out of those wet things. I've got all I can swing here without running a sick bay."

"Aye, aye," said Jeff softly.

Alex paused. "Was that a crack?" "Certainly not. I'm eternally grateful to you. Why, if you hadn't managed so well, Leda and I would be going down for the third time."

"Okay," said Alex, barely mollified. "Lend me a hand in the hall. I want to rig up a barricade, just in case. We'll have to shove some pews against the door. Then we'll build a fire and go on from there."

Jeff turned to Leda. "Will you excuse me?" he said politely.

Leda sat in the vestry and listened to them. Alex's crisp, efficient voice planned and directed the operation. Once in a while she heard a faint groan and the sound of sighing. An hour passed before the men reappeared. Jeff was trembling. "I must sit down," he said.

Alex had removed his shirt. His magnificent torso was brown and strong. "You can't dope off now," he said.

"I'm really sorry," said Jeff, "but I've had it. Haven't your staying power. Sedentary life, I think." He sank onto the bench beside Leda. His face was an odd color, almost a blush.

Alex's mouth tightened. "Get him. I suppose I'm an iron man?"

"You're in splendid condition," said Jeff admiringly.

"Don't hand me that. You're gold-bricking. You figure you can pass the buck and make time with Leda while I sweat."

"I wish that were so," said Jeff slowly. "It's a romantic and pleasant idea, but the real truth of it is that I'm not as young as I used to be." He glanced briefly at Leda.

SHE got up slowly. "Alex," she said, "you're very young. It's a heady and wonderful feeling to be young. It makes you feel like the king of the mountain, master of all you survey. But don't step on Jeff. Don't enjoy watching him huff and puff and be middle-aged, because it only makes me want to turn you over my knee."

Alex stared at her. "You're talking to me as if I were a kid."

"Exactly," she said.

Anger stained his face. He turned and slammed out of the room. Leda sat down beside Jeff, who was staring at the floor. "Don't think I said it because I'm sorry for you," she said. "I huff and puff too. I've only just realized it." She put her head on his shoulder. "He wears me out."

"He's in love with you."

"You cut your hand chopping wood. I heard you sighing. I love you," she said.

"He's full of life."

"You caught a cold. You want to take me to the Alps."

"I like him in spite of everything," said Jeff.

"So do I," said Leda, "and tomorrow when the girls come we'll introduce him to Cenci." She leaned over and kissed Jeff deeply. "He'll be perfect for Cenci."

THE END

*For the skin that doesn't like a heavy make-up...*

### The sheer flattery of this greaseless base

Some complexions are more "choosy" than others. A delicate skin, for instance, just can't take the heavier types of foundation. They seem to make the skin feel smothered, look coarser and "old." If your skin rebels against that "made-up" look and feel—you'll welcome the exquisite, gentle flattery of this sheerer powder base. Before powder, smooth on a light film of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. See it disappear at once, leaving only a mat-soft, transparent finish that holds your powder. Never a shade problem... never an oily shine. Always sweet and natural—in perfect taste!



### Amazingly effective 1-Minute Mask clears off clogging, dead skin particles!

Now—Pond's brings you an unusually effective treatment that lifts off a dull complexion! Makes your skin look radiant... smooth, by helping speed up the sloughing off of dead skin debris. Cover face, except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off dull, dead skin cells. Frees the skin gland openings for normal functioning. In 1 minute, tissue the Mask off. Now—see the sparkling, "new" look in your complexion... a lighter, thrilling softness!



THE LADY

*Bridgett de Robledo*

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## what'll I do now

**Joe, age 15, asks:**

*Just listen to this. It cost me \$5 for the tickets to a dance, \$5 for a corsage (orchids, no less), \$3 for taxi fare, \$2 for eats afterwards. Grand total: \$15. It takes me three Saturdays' working to latch onto that kind of money. And what do I get out of it? Does this girl give out with a friendly good-night kiss? Oh no! It's "Oh, Joe, I'm not that kind of girl." And not even a thank-you. What do girls expect, anyway?*

**Y**OU remind us of Aunt Ella, Joe. You know Aunt Ella — every family has one. "Give your Auntie a great big kiss and she'll give you the present she brought you," she'll say. She wants you to pay for her gifts with kisses.

Don't be an Aunt Ella, Joe.

Some things you are justified in expecting from a date; some things you are not. Certainly a girl should thank you for the party. She should look her nicest and act her pleasantest. She should pay you the compliment of knowing how to keep conversation going along lines that

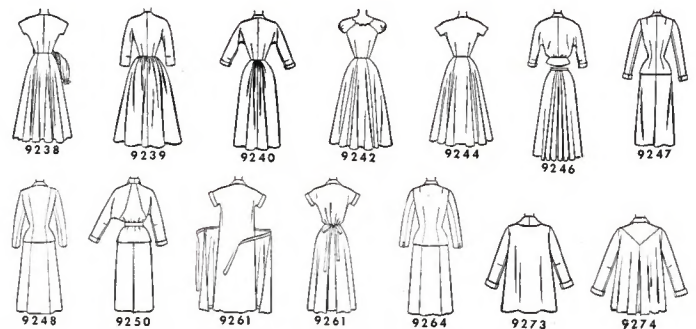


RUTH NICHOLS

are interesting to you. She should be just as enthusiastic whether you take her to a dance in a taxi, present her with orchids and take her for eats afterward, or just go skating via bus or subway if that is what you had planned. She should appreciate the evening and tell you so.

No girl worth dating will expect you to spend more money on her than you can afford — nor can you expect her to pay you back with kisses for the money you've spent. She feels, and rightly, that when she kisses a boy it's because she really wants to and because she feels a very special affection for him.

**by Edna Mitchell Preston and Beatrice Schenk De Hegniers**



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9239	12-20	.50	.60	1763	1, 2, 3		
9240	12-20	.50	.60		Electric Blue	.45	.50
9242	12-20	.50	.60	1764	Electric Blue	.50	.60
9244	12-20	.50	.60	1765	One size	.35	.40
9245	12-20	.50	.60	1766	Electric Blue	.45	.50
9246	12-20	.75	.85	1767	Electric Blue	.45	.50
9247	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60	1768	Electric Blue	.35	.40
9248	12-20, 40, 42	.75	.85	1769	One size (1-3 yrs.)		
9250	11, 13, 15, 17	.50	.60		Electric Blue	.35	.40
9251	12-20	.50	.60	1770	One size (single, double, triple windows)	1.00	1.00
9252	10, 12, 14, 16 (Teen)	.35	.40	1771	One size (single windows)	1.00	1.00
9253	10, 12, 14, 16 (Teen)	.35	.40	1772	One size (single or double windows)	1.00	1.00
9261	12-20	.35	.40	1773	One size (single or double windows)	1.00	1.00
9264	14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½	.50	.60				
9273	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60				
9274	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60				





## ORLON gives you new freedom from clothes-care!

These days you're busier. Everything from the PTA to world affairs is asking more of you. You want to look better dressed—but with less fuss . . .

*And you can!* There's a new and wonderful answer in Du Pont "Orlon"—the fiber for today's way of living. Thanks to "Orlon," this beautiful jersey, for instance, keeps its first-day look, though you wear it and wear it. Upkeep is easy, too. Just suds, drip-dry and wear. Alone or blended with wool, "Orlon" makes possible jersey that doesn't sag, doesn't lose pleats.

Look for all kinds of easy-to-keep handsome clothes and household fabrics made from "Orlon" acrylic fiber. You'll find "Orlon"—in its many patterns and textures—brings you unseen extras for the new needs of your *modern* living.

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Textile Fibers Department, Wilmington 98, Delaware





Please accept  
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this thrilling  
Garden Offer!

#### ASTERS

Wilt-resistant mix, all giant varieties including feathered, peony-flowered and giant branching types. All colors. Catalog value 25¢.

#### COSMOS

Fiesta. Medal winner. Bright gold, scarlet petals; semi-double with ruffled petals. Bloom all summer. Catalog value 25¢.

#### DAHLIAS

Unwin Dwarf Hybrids. Semi-double 3" flowers in wide variety of brilliant colors, on 2-3 ft. branching plants. Flower first year from seed. Catalog value 25¢.

#### DIANTHUS

Double Gaiety. Large flowers in red, white, pink, maroon on compact 12" plants. Fringed, twisted petals give feathery effect. Catalog value 25¢.

#### MARIGOLDS

Super Giant Mixed, including odorless varieties. Some resemble 6" mums, others peonies and carnations. Every known tint from red to yellow. Catalog value 25¢.

#### MORNING GLORIES

Scarlett O'Hara. Soft, velvety red. Sensational 3½" flowers that stay open longer in day, bloom abundantly. Catalog value 20¢.

#### PETUNIAS

Dwarf Small Flowering. Riotous dazzling colors from pure white to deep purple. Most adaptable, long flowering, colorful. Catalog value 25¢.

#### ZINNIAS

Giant Mixed. Flowers in all colors up to 6" across, including new Super Giant and lovely posies found in no other strain. Catalog value 25¢.

CATALOG VALUE \$2.20  
**25¢**  
Yours for Only  
and Windmill Pictures from 2 Old Dutch Cleanser labels.

## Florist Type GLADIOLUS BULBS and FLOWER SEEDS

Brand New Old Dutch Presents Its 10th Annual Garden Value!  
Most Exciting Assortment Ever Offered!



**MAIL COUPON TODAY!** We'll ship your order when danger of freezing bulbs is past. But place your order now because supplies are limited. Right is reserved to refund your money if supplies are exhausted.

What a grand opportunity to have a glorious garden—one that your whole neighborhood will envy next summer! Let Old Dutch send you — Their sensational new "Dutch Girl" gladiolus bulb imported from Holland for this offer, separately packed and labelled — and five more flowering-size exhibition-quality bulbs that will bloom this summer . . . 6 giant-flowering bulbs in all, *plus*

8 Retail-Size packets of select, unusual flower seeds—field and laboratory tested by Vaughan's for purity, germination, type.

Imagine! \$2.20 worth of bulbs and seeds for only 25¢ when you accept this offer from Old Dutch. It's Old Dutch Cleanser's way to thank old friends and invite new users. See how brand new Old Dutch chases dirt . . . soaks up grime . . . cuts grease . . . and cleans in half the time! Its quick sudsing action floats grease and grime away. Yes, — new Old Dutch, the only cleanser made with Activated Seismotite, outcleans 'em all — makes even toughest cleaning jobs easy. Deodorizes, sanitizes as it cleans, too. Don't miss this sensational offer!

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER,  
Dept. S-2, Box U,  
Chicago 77, Illinois

Please send me 6 gladiolus bulbs and 8 packets of flower seeds as offered. I enclose 25¢ in coin and 2 Windmill Pictures from 2 Old Dutch Cleanser labels.

**Note:** For each extra set of bulbs and seeds desired, be sure you enclose 25¢ in coin and 2 Windmill Pictures. Offer good only in U. S., Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico. Offer expires June 15, 1953.

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**SPECIAL! The New Giant-Blooming "Dutch Girl" Gladiolus Bulb** you will receive is a brand new variety imported from Holland for this offer. The other 5 bulbs are a gorgeous mixture of famous varieties, giant exhibition type grown for florists. Vivid rainbow colors. No. 4 flowering size will bloom this summer; multiply freely.

